The COLLEGE MAN'S NUMBER

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 173, No. 17 Philadelphia, October 27, 1900 Five Cents the Copy

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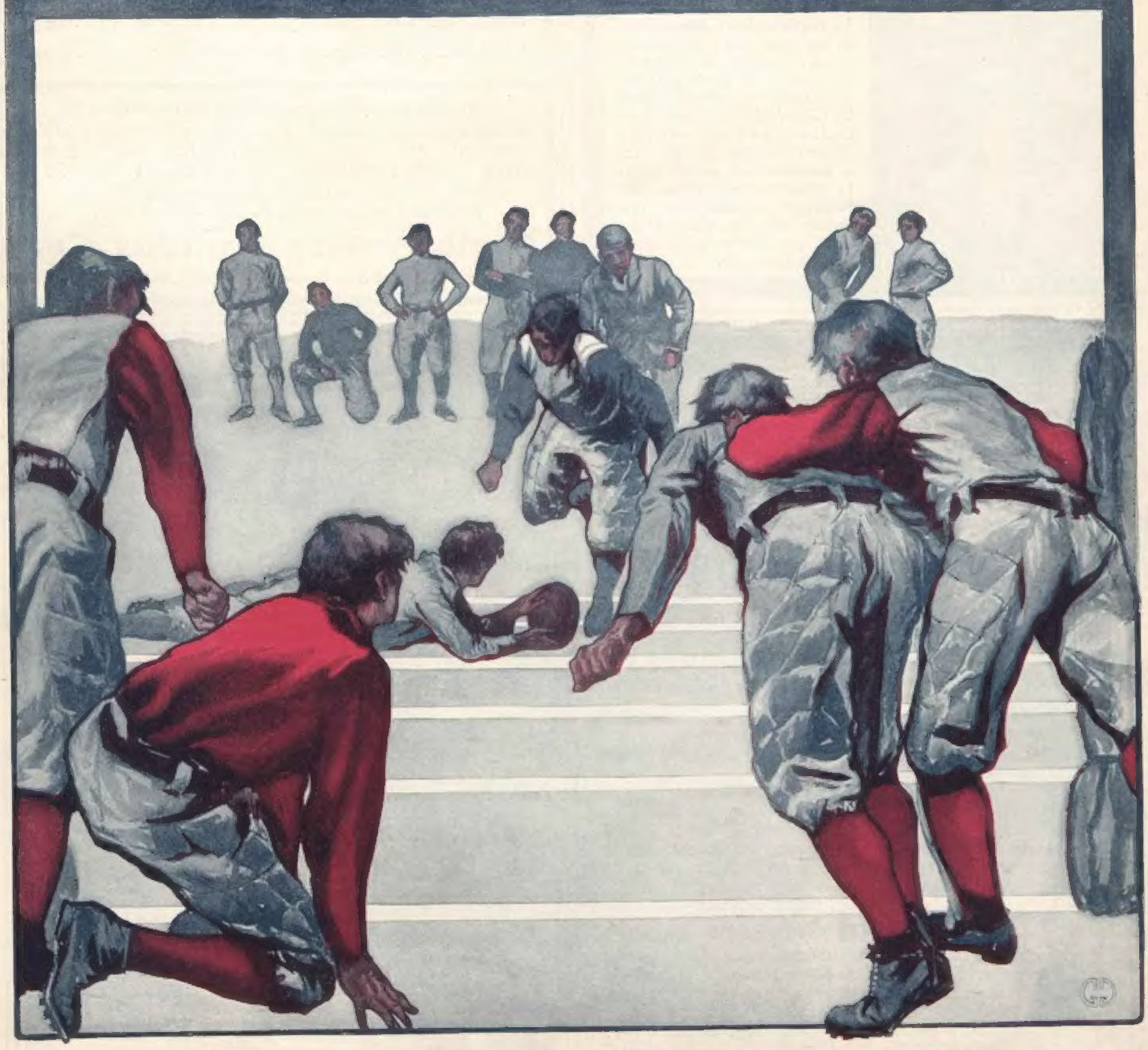
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 425 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter



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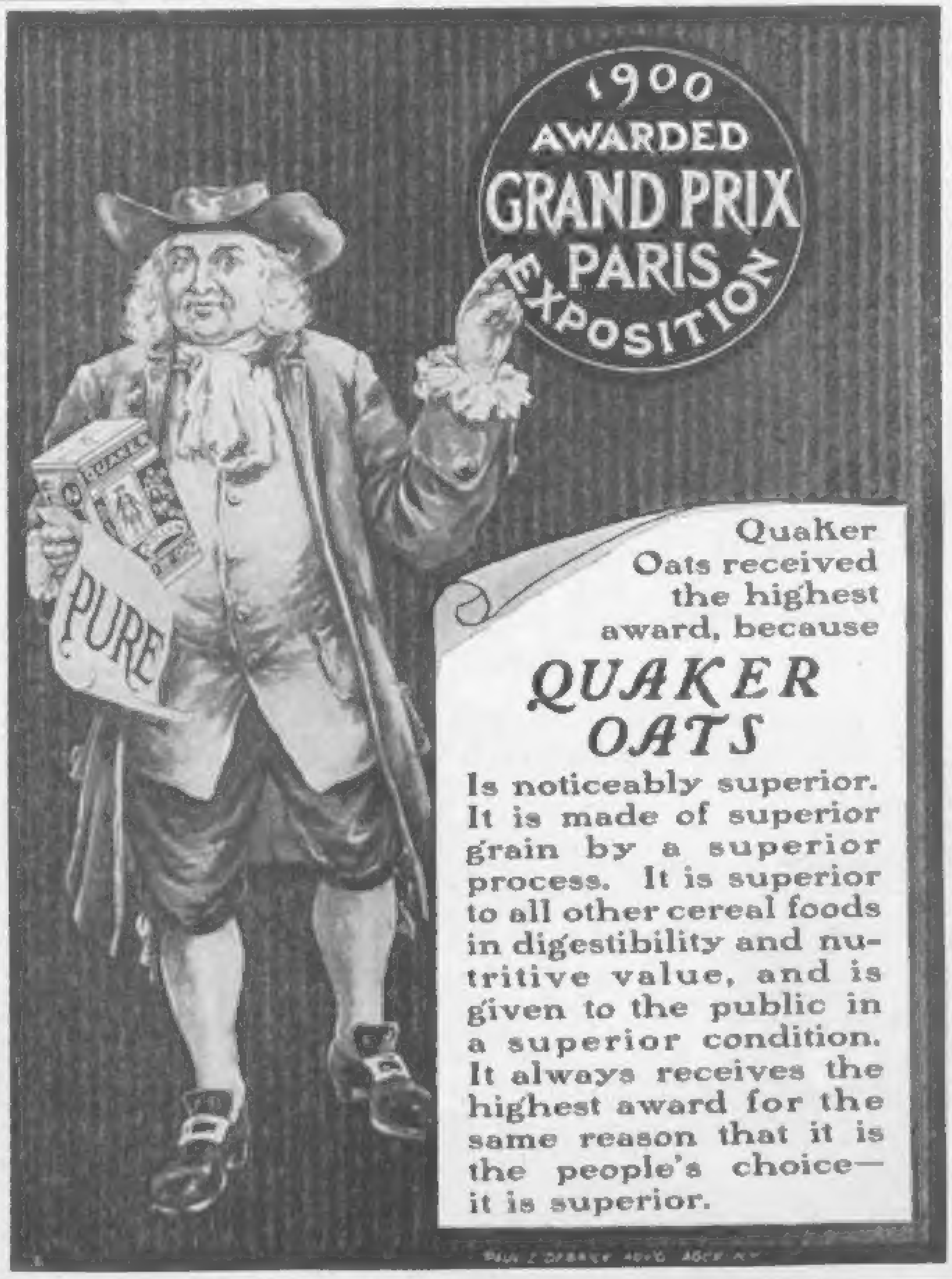

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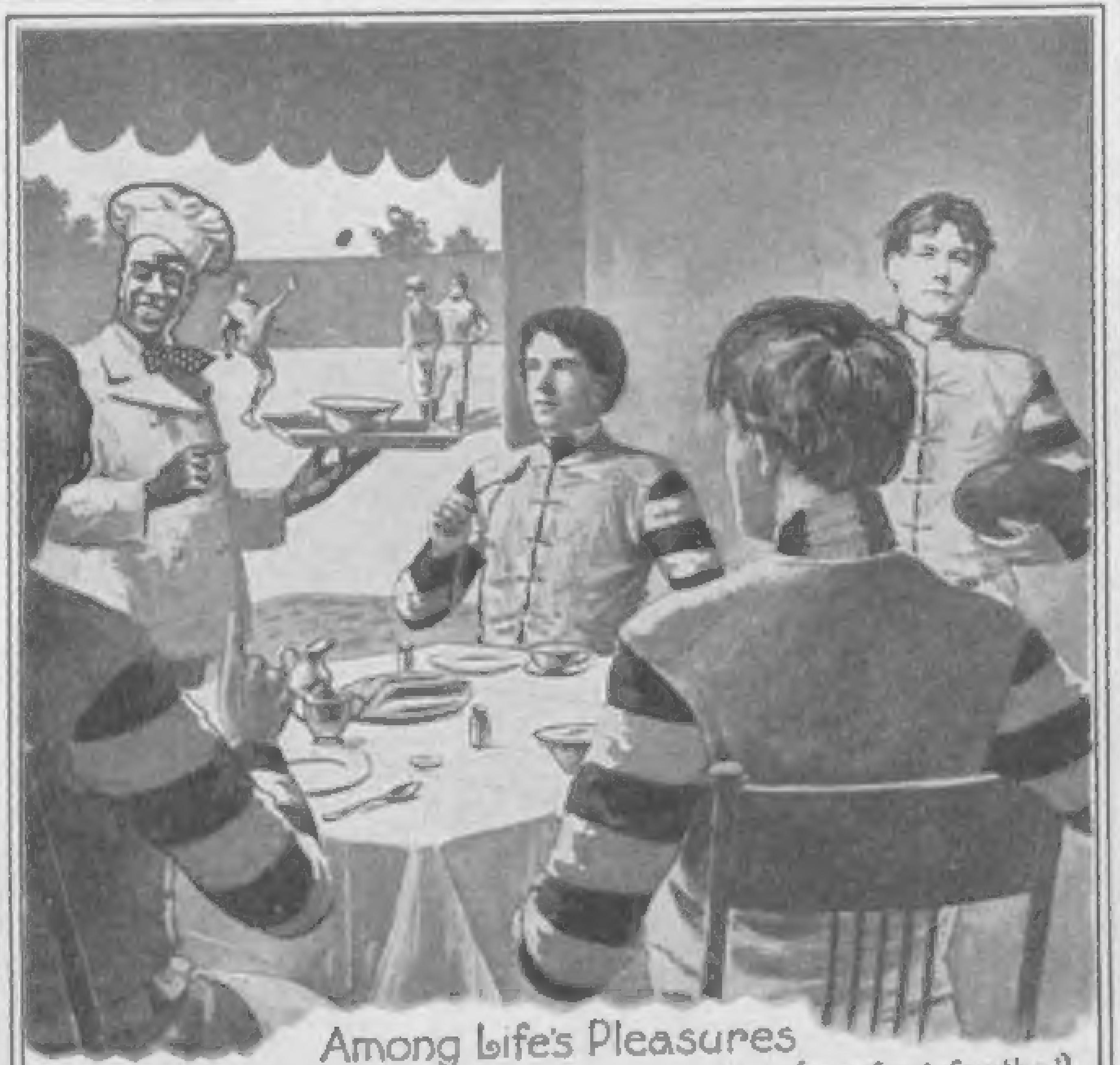

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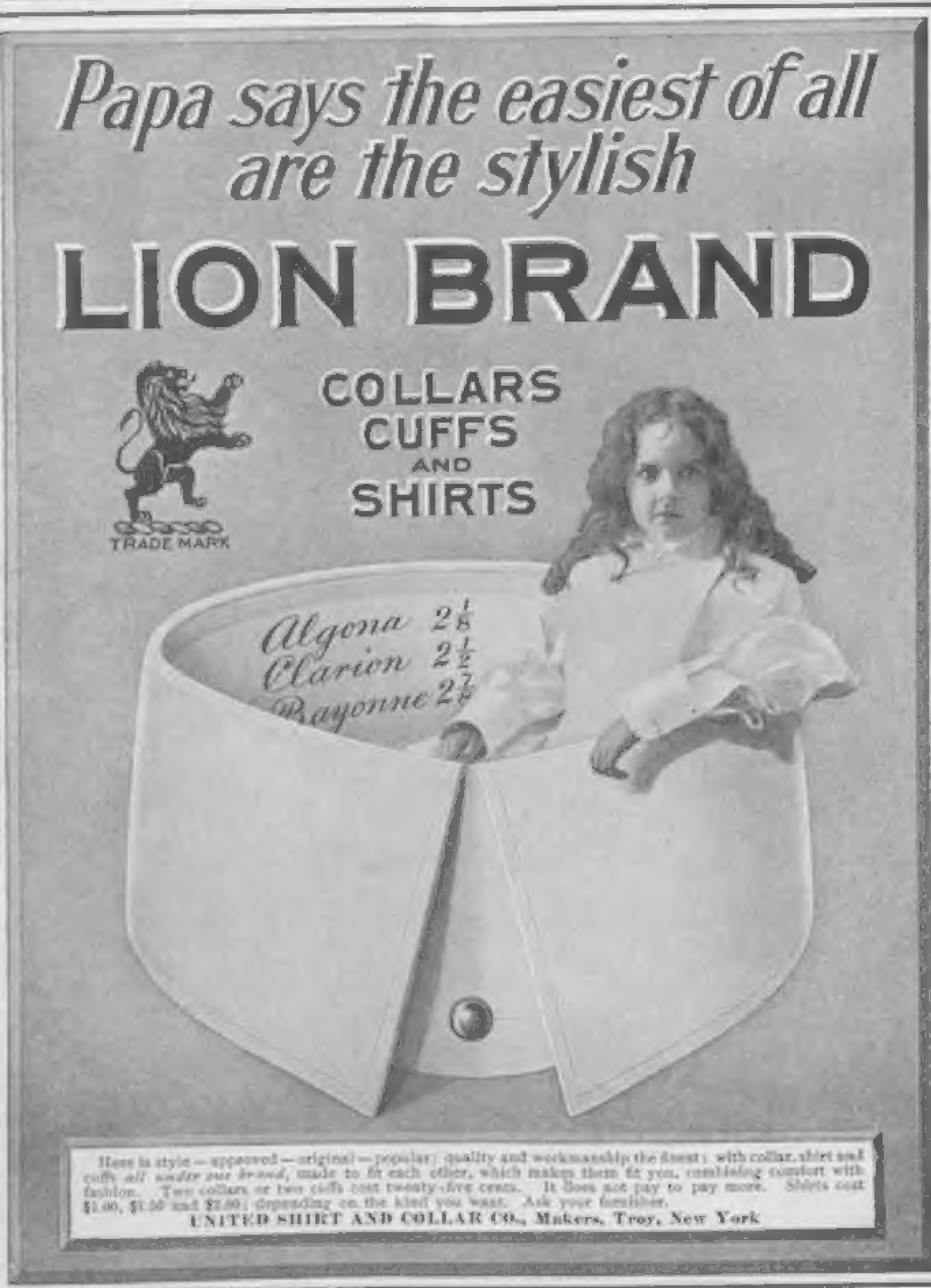

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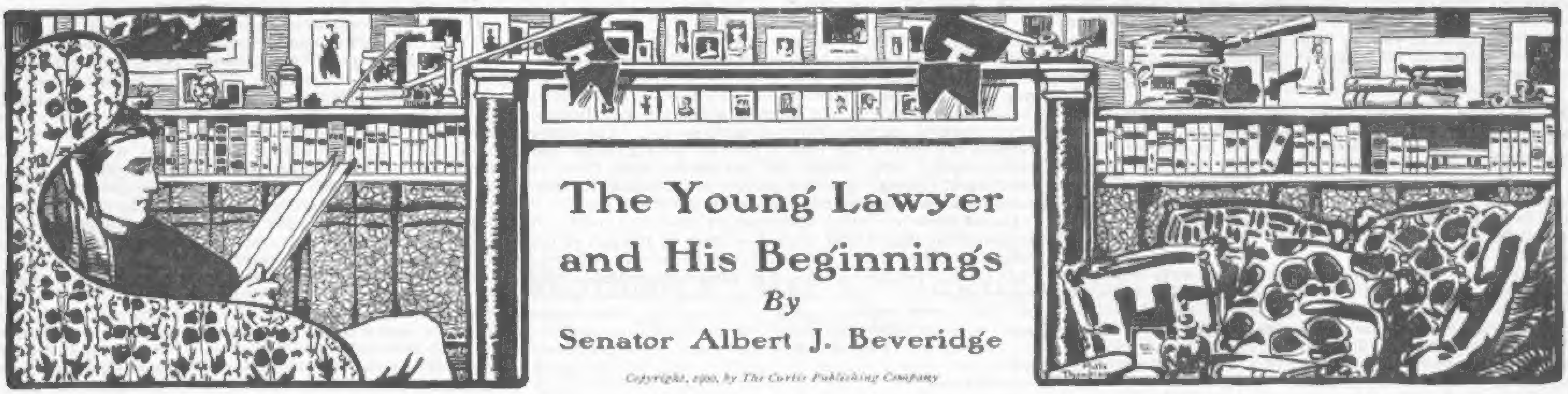

The Young Lawyer and His Beginnings

By

Senator Albert J. Beveridge

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IT USED to be a part of the creed of a certain denomination that a man should not be admitted to the ministry who had not received his "call." It was necessary that he should hear the Voice speaking with his tongue, and saying: "Woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel."

This is true of the profession of law. So, at the beginning of your beginnings, do not begin at all unless you see a certainty of misery if you do not. Unless you are convinced that you would rather work, toil, nay, slave for years to secure recognition in the law, than to be honored and enriched in some other occupation, do not enter this profession of supreme ardor.

And above all things, do not enter it if you expect to practice law principally for the purpose of making money. It is *not* a money-making profession. The same effort, acumen and enthusiasm expended in almost any other occupation will bring you financial returns tremendously out of proportion to your most successful compensation in the law, measured by mere money. The money-making conception of our profession is not only erroneous but ruinous. For you must remember, to begin with, that you are practicing the science of *justice*.

If possible, get a thorough college education before you touch a law book. If you can get a college education, do not "read law" while you are at college. If you go to college, do not take what is known as the "scientific" course or "physical" course. Take the classical course. Next to geometry and logarithms and the Bible, the best discipline preparatory to making you a lawyer is the translation of Latin. It is the most logical language the world has ever seen, or is likely ever to see. After you get your college course, *then* go to a thoroughly first-class law school. After this, spend two or three years in active work in the office of some successful lawyer who has lots of practice and who will load off on your shoulders as much work as possible.

If you cannot go to a law school, your training in the law office will do you nearly as well. You can get along without your law school, but you can never get along without your training in the law office.

But if you cannot get a college education — (but this is nonsense; you can if you *will*; there is not a boy in America who cannot have a college education if he *will*, if he *will*, if he *will*) — do not get discouraged. It is possible that you are an Abraham Lincoln, or a John Marshall, or some person like that; and if you are you will succeed anyhow. If you have to choose between a law school and a college education, take the latter. But by all means do not miss the opportunity for training afforded by a clerkship in an active lawyer's office.

If you can be so fortunate as to get the firm or attorney with whom you are studying to let you draft pleadings, take depositions, examine witnesses, make arguments to court and jury, get out transcripts for appeal, write briefs, petitions, motions, and all the rest of that careful and painstaking work which makes the daily life of the lawyer, you will equip yourself for actual practice better than in any other way I know of.

Never forget that you are a sworn officer of the law quite as much as is the judge on the bench. It is impossible for you to put your ideals of your profession too high or attach yourself to them too firmly. I am no admirer of the acidulous character of John Adams (not that he was not both great and good, however), yet he announced a great thing, and lived up to it, when he declared that he was practicing law for the purposes of justice first and a living afterward.

"Never take a case," said Horace Mann, "unless you believe your client is right and his cause is just." On the contrary, Lord Brougham declared that "the conscientious lawyer must be at the service of the criminal as well as of the State." And this great lawyer proceeds to argue with characteristic ability that it is as much the duty of the lawyer to work hard for the cause that he knows to be wrong as for the cause he knows to be right. The reason, briefly, is that it is the very essence of justice that every man shall have his day in court; that the attorney is but the trained and educated mouthpiece of his client; and that to refuse the cause of a client in which the attorney does not believe is to relegate all the controversies to the judge in the first instance, which, of course, would render the administration of practical justice impossible.

This is the prevailing practice of our profession, and it is a serious thing to question its correctness. Its ethics are as wide as they are ingenious, and when one beholds them through the medium of the great Englishman's wonderful argument they seem radiant with aggressive truth. Nevertheless, I am almost of the opinion that Horace Mann was right. It is certain that in his beginnings the young lawyer ought to lean to that view. If you consider it your duty to take any side of any case that offers, right or wrong, it is no far cry to considering it your duty to *make* the cause you have espoused a good one before the court. And when that conception has shot its roots and filaments through your brain and conscience, the suggestion to your unscrupulous client of facts that do not exist, and all the alluring infamies of sharp practice, are possible.

It is said that burglary exercises such a fascination that, once the delirium of its danger is tasted, a man can never put that fatal wine away. An old and distinguished lawyer once told me that one of the most brilliant young lawyers he ever knew said to him, at the conclusion of a legal duel in which he had resorted to the sharpest of sharp practice and won: "That was the most delicious experience of my life."

Yes, and it was the most fatal. He became, and is, an attorney of uncommon resource, ability and success, with many cases and heavy fees: nevertheless his life is a failure, for his profession and even his clients know him for a dealer in tricks. Senator McDonald, an ideal lawyer in the ethics, learning and practice of his profession, told me that one of our Justices once said to him of a certain great corporation lawyer of acknowledged power and almost unrivaled learning:

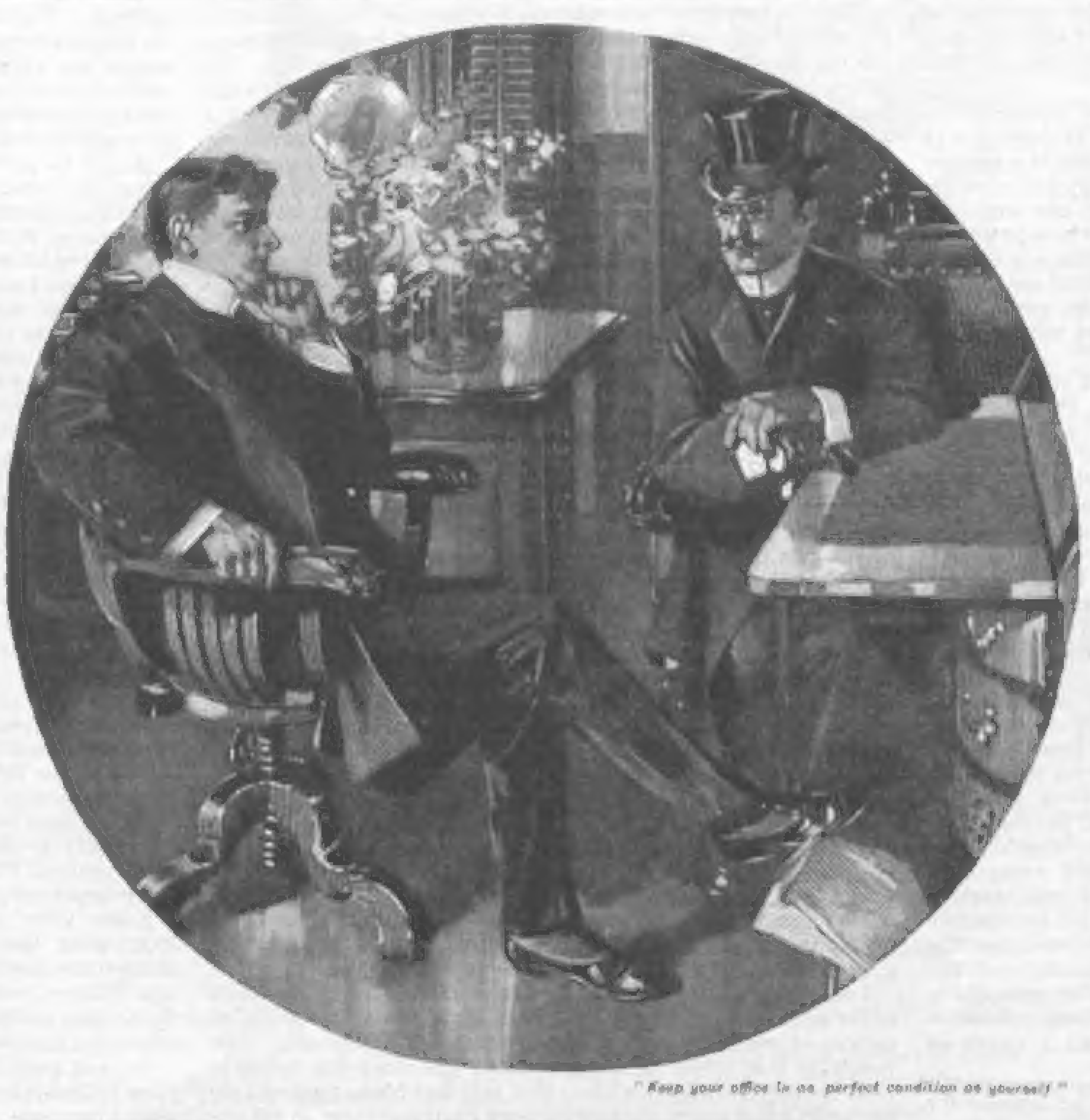
"Mr. —— would be the greatest lawyer in the world if he were not a scoundrel. As it is, I brace myself to resist him every time he appears before me." One of the ablest Circuit Court Judges of the Federal Bench said almost precisely the same thing to me of the same man.

So, you perceive, it does not pay to be understood to be capable, or even great, in the wrong. In time it means ruin; and therefore, from the low point of view of your mere material success, I think on the whole that it would be wise for you never to take a cause which, after you have a full statement from your client, you believe to be wrong.

Tell your client that he is wrong; show him why; induce him to compromise and to settle if he ought. If he will not because he is obstinate, he will probably lose his case anyhow, and of course blame his lawyer for the loss. So that if you do not have that case you have lost nothing. On the other hand, you have gained. The client will say: "If I had followed his advice I should not have had the expense and humiliation of defeat." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the honest client will respect you for your position. If the client persists in his course because he is a scoundrel, then, doubly, you cannot afford to take his unjust case. After a few years of such practice you will have acquired a moral influence with court, jury and people which will be, even from a money point of view, the most valuable asset in your equipment. And you will be surprised to find how little you will lose, in the way of fees, by this course.

There is a great class of cases in which the correct application of the law is very doubtful, with lines of decisions on both sides; as, for example, in cases of the distribution of funds of an insolvent corporation, constitutional questions, and the relative equities of conflicting interests. These are fair examples of controversies where a lawyer may rightfully and righteously accept a retainer upon any of half a dozen sides. But in the ordinary course of practice perhaps it is better to stick to Horace Mann rather than to Lord Brougham, and reject employment in a case you *know* to be wrong.

While the law is not a money-making profession, either in theory or practice, the young lawyer should begin by charging every cent his services are worth. It is not only degrading, but reveals a base attitude of mind and character



"Keep your office in as perfect condition as yourself"

to charge a little fee in the beginning as a bait for a bigger one in future cases. Maintain the dignity of your effort. I am assuming that Nature began the work of making you a lawyer before you were born; that you have been preparing yourself with the enthusiasm of an artist and the passion of professional devotion for the work of your great calling, by years and years of discipline and study such as no other calling requires; that, with your natural qualifications and your general equipment, you are bringing to your client's particular case an industry that knows no limit in his immediate service.

Make Your Fees Large Enough

This being true, tell him frankly that you propose to give him the best that is in you (and that best is your very life — no less — for you write "victory" at the end of every one of your cases with your heart's blood; or "defeat," if you do not win), and that for this best which is in you you will charge the highest professional fee justified by your services and the magnitude and difficulty of his case.

At the same time, never turn a poor client away from your office door because that client comes with no gold in his hand. *When a lawyer is too busy to give counsel without fee and without charge to a poor man or woman, that lawyer has too much business.* I know — we all know — of very eminent lawyers constantly engaged in causes involving large interests, who, nevertheless, find leisure, many times each year, to serve by advice and counsel, and even by the active conducting of cases, numbers of the children of poverty, and to serve them without a penny of compensation.

Be very careful of the class of practice you accept at first. I knew a young lawyer who had just opened his office, and, within a month, by one of those accidents that occur to every attorney, he was offered a case on a contingent fee in which the probability of a very high reward amounted to almost a certainty.

He needed the money — was almost penniless. He was newly married, had no clients and few acquaintances; but it was not the class of practice to which he wished to devote his career. He courteously declined the case as though he had been a millionaire, directing his would-be client to an attorney who would care for it properly.

Out of that case the latter attorney, by a compromise, in two weeks made fifteen hundred dollars. Nevertheless, the young man was right, and acted with a far-seeing wisdom as rare as the courage which accompanied it. Of course, I assume that you are going into the profession for the purpose of becoming a great *lawyer*, and not a mere conductor of legal strifes. If you are, you must deny yourself.

I do not mean by this that you should decline small cases. By no means. Take a five-dollar case and work with the same sincerity that you would on a fifty-thousand-dollar case. "Despise not the day of small things." In selecting your business, I refer to the quality and not the magnitude of cases. Again, again, and still again, this counsel: *Care for your small case with the same painstaking labor which you bestow upon a large one.*

Never lose sight of the fact that your greatest reward is not your fee, but the doing of a perfect piece of work. The same fervor and ideality should govern your labors in a lawsuit that inspire and control the great artist and inventor. Frederick MacMonnies, the great sculptor, said to me one evening:

"I wish the matter of compensation could be wiped out of my consideration. I must give it attention for obvious reasons, but it is the matter of least moment to me, and has absolutely no influence upon my work."

You see it is no wonder he is immortal at thirty-seven. Doctor Barker, the new occupant of the chair of Anatomy in the University of Chicago, who has won for himself a permanent place in the high seats of his profession by his work on neurology, was in a company of gentlemen one evening. Said one of his admirers: "Why don't you go into practice? You could easily make a great fortune before you are forty."

Listen to the answer: "Money does not interest me." We all remember Agassiz' famous: "I must decline, gentlemen; I have no time to make money." That was why he was Agassiz.

Quite as lofty ideals should inspire the work of those who make their vows to the greatest of all sciences, the science of justice, and the greatest of all arts, the art of adjusting the rights of men. No lawyer can become great who does not resolve at the beginning of each case to make his conduct of it a perfect piece of work, regardless of compensation. John M. Butler, the partner of Senator McDonald and one of the greatest lawyers the Central Western States ever produced, was so careful of pleadings and briefs that he would not endure a blurred or broken letter, and bad punctuation was a source of real irritation to him. Hundreds of times have I, as his clerk, required his printer to take out a blurred or indistinct and broken letter!

It was Mr. Butler's high ideal to achieve perfection as nearly as possible. The most perfect legal argument I ever heard was made by the Hon. Philip Knox, of Pennsylvania, in support of a proposition with which I had no sympathy. But I was captivated because it was a perfect piece of art. Many other arguments had been made in the same case, each of them of from two to six hours in length. Mr. Knox spoke less than an hour, and yet said everything that could be said on his side. Not a word was wasted. Not a single digression weakened the force of his irresistible logic. Not a decision was read from. He assumed that the great judges before whom he spoke knew something of the law and the decisions themselves. You see the same thing in its highest form in Marshall's decisions. I once advised a class of law students to commit to memory half a dozen of Marshall's greatest opinions. After years of reflection, I think I shall stand by that advice.

Learn to Argue with Brevity

In making an argument before a court or jury, remember that the most important thing is the statement of your case. *A case properly stated is a case nearly won.* Beware of digression. It calls attention from your main idea. It is a fault, too, which is well-nigh universal. I earnestly advise every young lawyer, as a practice in accurate thought, to demonstrate a theorem of geometry every morning. There is no such remorseless logic as that of logarithms. It will produce a habit of definiteness, directness and concentration invaluable to you. The young gallants of a century ago used to practice fencing for an hour each morning. Why should not you do the same thing in intellectual fencing — you, the devotee of the noblest swordsmanship known to man, the swordsmanship of the law?

Do not waste too much time quoting cases to a court. It produces contempt rather than conviction on the part of the judge, who himself is a daily maker of decisions and knows their value. He knows the stifling mass of precedents — and sighs under them. It is rare that more than two cases should be cited in oral argument on any given point. Those cases ought to be the most controlling you can find — not necessarily the latest. They should be cases decided upon reason rather than upon authority. Your true judge likes to reason the thing out.

Do not, however, go into a court without having thoroughly reviewed and mastered all the precedents bearing on every phase of your proposition. It requires desperate labor to do this and will shorten your life; but such is the hard fate of the profession you choose and such is the condition of our absurd system of multiplying reports.

Do not be what is known as a "case lawyer" — an attorney who does not know the law as a science, but merely looks up precedents and texts concerning a particular case. You may prevail in your case, but you will not be a *lawyer*. Stick close to the elemental Blackstone — you can never get along without your Blackstone. *Do not read a condensed edition of that great commentator.* It is like reading an expurgated Shakespeare. I understand that one of the Justices of the Supreme Court still reads Blackstone once each year. This may be a fable, but I hope it is not. You cannot do a better thing. Thirty minutes each day will give you Blackstone from cover to cover in less than a year, with many holidays. Very few modern textbooks are of permanent value. Pomeroy's Equity Jurisprudence is an exception. You ought to read that almost as closely as you do Blackstone. Of course, I cannot give here a list of those few books which should be your daily food. Any really educated lawyer will mention them to you. The great mass of textbooks are nothing more than digests.

Let your reading in the law be confined almost exclusively to the general principles of the common law. Reading statutes is unprofitable. You should never answer a question or proceed in a case on the presumption that you remember the statute. The rule of Sir Edwin Coke ought to be your rule. "I should," said Coke, "feel that I ought to be put out of my profession if I could not answer a question in the common law without referring to the books. I should feel that I ought to be put out of my profession if I would answer a question in the statute law without referring to the statute."

Do not confine yourself to law books. A man who does so is like the farmer who persists in planting the same soil with the same crop; exhaustion, barrenness and unprofitableness are the results in each case. Read generously, widely. It is impossible for a man to be a great lawyer, so far as the learning of his profession is concerned, who has not saturated himself with the Bible. He may be a great *practitioner*, but not a great *lawyer*. It is the source of nearly all our law. There is no more curious and fascinating study than a comparison of the ordinances of the Hebrews with what we think our modern statutes.

Make Your Reading Wide and Deep

Read deeply in science. Read widely the great novelists. They are scientists of human nature, and you are dealing with human nature in your profession. Read profoundly in history. If you were to study every decision on constitutional questions made by every court in this country, you could not understand the Constitution. You must go back to the roots of it. Trace out the growth of our institutions in Holland. Work out the modifications by these upon institutions adopted from England. Trace the indigenous development of both of these from the old Crown Charters, and finally up to our Constitution itself.

Then take Bancroft's History of the United States; then that greatest monument of intellectual achievement of the nineteenth century in the realm of history, Von Holtz' Constitutional History of the United States. Books like Douglass Campbell's remarkable production, Fisher's novel and yet convincing essay, and other like serious and original works, too numerous to criticise here, are indispensable. Nothing is more disgusting to an informed court than to hear a surface argument on constitutional law by an advocate who thinks he has mastered that tremendous subject by studying all the decisions of the courts upon any given point.

You will say this is a heavy task I am assigning you. It is, indeed. But have you not chosen the profession of the law? And if so, do you dare to be less than a lawyer? How dare you not shoulder your glorious burden with patience, fortitude and determination. Do not be as if you were to enlist as a soldier and end as a camp follower.

I am told that the king of the American bar has a standing order with his booksellers to send him every new book of approved merit in all the departments of literature. The result is that when he comes before the court his mind is fresh and sparkling with clear and original ideas poured into his brain from every mountain peak of inspiration in all the world of human thought. He brings to the service of his client not only a study of his case and a knowledge of the grand science of the law, but the vivifying, vitalizing power of all the world's great minds in all the realm of intellect.

If you say you have no time for all of this, the answer is that, if that is true, you have no time to be a great lawyer. You have the time if you will use it. A little less lingering at the club, an economy of hours here and there — this will give you time and to spare. Of course, if you would rather "loaf" than be great, if you hunger rather after the fleshpots than the lawyer's wreaths, this advice is not for you.

Do not use intoxicants. Even beware of coffee; it is one of the most powerful nerve and brain stimulants. The coffee habit is as easily formed and as remorseless as the alcohol habit. After a while, if excessively used, it produces its sure result. Your faculties have been sharpened by this intellectual emery wheel until the edge begins to crumble. There are lawyers in every town who, day by day and year by year, find that they have to work harder to understand a case or master a precedent than they did before. Whereas they formerly could get the point of a precedent by reading it over once, they must now read it over four or five times. You usually find them the victims of coffee.

Do not work late at night. It is a fictitious clearness of mind that comes to the midnight toiler. This also grows into a habit. Conform to Nature. Go to bed early. Get up early and do your fine and original work in the morning. It will be hard for you to form the habit, but after you have done it you will be amazed at the comparatively immense nervous power you possess in the morning hours.

Practice Keeping to the Point

In trying a case before a jury, never be trivial. Do not bandy jibes, no matter how witty you may know yourself to be in repartee. The jury and even the court may laugh, but they are not impressed, and you have not helped your case; and you are there *to win your case.* As in your argument, so in your examination of witnesses, KEEP TO THE POINT.

In arguing a case, no matter what its nature, before a court or jury, never rage or rave. GET TO THE POINT. Speak with great earnestness, but not with violence or volume of sound. Remember that even the most terrible emotions of the human heart in their most intense expressions are comparatively quiet. Be earnest. Be sincere. Be the master of your case, and the result must be satisfactory.

It sometimes becomes necessary for an attorney to assert his rights and privileges to the judge himself. Do not shrink from it. It is your duty to your client, your profession and the cause of justice. Never cringe to a court. *Never cringe to any one.* He will despise you for it, and properly so. Remember the dignity of your profession. Erskine, in his first case, rebuked a prejudiced and perhaps an unjust judge with such vigor that England rang with it.

Cultivate lucidity of style. You will do that at some risk at first. When a young lawyer is extremely clear, he is apt to be regarded as not deep. Abstruseness in expression is very frequently regarded as an indication of great depth. Nevertheless, persist in a clear and simple style. Make the statement of your cause and the argument in support of your propositions so lucid and plain that the judge or jury will say: "Why, of course, that is so. What is the use of the young man stating that?"

The study of Abraham Lincoln's speeches will be very helpful. Two or three of Roscoe Conkling's arguments after he left the Senate are models of perspicuity. Blackstone is one of the clearest writers who ever illuminated the great science to which you and I are devoted. Perhaps the greatest logician who ever lived was the Apostle Paul; read him as a master of logical utterance.

Never be ponderous; never be florid. At the same time, never be dry. Be clear; be pointed; be luminous. I remember having heard both sides of a case argued before an eminent Federal judge. One of the lawyers made a long, turgid, "profound" and musty argument; proceeding like a draft horse from mile-post to mile-post, until the alert mind of the judge was almost frantic with impatience.

The lawyer on the other side is one of the most eminent members of our profession. He is as lithe as a panther, physically and mentally, sharp as a serpent's tooth, as lucid as the atmosphere on a cloudless day, and yet as suggestive as a hickory-wood fire in the old home fireplace on a wintry night. He paced the floor in impatience, while Mr. Turgidity blew the dust in clouds from precedent after precedent.

When it came his time to reply, he did so with a clearness and wealth of expression, an appropriateness of illustration and a simplicity of reasoning that made one feel that the other man had committed an impertinence in presenting his side at all. Of course he won his case.

Respect yourself. A man may lose his money, his reputation — may even lose everything — and yet he has not lost everything if he retains his self-respect. Be a gentleman at the outset of your career and forever. Do not move among men like a beggar for favors. Do not wear poor clothes. Apparel yourself like a gentleman. No client worth having respects you for advertising your poverty. Do not fear that your community will not know that you are poor. They know it and sympathize with you. But every one of our race likes to see a man "game." Therefore, dress well. Bear yourself like a man who has prosperous potentialities if not prosperous assets.

Keep your office in as perfect condition as yourself. Remember that it is your workshop. Put all your extra money into books. There is no adornment of an office equal to a library, just as there is no adornment to a mechanic's shop equal to his tools. You know what you think of a doctor when you find his office equipped with the latest appliances.

Do not permit your office to be a loafing place, even for your fellow-lawyers. You cannot afford to cultivate professional courtesy at the expense of the discipline of your office.

Editor's Note — The Young Lawyer and His Beginnings is the concluding paper in Senator Beveridge's series of articles for young men.

Be very careful of the places you frequent. Remember that Pericles was never seen except upon the street leading to the place of council.

Depend upon yourself; do not call into council another attorney. This is a point on which most lawyers will disagree with me. Nevertheless, if you are not competent to handle your case, you have done wrong to open an independent office. If you call another attorney into council, every probability is that you will suggest all the solutions yourself and in reality win the case; but your old and distinguished associate will get all the credit.

See well to your evidence before you go into the trial of a cause. Be very cautious on cross-examination. It is the most powerful but most dangerous weapon known to the trial of a cause. Do not bluster, "bulldoze" or browbeat a witness. There is nothing in it. You simply make the jury sympathize with the person abused. Remember that an American loves nothing so much as fair play. He regards you and the witness as adversaries, you the stronger and with immense advantage.

Ask few questions on cross-examination. Employ the Socratic method always. Ask only those questions the logical conclusion of which is irresistible, and stop there. Don't press the conclusion on the witness. It is your province to show that in your argument. A timid, confused witness, whom you know to be telling the truth, may often be confused by cross-examination and made to make a false statement; but this you have no right, as an honorable attorney, to make him do. A just judge ought to stop you if you try it.

Think what a tremendous intellectual effort the properly conducted lawsuit is. You must know your case; you must know your evidence; you must know each witness as a person and each item of his testimony; you must know the law applicable to your general proposition and the general law upon its various ramifications; you must study the witnesses of the other side; and almost more important than any of these, *you must study that wonderful combination of intellect, prejudice and passion called the jury.*

Thoroughly Understand Your Jury

When the time comes for you to address that jury you must thoroughly understand each man. This is not that you may influence him, or "play upon" him, or resort to any of the devices of the baser sort. It is that you may know how best to get the truth of your case to him. How to get your thought, your theory, your cause before each juror should be your only concern. Never try to be "eloquent." Never be funny. It is unwarrantable even to arouse a jury's sympathies. *Forget everything except making the juror understand your case.* The result will be that he will understand your case, and if he understands it and it is a case you ought to win, his understanding of it means that you will win it.

Take at least one excellent legal periodical. There are four or five legal magazines published in America, each of which is very good indeed. Do not pay any attention to the digests of cases with which some of these periodicals burden their pages. You cannot remember them and it will only confuse you. But you will find in each number one very serious and profitable article, and possibly more, on matters of vital interest to the profession. Read each very carefully.

The methods of scientific scholarship are now invading the law, and many of these legal essays are superb pieces of work. Now and then you will find an essay of monumental worth. Such is the remarkable introduction to Stephen's admirable work on Pleading. The author's demonstration of the value of forms and his comparison of the Roman civil law with the English common law is the most carefully thought out and learned piece of legal writing I can think of at this moment. It is as great as it is brief.

Take part in politics. I know that it is an ordinary saying that a lawyer should leave politics alone. It is not true. What right have you, a member of the great profession which, more than all other forces combined, has established and defended liberty, to withdraw yourself from active participation in the sacred function of self-government? You have no such right.

Of course, you should not make politics your profession. That is fatal to your success in the profession of the law. It is one profession or the other — one love or the other. But take part in your party's primaries. Make yourself so wise and useful that you will be an indispensable party counselor. By all means be a "factor" in your party.

As you value life itself, do not permit yourself ever to be made a lobbyist under the guise of general employment by a corporation or any other interest concerned in legislation. It is no doubt proper for a lawyer to make a legal argument before a legislative committee in behalf of clients. Nevertheless, I advise you not to do it. It is the first step toward the disreputable form of lobbying. There is, of course, perfectly proper and even necessary lobbying. But then you are a *lawyer*, are you not?

We all know instances of brilliant lawyers and powerful men who have thus sold their birthrights for miserable messes of pottage. No matter how much you need money, never accept a retainer or fee of any kind from a corporation or person, or any interest, which really does not want your active service, but in that manner is purchasing your silence. Accept no employment except real, genuine employment for actual, tangible and honest work. Money secured from any other kind of employment is a loss to you in every way, even financially.

Think daily of the nobility and dignity of your profession. Remember the great men that have adorned it and established the pillars of its glory. They were gentlemen, men of learning, men of breeding, men of honor as delicate as a woman's blush. Be you such or leave the profession.

Keep in mind the lords of the bar. Resolve each morning when you awake that, to the utmost of your efforts, you will strive to be like them.

Finally, preserve your health, preserve your health, preserve your health. Work, work, work. Cling to the loftiest ideals of your profession which your mind can conceive. Do these; keep up your nerve; never despair, and success is certain, distinction probable, and greatness possible, according to your natural abilities.

Women in the Colleges

By Nathaniel Butler

President of Colby College

A FEW New England colleges and at least one of the great Western Universities appear to be somewhat concerned, if not positively alarmed, on account of the increasing number of women enrolled in their classes. This uneasiness is explained and justified in various ways, and the very phenomenon that occasions it is regarded by many with entire satisfaction and approval.

In the Middle West and the Northwest, men and women in the colleges seem to be upon the freest and frankest terms of equality in every regard. The question we are discussing seems, on the whole, to receive no concern or attention west of New York and New England. The situation seems, therefore, to furnish a problem only for Eastern and chiefly New England colleges. Within this region are to be found the best examples of three types of college institutions: (1) Colleges admitting men only, of the type of Amherst, Dartmouth and Williams; (2) colleges admitting women only, of which Smith and Wellesley are examples; (3) colleges originally designed for men only but now open to both men and women. Examples of the third class are Colby, Bates, Wesleyan and Brown. Harvard and Yale, being Universities proper rather than colleges, do not enter into this discussion, and the problem obviously does not concern them. The first and third types of institutions just referred to are rather forced to ask these questions: What are we to think about the presence of women in the colleges? What attitude ought the college to take in reference to it?

A Question of Simple Expediency

The more one thinks of it the less the question appears to be one involving principles hard to apprehend and to state, and the more it becomes a question of simple fact and expediency. In the first place, admission of women to institutions of a sort at first intended for men alone is only a part of that general "open-door" policy in regard to women that has marked the last thirty years, and that in general is regarded as wholesome for society. There appears to be no reason why women should not have as free admission as men to every avenue leading to activity and advantage. On *a priori* grounds there can be no good reason for not giving her the same education with men, if she wants it, and the modern view discloses no *a priori* reason why she should not, if she so wishes, receive that education in the same place with men. The present discussion involves no revival of the obsolete question of woman's "capacity" or "abilities," nor of the "proprieties." A large majority of people who care about the matter would probably agree that there is no general fundamental objection to the presence, in the colleges, of women who choose to be there.

Further: many, probably very many, of the women who are now in the "men's colleges" would, if they were entirely free to choose, enter institutions of the type of Smith and Wellesley. They enter the co-educational institution for economic reasons or for reasons involving some sort of practical convenience. There are so many good colleges that almost any girl can find one near home. Attendance there is convenient and inexpensive. She must seek her higher education there or not at all. Bryn Mawr, Vassar and Smith are beyond her reach in distance or cost, or for reasons demanding that she be within easy reach of home.

What then? Shall we at once fling wider the college doors to all and sundry? We would not do that. We would have it borne in mind, in the first place, that the colleges in question were, for generations, open only to men. The great mass of their graduates consists of men. These men remember and love the college as it was, with all its unique and peculiar associations. It is in truth their Alma Mater. It is wrong to these sons of the college, suddenly and radically to change its character and associations, and the college deserves the alienation of its sons — and so the loss of a source of great power — if it utterly disregards this fact.

Moreover, these colleges are even now organized and planned primarily for the training of men. It is their first duty legitimately to attract and soundly to train *men*. So far as they fail of that they fail of their specific function. If women desire this training, by all means let it be open to them. At most, however, let it be upon terms of equality with men; but by no means let it be in circumstances that put a limit upon the value of the colleges to men, for whose training they primarily exist. Whatever may be true in the future, it is unquestionably the fact now that for the "old-line" colleges to admit women without some special restriction would have just that effect. There is little doubt that the number of women seeking a college course increases more rapidly than the number of men. Women will seek admission to the colleges in larger and larger numbers. Some of the best men already turn away from colleges which they would otherwise enter because women are found there. Larger numbers of these men will turn away from the colleges where the proportion of women is large and increasing.

It affects nothing to say that this is very foolish on the part of the men and that such men would better go elsewhere. Grant that; yet it is a condition, not a theory, that we face, and whether the causes underlying the condition are worthy or not, the fact remains that the college designed first of all for young men, wrongfully limits its public usefulness and inflicts upon itself internal injury if it adopts any policy that turns away from its doors first-class men who otherwise would enter.

It would seem to be the part of wisdom, then, for the college to limit the number of women to be enrolled at one time, and, further, to admit only those whose capacities and ambitions make the course they seek especially appropriate. If it be asked what is the ground of such limitation, the answer is, practicability.

We may as well admit, and approve, the fact that women are in the colleges to stay; that it is right that they should enjoy educational advantages as high as those of men and enjoy them as freely; that it is well that they can find these in the colleges near their homes. But it will be a wise policy to keep clearly in view the fact that we are yet in the stage of experiment and transition in the education of the sexes, and that only a wise conservatism and a regard for established traditions are consistent with safety and utility.

How Little I Knew

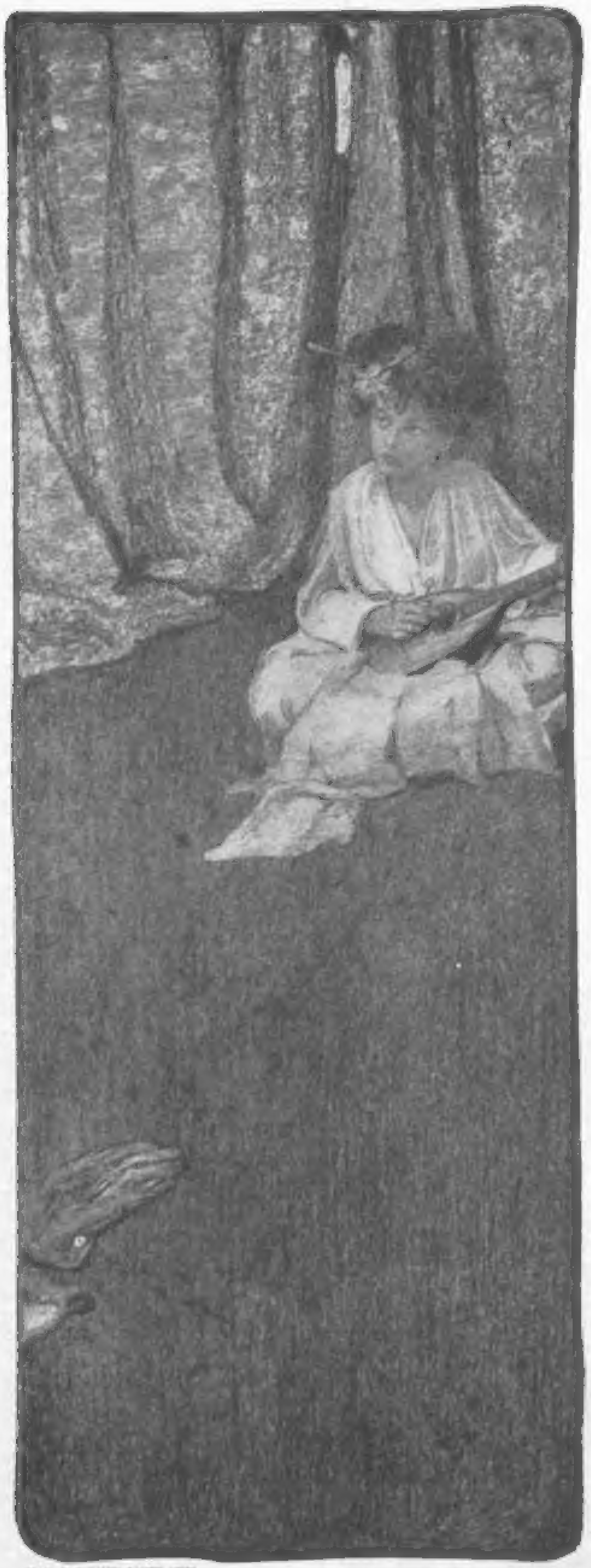
By Charles G. D. Roberts

HOW little I knew, when I first saw
you,
And your eyes for a moment questioned mine,
It amounted to this — that the dawn and
the dew,
The midnight's dark, and the mid-
noon's shine,
The awe of the silent, soaring peak,
The harebell's blue, and the cloud in
the blue,
And all the beauty I sing and seek,
Would come to mean — just you!

Yet I might have known! For that one
deep look
Which you gave me from under your
hat's low brim
Years afterward in my pulses shook
And made my memory swim.
It will burn in my heart the long years
through;
And when this life of the flesh is done
I will open my heart and show it to you
In the worlds beyond the sun.

HER FIANCÉ—A Story of Smith College.

By Josephine Dodge Daskam



DRAWN BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

—two long, gray-violet eyes that looked through his own, beyond, to France

"WON'T you take him, Biscuits?" urged Evelyn pathetically; "ah, do!"

Biscuits grinned cheerfully.

"Thanks, no!" she said; "I have a Burke paper——"

A derisive shout interrupted this eminently academic confession; if all Biscuits' Burke papers had been handed in, the entire rhetoric department would long since have been buried beneath them, for she wrote them all the year round, it would seem, quite regardless of scheduled changes of subject.

"Oh, yes! I know all about that!" persisted Evelyn scornfully. "You had a Burke paper when I wanted you to show my uncle the Art Gallery and the Plant House. And when Tommy Sears came up unexpectedly and I had two men up for the rally, you had a Burke paper then. And you may remember that the night of the concert you couldn't sit and talk to Patsy's man while she was singing because you had to plan out a Burke paper. Now don't be a pig, Biscuits, but take him! You're the only one in the crowd that hasn't got a man already, and it's so beastly hard to run a new program so late in the day! You can sit 'em out, if you want, but do take him!"

"My dear child, I'm sorry she's sick, but I tell you that I wouldn't take the Prince of Wales!"

"Not the Prince of Wales? Not Allbert Eddard? *Fi donc!*"

A sleepy, drawling voice issued from under a great down puff on the couch, and as the group of girls started nervously and stared at the tumbled pillows, a small, sleek, silvery brown head emerged from beneath them, and two long-lashed violet eyes gleamed strangely from a dark-skinned little face.

"Why, Suzanne! Have you been here since morning? I thought you'd gone!"

"*Mais non!* I've been asleep. If it was about me, dears, never mind—I was fast asleep."

"Do you mean that you've slept here since nine? It's three now," said Biscuits incredulously.

"*Tant mieux!*" Suzanne returned lightly, "there's so much more time gone! It's very diverting—to sleep. It knits up the raveled sleeve of care, you know. I wish it would knit up the raveled sleeve of my organdy—the blue one. I caught it on the door-knob. *Mais, n'importe.* Allbert Eddard—*que veut-il?*"

"Biscuits wouldn't take him to the Prom," said Evelyn gloomily.

"*Mon Dieu! Et pourquoi pas?* I would. 'Allbert Eddard,' I'd say, 'though your mamma oppresses the Irish and though your conduct has often left much to be desired, nevertheless, if you've brought your evening clothes, I'll take you, *mon cher!*'"

"You might take this one, then," suggested Evelyn morosely. "He's got the same name."

"The same name?" queried Suzanne. She was stretching herself awake like a cat, yawning and swaying slenderly from side to side.

"Albert G. Edwards, Yale, '9—," Evelyn responded briefly; "maybe it's he, anyhow!"

"*C'est bien possible,*" agreed Suzanne. "In disguise. *Quelle veine!* And the G. is for Guelph! Now wasn't that foxy of him? Am I to take him, really?"

Evelyn stared incredulously.

"Oh, Suzanne, would you? Could you? It would be so sweet of you! He's Emily Thayer's *fiancé* and he's never been up before, and she's got the grippe and she can't see him at all, and I promised her I'd look out for him, and at the last minute my second and third men telegraphed that they found they *could* come after all, and the fourth accepted long ago, and they've all sent flowers, so I can't very well refuse, and the cards are all mixed up dreadfully, and Emily feels *so* disgusted and blue!"

"Haven't you got a man yourself?" interrupted Biscuits suspiciously. Miss Endicott was not in the habit of filling vacancies in this obliging manner and she was not at all fond of Evelyn, so it could not be a purely friendly office.

Suzanne clasped her hands tragically and assumed a Bernhardt attitude.

"Alas! I had. But his name was George. I loathe that name. *Mais que voulez-vous?* I did not know it till too late! I was sick with rage. It was to weep! I dismissed him. *Me voilà libre!*"

They giggled irrepressibly for she was very funny. But Biscuits fastened her keen brown eyes on Suzanne's elusive blue ones and returned to the attack.

"Don't be idiotic, Suzanne—where's your man?"

Suzanne sighed sepulchrally.

"Ah, where? *Je l'ignore absolument, moi!* Possibly he has drowned himself. 'Twere better so. It is awful to be blond and named George! I telegraphed him that I had sprained my ankle and was desolated, but his sincerely. He sent violets. So that I can take the Prince."

They looked helplessly at each other. It might be just as she had said. She was quite capable of it. And just because she was the last person one would have chosen to ask to take Emily Thayer's *fiancé* to the Prom, she had, naturally enough, offered to do it.

"Well," said Biscuits doubtfully, "I suppose if you say you will, you will. But I hope you won't do anything foolish."

"Of course she won't," Evelyn broke in hastily, "and it's perfectly grand she can take him, I'm sure. He's a right nice man, too, Suzanne. He doesn't talk much but he's quite handsome, and Emily says he dances well."

"That's more than she does," remarked Suzanne sweetly. "Oh, yes, Louisa, look kindly and begin to perjure yourself—it becomes a junior president, we all know! But on the two occasions when I had the pleasure we didn't seem to be performing the same dance at all, I assure you—it was most confusing. How long is she *fiancée?*"

"Oh, long before she came up here. It was arranged by the families, I guess. She's always known him. Could you—could you take care of him from now on, Suzanne dear? You could go out the side door and get your things on, and I'd wait here and take you down and introduce him—he's in the reception-room."

Suzanne raised her eyebrows. "*Eh bien!* Suppose I go now? And in costume? These foreigners always expect so much," she said lightly.

"In costume?" repeated Evelyn vaguely. Suzanne slipped off her shirt-waist and produced from Biscuits' closet a pink and gray kimono of soft crêpe. She tied the long pink sash high under her arms and before they quite realized what she was doing she had piled her soft straight hair in great puffs on her head and stuck a lacquered paper-knife, shaped like a dagger, between the coils. From the chiffonier she took a string of amber beads that she twisted about her wrist and a long thin gold watch chain that she looped about her forehead so that the little fob hung down between her eyes. Three great red paper poppies hung over the mirror, and as she slipped them through her belt and, throwing her weight on one hip, looked at them through slanted eyes, the glass reflected the most charmingly *bizarre* little figure in the world.

"*Très chic, n'est-ce-pas?*" she said, opening the door. "I'll get E. Harper's mandolin and some bangles. *En avant*, Evelyn!"

"Why, Suzanne, where are you going? You're not going to meet Mr. Edwards——"

"*Comme ça?* Precisely."

She ran across the hall, to return with a beautiful little inlaid mandolin and a handful of tinkling silver bracelets. She had poised a great pink rose just over her forehead and held three more loosely in her hands; three others took the place of the poppies.

Biscuits caught her hand. "See here, Suzanne, you can't go down to the reception-room like this—you're a crazy child!"

Suzanne made a little face and twisted away. They chased after her to the head of the stairs and caught her, when they held her firmly, half laughing, half in earnest; expostulating, reproving, admiring.

"Oh, let her go!" said Evelyn suddenly. "She's just doing it to tease us, Biscuits. She'll come back! And I *must* get away now, myself, after she's met him—let her go! She'll come right back, won't you, Suzanne? She won't go in."

Suzanne began to pick the mandolin strings and sing softly. She was a naughty, bewitching child; it was impossible to resist her.

She slipped down the stairs with Evelyn beside her, the others following. Down below it was utterly deserted. The unnatural quiet of a quiet campus house hung over everything. It was a perfect day and every one was reveling in it. At the farthest end of the long parlor sat a broad-shouldered, handsome boy, staring wearily out at the merry groups that passed and separated. He looked up, and catching sight of Evelyn rose politely, while the girls behind the portière gripped each others' hands in excitement as Suzanne quietly walked in beside her.

For a moment Evelyn hesitated. Then, with an expressive shrug of her shoulders for the group behind, she led the way to the boy. She was very anxious about her own affairs and far too self-centred to be much concerned at the probability of disastrous criticism if Suzanne's freak should become known.

"Miss Endicott," she said quickly, "allow me to present Mr. Edwards. Mr. Edwards—Miss Endicott!"

The boy bit his lip. He felt that there was some trick in progress and he stiffened his shoulders and said somewhat gruffly:

"Happy to meet you, I'm sure!" Then a strange feeling came to him, for with a suppleness he had never seen the slim pink and gray figure bowed till the great rose on her forehead touched the floor, and above a faint tinkle of bangles and a little jarring cry from the mandolin a soft *traînante* voice murmured:

"*Monseigneur!*"

Evelyn caught a suppressed giggle from behind the portière and glanced nervously around.

"Come!" she said shortly. Then turning to the boy: "We'll soon be back, Mr. Edwards. I shall have to keep a previous engagement, but Miss Endicott——"

She stopped, for he was paying no attention to her. Indeed he had begun a speech of some sort to Suzanne, who drooped again to the carpet.

"*Mais je suis ravie, je vous assure, Monseigneur*—the honor, it is mine!" she cooed; then straightening again she looked him full in the face for a second.

"Shall I sing?" she asked.

"Goodness, no!" said Evelyn sharply. But the boy advanced a step.

"Oh, yes; do sing!" he urged boldly. He had heard the giggle, too, and he was not going to be placidly made a fool of; he would bluff the thing out.

What she would sing he did not know. Emily sang a song called The Holy City, Sunday afternoons on her vacations, and at other times she sang The Rosary; her friends all sang it, too; he connected it vaguely with girls as a class. Still, he had an instinct that she would not sing The Rosary; though he had never seen anything like her and thought her far from pretty—he had a theory that large blonde girls with violet eyes and pink cheeks were technically pretty—he dimly realized a personality in that little pink and gray creature that startled him with its poignancy. He wondered what she would sing.

He looked at the piano seat, but she sank on the floor at his feet, and throwing back one sleeve with a clink of bracelets and a gush of perfume from the heavy roses, she struck a shrill, sweet chord from the little lute-shaped thing in her hand. The silence was absolutely tense. A great bar of sunlight fell across her bare, round arm; the rest of the room lay in shadow. A strange little minor tune wove itself among the tremulous chords, a low vibrating voice chanted fascinating syllables to it.

He caught her eyes fixed mournfully on his; her head drooped over the mandolin; the May wind drove the roses in sweet elusive gusts across his face.

"*Colinette était son nom*——"

The rest of the room faded; there were no other girls; there was only a wonderful, troubling dusky face that smelt of roses; two long, gray-violet eyes that looked through his own, beyond, to France, and a sweet old tragedy there.

"Ce n'était qu'une fillette,
Je n'étais qu'un écolier,
Elle est morte en février —
Pauvre Colinette!"

It seemed to him that the room had suddenly grown warm, that all the East of the Arabian Nights was there, all the romance that he had heard of but never understood. That little break in her voice—how it made one catch one's breath! That chain through her hair—how taking it was! He had never noticed that women wore such things in their hair. And how soft and pale her arms were, where the sleeve fell back; how sweet she was, all crouched together below his chair—one could pick her up so easily——

"Elle est morte en février, en février —"

Ah, that little break again!

"Pauvre Colinette!"

The hall door opened; a babble of voices filled the rooms. She slipped to her feet in a second, lithe as a cat. Again the low, drooping bow, the murmured:

"*Monseigneur!*"

She was in the hall and gone. The mandolin struck against the stairs as she ran up and the little faint clang of the wires was the last sigh of Colinette.

He did not hear the remonstrance of the girls; their laughter, half admiration, half nervousness; their excited assurances that nobody in the world but Suzanne would have been permitted such a clear coast by Providence—that anybody else would inevitably have been haled forth out of the parlor; their disgusted queries of what in the world Mr. Edwards would think; their voluble doubt as to what she was going to do now—how she would explain herself to him.

In all the hot tumult of his thoughts one rang out like a clear bell: if all those other things were girls, what was this? If this was a girl, what were they? He had never been a girl's boy: he had boated and tramped and fished, and trained for various elevens, and got his lessons and lived with the fellows. He was very popular with them; he knew many of them very intimately. Out of friendship for them he had filled dozens of programs and paddled dozens of girls about in canoes. Some girls danced heavily and tilted the boat and giggled; some chattered and asked too many questions; some wore too much perfume. Many whom the fellows raved over he realized were extremely pretty—he observed that they realized it, too. His experience had led him to infer that dark girls were liable to be cleverer than light ones and that stout girls danced very well as a usual thing.

From the days of his short trousers he had known that he was going to marry Emily. His mother and hers had been lifelong friends and their fathers had been college chums and were practically business partners. They lived in the same street in the city and their country places touched, with not even a hedge between. If any one had asked him just when he fell in love with Emily he would have looked puzzled and said that they'd always known each other. If he had been asked to describe his proposal, it is almost certain that his mind would have rested comfortably on that occasion when his father had looked somewhat anxiously over his cigar and said earnestly:

"I've never had any fault to find with you, Al, and if you can see your way to this, my boy, you'd make your mother and me perfectly contented. It's all we could ask, all. You—you love her, don't you, Al?"

"Why, certainly, sir!" he had said, and then they had discussed the plans for the new stables.

There would be a large wing added for them when they were married, and afterward, "when we old folks are gone, Al," the places would be thrown together—there would be a large estate then.

He had never come up to see Emily before. He saw her every vacation with the rest of the family, and then, Smith girls never paraded their engagements, she said. Most people didn't announce them till Junior year and kept quiet about them after that. College wasn't the place for that sort of thing; if you wanted a lot of that you were a fool to come.

There was enough to occupy you without an interest presumably so absorbing as to stale the other pleasures before you'd really exhausted them. Cornelia Burt had said, somewhat successfully, that at college it was perfectly legitimate to be interested in *men*, but very foolish to become attached to a *man*.

He had met Miss Burt; she was one of the dark kind that are clever and he had been a little afraid of her—he found nothing to say. Miss Lyon had chattered so steadily that he had hardly felt it necessary to pay attention. She had told him the names of all the buildings and he had said, "Ah! Is it?" and tried to look the way she pointed. He was neither pleased nor displeased, dull nor amused. He had the placid content of perfect health and strength; he liked to walk on the soft grass, and the air was sweet and fresh. He expected to meet Johnson, of his class, somewhere up here, and Johnson could tell him if the courts had been rolled yet and when he was likely to get a chance at them.

And now—something had happened. His calm, vague interest in life had been ruffled suddenly, disturbed; his customary attitude of waiting till the next thing happened had utterly changed; he wanted something to come and come immediately—he wanted that girl to come back. He had never been taken out of himself before; he had never known the fascination of floating helplessly in the sea of his own emotions; he had an idea that he would see better what he wanted when she came.

When she appeared in the door a thing occurred to him that he had experienced only once in his life, when he had been coming in well ahead in a boat race and just at the finish had felt the shell behind him suddenly dart half a length ahead. His heart appeared to drop down out of its place and he pumped it up with a tremendous breath that brought the blood surging to his forehead. She was dressed in something sheer and ruffled, of a marvelous blue; not violet or gray or grape-colored, or a real blue at all, in fact, but only to be classified when she turned her eyes on him. Then he saw that the dress was the color of Suzanne. In her belt were heavy, deep-pink roses; he would never think of them apart from her again.

They left the house and walked about among the groups and couples, and when he heard her answer he knew that he had spoken. She had a great power of silence; not comfortable, comradely silence, like Emily's, born of a common experience, a familiar past, a settled future; but a mysterious, sweet silence that meant everything he was thinking and more beyond.

He did not know that she could chatter like a magpie, that her usual conversation was a monologue with casual interruptions, that her wit spared no one and often hurt the very person who brought it out. This low-voiced, withdrawn, slender blue thing was as wrapped up in her new personality as he was.

"Colinette était son nom,
Elle habitait un village."

They sat on a bench under an apple tree and he talked to her about himself; he hardly realized that this was something he rarely did. When she replied, that little minor tone crept into his heart and echoed there; it was time to go so soon!

They took supper with a gay party at the girls' lunch-room, and it seemed to him that he and she were the only real people in the laughing, chattering crowd. The red candle shades, the table carnations, the bustling waitresses, the incessant clatter of the small tables from which high screens divided their large one, seemed the merest theatrical background for her small figure, the merest accompaniment to her low voice.

Johnson was opposite him and leaned over in one of the pauses to ask if he knew the courts were ready.

"What courts? Ah, yes, are they?" he answered vaguely.

The girls who had told their men about the amusing Miss Endicott raised their eyebrows at each other.

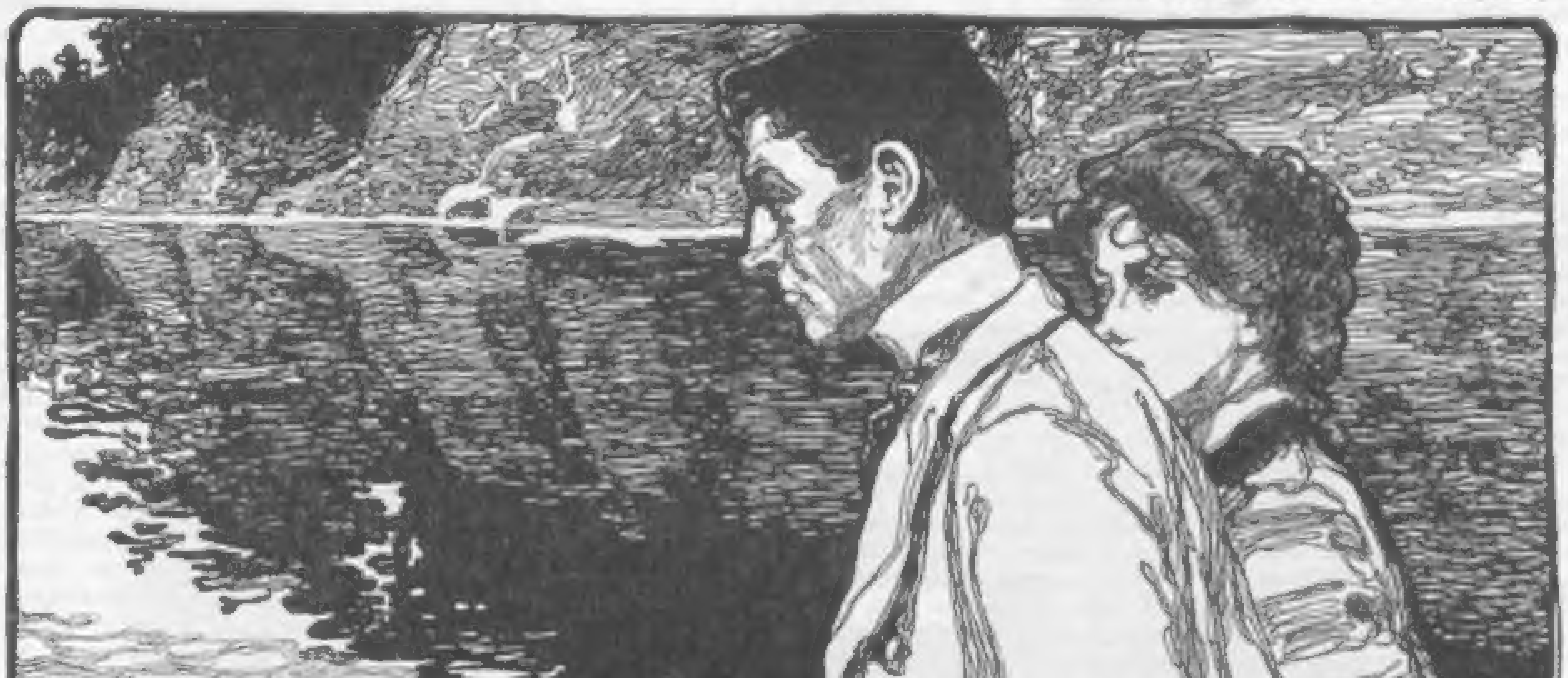
"What's the matter with Suzanne? Doesn't she feel well?" they asked.

"She was well enough this afternoon," said Evelyn. "She's just taken a streak, that's all. I do hope she'll be decent to Emily's man—you can't trust her one hour."

She had on a long, light party cloak when he took her over to the Gymnasium, and when it was thrown off and he saw the same dress she had worn in the afternoon he did not know enough to feel surprised. Only when his eye was caught by a silver chain on her thin, white neck did he remember that there was a blue ribbon there before and that her shoulders had been covered up. Nodding against her soft skin were pink roses; a silver comb was in her hair.

At the door an usher stopped them. "No flowers on the floor, please," she said. Suzanne looked her full in the face. Her eyes were almost sorrowful.

—she had never walked in Paradise with a less boyish boy



"These flowers are artificial!" she murmured.

The girl's eyes widened. Her face fell. "Oh!" she gasped, "excuse me!" and Suzanne passed on.

"Where do you think I shall go when I die?" she asked him gravely.

He thought her utterly enchanting.

"Somewhere that I can come!" he said boldly.

He paid no attention to the decorations; the great red poppies, the green boughs, the twined cheesecloth, the walls hung with bagdads and posters, the shaded lamps, the puffy cushions, the brass and copper that gleamed from dull corners, the palms and ferns that softened the angles. It might as well have been a barn.

He looked at his card; Emily had six dances. The extras were vacant.

"May I have all the extras?" he asked in a matter-of-fact tone. How he did it he never knew.

She smiled and rested her eyes on his. "If you really dance well," she said lightly.

He got through the dances with the others mechanically. He knew nothing about them at the time, but when he came back to her and she leaned against his shoulder he felt that they had been awkward and tightly dressed; most of them were too big. When the fresh, strong odor of the pink roses came to him he remembered that they all smelled of violet extract. Her little cool bare hand in his taught him that theirs had been hot and gloved.

He had danced with girls before, but when he put his arm around her it occurred to him for the first time in his life that to dance with a woman was to take her in one's arms. How close to his face her soft hair rose and fell! She breathed very lightly, but he could have counted her breaths. He had never danced before—he had simply kept time to music. He found himself thinking aloud to her.

"You don't push me and try to lead, like some of them, and you don't pull away when *I* lead," he explained.

She smiled inscrutably. She was probably the best dancer in the college—certainly no one danced better.

"I don't talk when I dance—what's the use?" She swayed nearer him and slipped aside again. He guided her easily through the swishing, whirling crowd; she had no skirt to hold up, no fan for him to carry, no high-twisted thing sticking up in her hair that got in his way.

When he gave her up to another man he tried not to watch him put an arm around her to start away with her—it irritated him unspeakably. When she came back to him the evening grew sweet again, the music swelled richer; he sighed as if he had not quite breathed before, and held her firmly.

As the night wore on Suzanne spoke less and less. She closed her eyes when she danced; her lips parted a little. A faint pink came into her cheeks and she leaned closer against his shoulder. The violins seemed to him like human voices; he found himself humming the airs under his breath as he led her through the crowd. He had never noticed the dance music before; he thought they played beautifully to-night.

Later he found himself on the steps of her house with her cloak over his arm. The strains of the last waltz arose above the surflike roll of the feet and voices. They were quite alone. Her eyelids drooped, her lips half smiled, her head swayed a little to the music. She gave him her hand and leaned down toward him.

"Good-night," she said.

He drew her hand higher, and with an absolutely novel impulse kissed the back of it. She laughed softly and left him.

"*Adieu—mon cher Prince!*"

She had taken the cloak from him, but as he passed out of the wide gateway he realized that he clutched a long-stemmed pink rose in his hand.

That night as he walked hour after hour through the deserted streets it grew slowly clear to him. This was what they meant, those fellows at whose weddings he had ushered! This was the way that man in Henry Esmond felt—he had taken a course in English Literature, Sophomore year, and had read the prescribed novels mechanically—he did not care for reading. So this was it: no wonder they made such a fuss about it! It hurt you, really hurt you. And yet it was far from disagreeable—you wouldn't lose it for the world. To take her away, to have her all the time—why, that meant to marry her! Certainly, that was what he would do: marry her. And *he* would have ushers and a breakfast . . . great Heavens! He was going to marry Emily!

He was sitting on a little porch near an electric light when he next realized his surroundings, staring at a swarm of flies that eddied around it. How absurd! How entirely ridiculous! That large, comfortable girl he had known all his life—marry her! *Marry her!* Why, what would he care if he never saw her again? There was only one girl in the world that he would ever marry. She was slender and soft, and smelt of roses.

(Concluded on Page 32)

THE PRACTICAL COLLEGE COURSE FOR YOUNG MEN.

By Russell H. Chittenden

Director of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University

A PRACTICAL college course, in the highest sense of the term, is one that leads to results of the greatest practical value. It should train a man for some definite end in life, and at the same time afford him a broad foundation upon which to build securely in his future development. This cannot be accomplished by a limited training along some special line of study. Narrow specialization in the education of young men, while perhaps fitting them early in life for moderately remunerative positions, is to be deprecated as lacking those essential qualities that produce broad mental development and a quickening of the reasoning powers. In this age of advanced scientific learning a young man must be thoroughly equipped for the struggle that lies before him if he hopes to rise to eminence in any of the learned professions, or to compete successfully for a prominent position in any department of applied science or in any business that demands technical knowledge and skill. A practical college course that aims to provide a training in any branch of engineering, in chemistry, electricity, mining, etc., must do more than simply teach those specific subjects which bear directly on the particular profession in view. There must be full recognition of the necessity for a firm foundation if there is any hope of erecting a superstructure of solidity and endurance. Further, there is grave danger in the teaching of applied science, that too great prominence be given to the practical at the expense of the theoretical. There is a growing demand, and justly so, for technical education, and along with this demand an urgent plea for the early equipment of young men for their life-work. There is a fascination for the young in the manual training school system, and up to a certain point there is much to commend in this method of education, but more than one institution for higher education has lowered itself by catering too freely to this desire for the practical. How far shall the college course aiming to produce the highest practical results yield to the present popular trend? Shall the college student be taught mechanical engineering, for example, in workshop laboratories after the plan of education followed by the practical machinist, or shall he be instructed in mathematics, in the principles of mechanics, descriptive geometry, etc., with just sufficient application and laboratory demonstration to make clear the connection? In other words, shall the college help to make a firm and broad foundation in the science of engineering, leaving the student to acquire his practical experience mainly after college, or shall we aim to afford a narrower, practical course, easy of acquirement, because free from theoretical complexities?

The Value of Theoretical Training

There can be no question that in any suitable college course in mechanical engineering, for example, there should be a judicious commingling of theoretical and practical, but the shop, laboratory and drawing-room work should be mainly for the elucidation of the theoretical, and not as an end in itself. Given a young man of broad knowledge, with a mind cultivated by the higher mathematics, and with a thorough conception of the principles and laws of physics, mechanics, hydraulics, etc., and he will soon adjust himself to the environment of his professional work, and eventually rise to a plane far beyond that of the man whose training has been purely technical. If this is so, then such a method of education is to be recommended as more truly practical. I am told by competent engineers, and the statement coincides with my own views, that it is very questionable if the student of engineering derives as much real advantage from the workshop method of instruction as he would gain by expending the time in the study of scientific principles; that the detailed knowledge of the practical application of principles is best obtained by the young man in the shops themselves after his college course, and although he may at first be handicapped, he will quickly adjust himself to the environment and eventually make a far more competent engineer from his broader knowledge of scientific facts and principles. The main object of the practical college course should be to provide a liberal education along various scientific lines, and yet to afford such facilities in certain directions that the student may acquire a proficiency sufficient to fit him for some professional work, or at least to pave the way for further development along some special line. The practical college course should be characterized by a judicious admixture of pure science and applied science, not forgetting a suitable addition of the humanities; such a mixture, indeed, as will result in a liberal education. The course of instruction should not be too strictly technical, not narrow and limited in extent, but broad and far-reaching.

The present age is calling for schools of science, for a line of education and training quite different from that afforded by the classical colleges of fifty years ago. Something more practical is demanded, but this does not mean that the college should be merely a school of applied science, a place where subjects are taught one-sidedly to emphasize their practical application, a place where instruction is given in science alone; but there should be that adaptation to broader purposes by which all subjects should be taught profoundly and with such admixture of linguistics, history, etc., as should make the graduate an educated man and an honor to the community. This view of the subject was forcibly stated by the late Professor James D. Dana in an address delivered at the Commencement Anniversary of Yale University in 1856, at a time when scientific schools were first being established in this country. He said:

"It is to be observed that the plan we contemplate would include mathematics to its highest departments and through its various applications; the different branches of physics and chemistry; geology in its grandeur as a record of the past, and also its developments respecting mines, building materials and soils; astronomy; mineralogy; zoölogy; botany; the logic and philosophy of the inductive sciences; modern languages, and their connection and origin; geography in its relation to climate, history, commerce and the progress of nations; drawing and the history and criticism of art; all these, besides the practical arts and sciences in their diversity. . . . The plan so blends the departments of knowledge taught, that the student, if he remains long enough to take the benefits offered, will come forth, not shaped only for a single narrow channel of life, but with cultivated intellect and broad views of the world. In the second place, it would make proficients in special departments fitted for stations of responsibility men who have acquired that wide range of principles and familiarity with their operations, which will render science a tool in the hand for farther progress."

Practical Teaching Must be Broad

This, then, is what the practical college course should aim to provide. A narrow, technical training does not fulfill the requirements. The latter may indeed lead to a certain degree of proficiency in special directions through which opportunities for immediate employment may be obtained, but the man has been trained to work in a narrow groove, and he has not, as a rule, acquired the habit, or the knowledge, which will enable him to grapple successfully with the broader problems which will soon confront him. No young man of spirit is satisfied to remain in a narrow rut all the days of his life, but he is looking forward to advancement; he hopes to rise steadily whether engaged in professional pursuits or business and commercial enterprises. The young man with a liberal education, however, will always have the advantage, and this is just as true of the young man who is looking forward to a business career as of the young professional man. Every year sees a larger proportion of college men entering business pursuits, and this is bound to be so, for the business enterprises of the present age are on so vast a scale and so far-reaching that men of thorough training, men with a liberal education, are required for the highest forms of business pursuits. As President Patton has expressed it: "While the ordinary duties of buying and selling may not require much education, there are, on the other hand, enterprises which involve a comprehensive knowledge of affairs, which call for careful reasoning, which tax a man's power of exact statement, which demand the use of refined forms of expression, and which presuppose a man's ability to associate on equal terms with cultivated and highly educated men."

The practical college course must take cognizance of these requirements and supply that broad training which alone can meet the demand, and this is quite possible without losing sight of the essential point that the practical college course should train men for definite ends in life. In the college course of to-day the student may so plan his work that on the completion of his course he will be proficient in some one thing, and able to make his knowledge practical. He may come out as a civil or sanitary engineer, as a chemist or biologist, trained in mining and metallurgy, or with a fund of special knowledge in history, economics, political science and sociology, but along with this special knowledge he should have such a training as will give him a scholar's horizon. As President Jordan has said, a college training enables a man "to see things which lie beyond his trade. A shoemaker is likely to measure the world by shoestrings, a grocer to think in terms of tea and sugar, a carpenter to put his universe together by rule of thumb. A scholar wherever placed should look beyond his profession and should see the affairs of the world in their true perspective. This should save him from bigotry, from intolerance, from selfishness. This should make him a more helpful member of society as well as better company for himself. . . . The higher education should make him a better citizen. It should give him the courage of his convictions, for only the educated man has any real convictions."

The college course of to-day has many advantages over that of a generation ago, some of which, at least, are directly helpful in a practical way. This is especially true of the laboratory method of instruction; an innovation which has had a most potent influence in the teaching of modern science throughout the length and breadth of the land. No one influence has had such far-reaching effects in the development of educational methods as that which came from the laboratory where were provided the facilities for scientific investigation and careful research; where the student could learn for himself the methods of scientific work, and, if sufficiently advanced, could carry forward under the guidance of the instructor certain lines of original investigation. To-day there is hardly an experimental science which is not taught in the laboratory. Chemistry, physics, biology, physiology, botany, psychology, electricity, mechanics, descriptive geometry, mineralogy, geology, petrology, etc., if taught as demanded by modern methods, must be taught in the laboratory. This tends to make the college course more practical, it trains the student in habits of observation, increases his ability to draw deductions from observed facts, lessens the tendency to accept unquestioningly ordinary textbook statements and begets the habit of logical reasoning. Further, of no small influence upon the student body is the greater personal intercourse between student and instructor, which is made possible by the laboratory method of instruction. Classroom intercourse counts for something, but of infinitely greater value is that daily personal contact which is found in the laboratory. By this closer contact the instructor learns the personal equation of his students, takes account of individual peculiarities, and can so modify the presentation of a subject as to meet all requirements. This, then, must count as a great gain in educational method, and has done much to make the average college course more practical in its nature. But, as in most other things, there is a right and a wrong way of working in the laboratory. To many students there is a fascination in the purely mechanical part of laboratory work which leads them to devote far more time than they can afford to routine methods which, beyond a certain point, have little educational value. In almost every class in biology and histology having the freedom of the laboratory will be found men who will, if allowed, spend weeks, and even months, in cutting and mounting sections of tissue, etc., just from a pure love of the work. This, however, is an abuse of the laboratory method, since it begets a belief that they are engaged in scientific work, while in reality they are at play.

Brain and Hands Must be Used

The tendency to be practical is very liable to lead the young student into wrong paths. To let the mind lie idle while the hands are busy is a common fault and must be carefully guarded against. It is so easy in laboratory work to follow the directions in the book, to copy one's neighbor, without thought of the principles involved or the real significance of the observation or reactions. One may easily lose sight of the true significance and value of the experiment while performing mechanically the different steps of the process involved. A student may work industriously for months in a chemical laboratory without acquiring much real knowledge of the science of chemistry. But if, on the other hand, he is quick to ask himself the reason for every step in his experimental work and does not rest contented until the matter is clear in his own mind, then he is in a fair way to reap full benefit from his laboratory experience. There is no line of study in which progress can be made without mental activity. This is just as true of an experimental science as of Latin and Greek. There is no short road to learning in either science or arts. I have yet to find a man who, having made a failure in the study of Latin and Greek (through lack of ability and not through lack of application), could succeed any better in the study of an experimental science. Mental acumen is as necessary in the one as in the other.

The advantage of the college course as it exists to-day is that it recognizes fully the necessity of fitting a man for his life work, and that it meets the requirements by providing courses of study leading to different ends, so that, whether a young man desires to be a physician, lawyer, engineer, chemist or business man he can find a truly liberal education and at the same time prepare himself for some particular niche in life. But a practical college course, if it is to retain its value, cannot be shorn of all that tends to produce culture, mental refinement, together with breadth and depth of intelligence, without losing a large part of its value. Too narrow technical training, with complete freedom from Latin, modern languages and the humanities, is not practical, since it does not lead to the best results. Further, a practical college course leading to proficiency in any applied science must teach that science in a truly scientific manner.

The young men of the present generation have opportunities for college education such as have never existed before. The incentives for young men to acquire a college training are greater now than hitherto. The rapid development of the sciences and their manifold industrial applications have opened up avenues for new ventures of great magnitude, and there is a constantly increasing demand for young men of broad scientific knowledge and training. He who wishes for the fullest possible measure of success must prepare himself thoroughly for his life-work, and he can do this in no better way than by acquiring a broad and liberal education, and this the practical college course aims to provide.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

How the President Gained Ten Years

On a trip that President McKinley made to New York a few months ago the various newspapers assigned reporters, as usual on such occasions, to "cover" him during each day and make interesting stories of where he went and whom he met.

Each day, too, photographs were published of such scenes as President McKinley getting into his carriage, President McKinley getting out of his carriage, or President McKinley crossing the sidewalk. But one newspaper man determined to get something original, and watched for his opportunity.

One afternoon the President and a few friends were to take a trip up the Hudson on a Government tug. No newspaper man was to go on the trip, and so the President would have a few hours of absolute rest, without feeling that he was in the glare of publicity. The party of newspaper men escorted the party to the pier and saw President McKinley cross the gangplank. Then the reporter who wanted an original picture saw his opportunity and led his photographer to the very end of the pier.

"Now," he said, "the boat, in backing out, will swing close around this end, and you will have a chance to take the President in a new position."

Fate was favorable, for before the boat swung around the end of the pier the President had gone below, removed his high hat, and donned a yachting cap, which gave him a markedly jaunty appearance. With this cap on he stood under the awning and in a decided shadow.

He was close to the photographer and smiled amusedly directly into the camera. The smile said as plainly as words that he knew that he was in a shadow and that there would be no photograph of him in that cap.

When the negative was developed the figure of the President, the shape of the cap, the overhanging awning — all were there — but the picture showed the President to be black in the face, which of course would never do.

But in the "morgue" of the office of that newspaper were a score or so of photographs of the President, and the best-looking one, taken some years before, was picked out.

The best picture maker in the newspaper establishment was then selected and given this face to engrave under the yachting cap. The work was perfectly done, and the next morning the photograph appeared in the paper, showing Mr. McKinley's face, clear and distinct. No one could possibly have suspected but that all of it was a photograph.

When the newspaper man went to the President's hotel that afternoon he was at once approached, beamingly, by Mr. Cortelyou, the President's private secretary, who said:

"Mr. McKinley asked me, particularly, to tell you how much he appreciated the splendid photograph you published this morning, and Mrs. McKinley asked me to say the same, and to add that she really thought it made the President look ten years younger."

The Westinghouse Corner in Messenger Boys

Mr. George Westinghouse, of Pittsburg and Washington, the great brake-millionaire, has a small son and heir of whom he is very proud.

This pride is only a recent development. The boy has always been the mother's idol, but the father has till lately concentrated his interest in life in his electric and mechanical appliances.

Young Westinghouse was amusing himself in his play-room, one day, with a train of cars when the father looked in on him. He asked the boy what he would like to be when he grew to a man.

The youngster looked at the toy coupling-pin he had in his hand and said: "An inventor or an engineer."

Imagine how that delighted the father! Since that day the boy has often been taken to the great Westinghouse works and is allowed to investigate every piece of machinery with a faithful guide. Mr. Westinghouse is now entirely wrapped up in him. Taciturn as he is to outsiders, he will talk to this boy for hours, and never tires of showing him the uses of machinery. They are great comrades.

At the approach of the boy's birthday, while they were at Washington, he was asked by his mother what he would like to do. "Go to Pittsburg," said he, "and see the works." The family left at once and took possession of their Pittsburg home. The father went, too, and the night before the birthday he asked his son what he wanted for a gift the next day.

"A great big party, sir," he answered.

"In twenty-four hours!" said the mother, aghast.

"He shall have it," said the father; and he ordered three secretaries to write the words of invitation on the requisite visiting-cards that night. There were over six hundred invitations, and the work was not finished until too late for the mail, so Mr. Westinghouse went down town and hired every messenger boy in the city of Pittsburg for the day.

The invitations were delivered and the lad had the greatest party of the year; but for all that day the rest of Pittsburg rang their call bells in vain. There was a corner in messenger boys, and young Westinghouse controlled it absolutely.

Mr. Balfour's Unlucky Golf Stroke

Mr. Arthur J. Balfour, leader of the House of Commons, is a philosopher, a student, a yearner for a shady seat by a quiet stream and a choice book. But politics have forced him to the front and oblige him to stay in the face of the public, and so he sits on the front bench in the House with his long legs in a terrible tangle and his arms spread all over the place.

Mr. Balfour is always animated when he sets foot on a golf green. He is an enthusiastic golf player, and no golf green in the kingdom can be looked upon as properly open unless the leader of the House of Commons has played a game over it.

His enthusiasm for golf was the cause of an amusing accident — amusing to the spectators, that is, but most embarassing to a man of such a nervous temperament as Mr. Balfour. He was standing on Paddington station platform, waiting for a train to Windsor. In his hand he held an umbrella, gold-handled and exquisitely done up. As he leaned upon this, gazing abstractedly at the platform, his eye became aware of a cork that lay on the boards.

Evidently forgetting where he was, Mr. Balfour took his beautiful umbrella in both his hands, sauntered up to the cork, stuck a proper golf attitude, and made a stroke at the cork.

Sure enough, he hit the object, sending it spinning, but unfortunately the tip of that umbrella snapped off and the bulk of the article went floundering across the line in the wake of the cork, leaving in Mr. Balfour's grip only the plain end.

A look of blank amazement took possession of the Conservative leader's face, while the crowd on the great platform burst into a shout of laughter.

Major Pond's Quick College Course

Major James B. Pond, the lecture manager, thus tells of his college course and how quickly he completed it:

"It never took me four years to go through college. It only took me half an hour. Lawrence University, at Appleton, Wisconsin, was the first college I went through — first the front door, then upstairs, up one side and down the other, through recitation-rooms and laboratories — and then out of the back door.

"I thought it was wonderful, and derived great benefit from it. In 1848, my father and one of the still living professors of that college blazed the trees, marking the site where the 'University' now stands. Appleton Lawrence, of Boston, gave $20,000 toward it and $10,000 for a library.

"My mother suggested the name of Lawrence College, and the town, which was then Grand Chute, was called Appleton. Finally, it settled to be the City of Appleton and Lawrence University.

"It has produced some great men, besides myself — Bishop Fellows, Bishop Fowler, David Starr Jordan. But mine was by long odds the swiftest of any of the terms."

Bagging a Peer's Calf

The moors of Yorkshire and Scotland have been alive with shooters. The crack of the gun has been heard on every hand, for grouse shooting has opened for the year. During the shooting season in Great Britain accidents are comparatively rare, considering the first-class opportunities to blow off a companion's head or drill a hole through his back.

But accidents do happen and the first man to be shot this season was Lord Binning. The noble lord is a bit of a wag, and even when half his leg was perforated with shot from his own gun and he was sitting against a hedge, waiting for a stretcher to be brought, his wit did not desert him, for, as the doctor was binding up his wounds, he remarked:

"I came out to kill grouse — but 'pon my soul I seem to have bagged a calf."

Mr. Johnson and His Tip

Mr. Tom L. Johnson, the famous street-car magnate and Single Taxer, is well known by his friends to be a generous man, but he admits that he could never become quite reconciled to the "tipping" habit so prevalent in Europe; and he tells this story on himself.

In front of the hotel where he stayed in London, on a recent visit, there was always standing a man who had the annoying habit of darting out to the carriage and swinging open the door before Mr. Johnson could reach it, and then he would stand expectantly to receive a tip.

"Now," says Mr. Johnson, "I shouldn't have cared if the man had come to me and said he needed assistance, but I really didn't need him to open the carriage door. The driver and myself could have managed it between us, I'm sure.

"Well, it began to be a point of honor with both of us. I would try to dash out so quickly that the man couldn't possibly beat me, but he must have had gimlet eyes and rubber legs, because he could always see me before I came in sight and could spring to the carriage door in half a second.

"But one day — how it happened I never could tell — I reached the carriage door first, and swung it open, panting but triumphant. The man was right after me — almost on top of me — and a look of keenest chagrin came over his face as his eyes met my triumphant glance. But his confusion was only momentary, for in an instant he recovered himself and, with a look of serenest impudence, saluted and then held out his hand for a tip, saying:

"'I *saw* you get in, sir!'"

Earl Li and General Grant

Li Hung Chang still loves to speak of General Grant. "He was a friend to China," he said the other day; "I wish he were still alive."

The great Chinaman loves to remember also that he and Grant were of the same age. "And he won his first success in a great war that ended in April of 1865, while I won my first great success as leader of the Imperial army in a war almost, if not quite, as stupendous — the Taiping Rebellion — which ended in July of 1865. And my own name, Li, is pronounced the same as that of General Grant's chief adversary.

"I admired General Grant," continued the Chinese statesman, "and I remember how closely I looked at his face when we first met. I had anticipated that first meeting with great interest, and was convinced, in advance, that General Grant and I were to be the close friends that we really became."

Earl Li remembers with a reminiscent grin that Grant did not like either of those two Chinese delicacies, birds' nest soup or sharks' fins.

"When I pressed him to tell me frankly just what he thought of those dishes, he said that the soup didn't seem to have any taste at all, and that the prepared fins, somehow, seemed to be mostly oil."

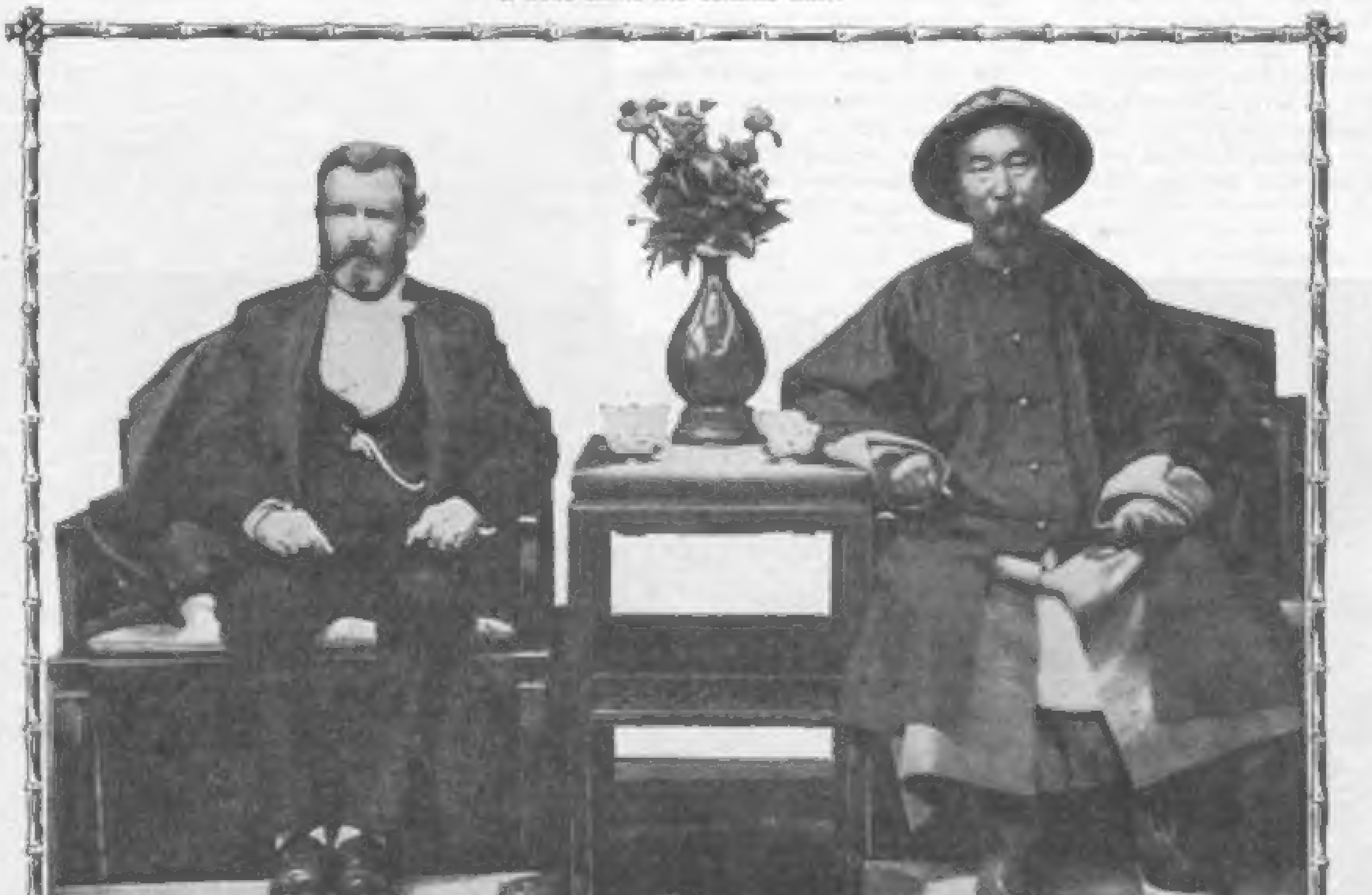
General Grant urged Li Hung Chang to visit the United States. "He told me how much he would be delighted to make my visit to his country pleasant, but it did not seem then that I could ever go; and when I did go my friend was dead, but I saw that all America honored his memory. I was taken to his tomb, beside that noble river, and I felt so grieved and sad, as I was there, to think that he was really dead."

Li Hung Chang likes to tell, too, how Grant amazed a mandarin who asked question after question about the United States.

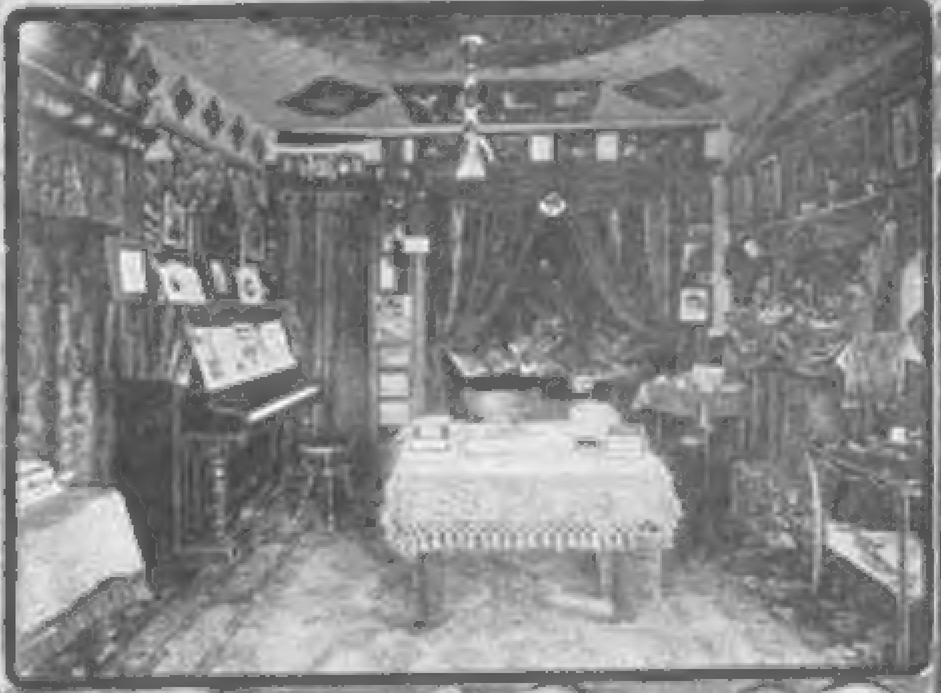
"And how should I travel to get there?" the mandarin finally asked.

"Dig a deep enough hole right under your feet," responded the American general.

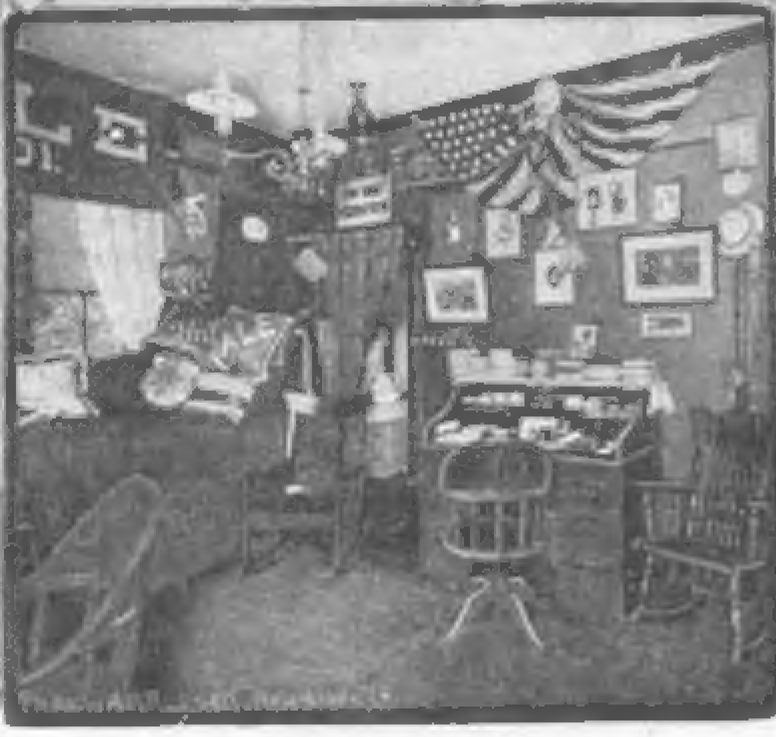
LI HUNG CHANG AND GENERAL GRANT



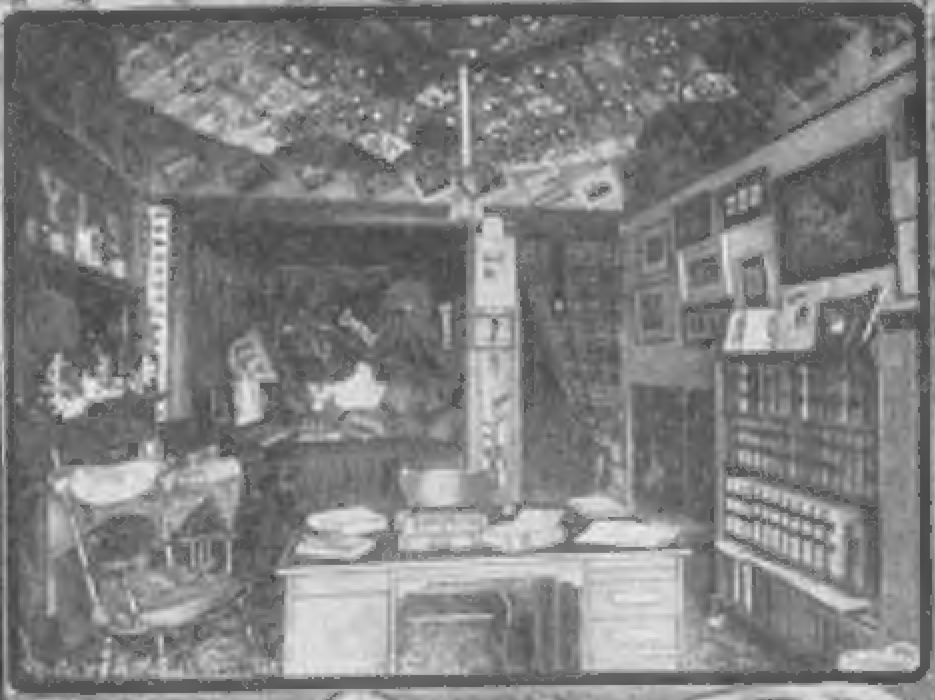
Furnishing a College Room. *By* Herbert Copeland



The room of Cunha, the Hawaiian athlete, at Yale



A Junior's room at Yale



A Senior's room at Yale

ONE of the first of the many delights to come to "a college man" is the fitting up of his quarters. As soon as the room is decided on the fun begins—and, in a way, it keeps up all the four years. In nine cases out of ten it is the first room he has ever "done" personally for himself; for, while he may have had a room of his own at home, it has mostly been arranged by the mother or the sisters, and has always been on inspection by the family. In his college room he can keep things, to a certain extent, as he wants them; at least he need not have them as *other* people want them; certain feminine niceties may be abandoned, as he, or he and a chum, will be sole occupants and inspectors—save always the ubiquitous "goody."

In furnishing a college room the first thing to be decided is, of course, how much money a man can afford to spend. The other things—the kind of a room he wants, whether it shall look like a library, like "a college room," like a "sporty den," or just like any comfortable sitting-room—will of necessity come later. A Freshman without developed tastes—and how few have them!—can tell nothing about these things. Let him just get the necessary furniture and let the rest come—it will, fast enough—as he sees other rooms and gets his bearings.

In this paper I shall consider the furnishing of a room as cheaply as practicable with a due regard for comfort and attractiveness, since any one knows that if an article *can* be bought for ten dollars it *may* be bought from there all the way up to the hundreds.

Almost all college rooms are in suites of two or three—a study and bedroom, or study and two bedrooms; and in the more luxurious and modern buildings a bath is included. The prices vary from sixty dollars a year up to $1000. If the quarters consist of only one room it will be more convenient to curtain off a portion for a bedroom, and have the study a thing of itself, even if very small.

As to the bedroom, almost all men prefer this to be furnished simply and plainly. A bed, bureau, chiffonier, washstand, a small rug and two chairs are the essentials. A brass or iron bed is far better than anything else; the style of the other things makes little difference, so long as the articles are strong and plain, for college rooms necessarily get hard wear. Thin cotton or muslin curtains always lend an air of retirement to a room, and are to be had for but little extra expense.

A bedroom thus furnished may cost as little as fifty dollars. In the following list the articles are all new and of fair quality:

Bed	$20
Bureau or Chiffonier	15
Washstand	5
Two Chairs	5
Rug and Curtains	$ 5
Total	$50

Mothers, sisters and friends are only too glad to furnish from the home stock, or the pin-money purse, the small bedroom comforts to which "the dear boy" has been accustomed.

A great many men, on leaving college, wish to sell their furniture—that is, such things as beds, bureaus, chairs, curtains and the like. This may seem to give the entering Freshman a chance to buy cheap, but let him beware! In nine cases out of ten it does not pay: four years of college wear weaken things pretty badly, and before another four years have gone there won't be any furniture left, and the foolish buyer will have to replace just as he is beginning to want all his money for things other than beds and chairs. Then, too, it is a part of the game to charge the unsuspecting "Freshie" more than the stuff cost in the beginning. I personally know of one who paid twice as much for shabby curtains and shades as they cost when new, and the shades belonged with the room, anyway. For all such little games the wise Freshman—if this be not too much of a paradox—must be on the lookout. But if he gets caught, let him not be offended; it is legitimate. Like the fagging and beating in the English schools—one grows to it.

Attractiveness Gained with Small Cost

The making of an attractive room with a small outlay is an art worthy of the study of all men; or with a large outlay, for that matter, it is not so easy for the novice. I trust that the few following suggestions, derived from experience, may be of use to some one engaged in the sometimes puzzling but always agreeable task of "getting a room together."

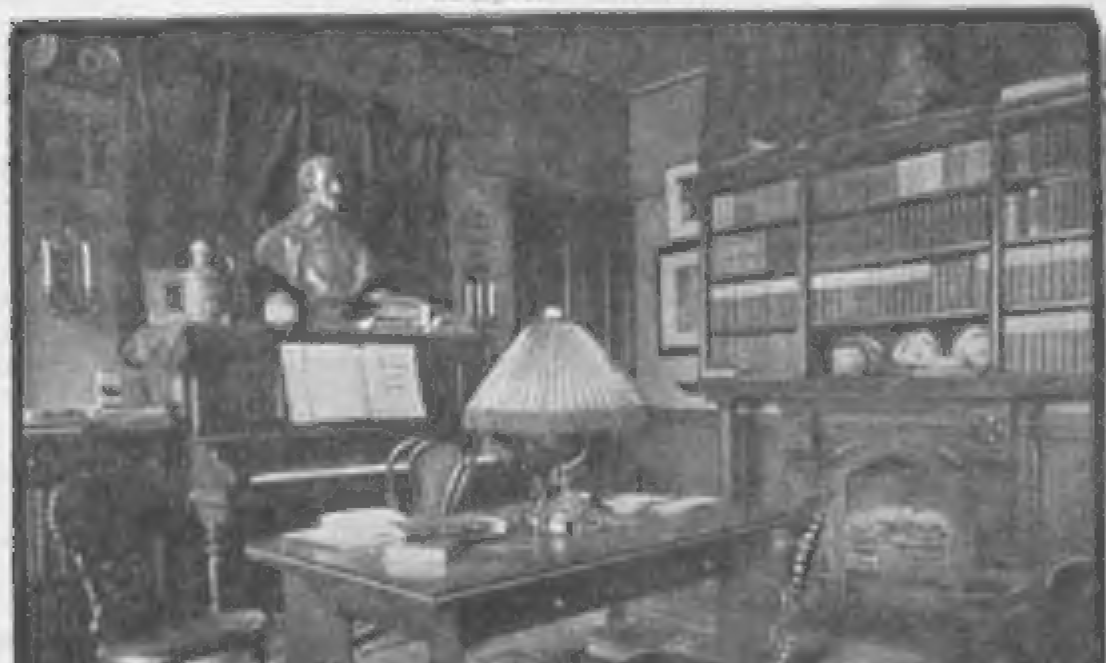
To begin with, let no one sneer at the idea of an attractive room being important to a college man. The beginning of the college course, when one is meeting new men daily, is the time to attract acquaintances, to make friends of them and to begin to hold them—and the making and holding of college friends counts for all life—and a pleasant loafing place is a large factor in attracting. Above all, primarily, secondarily and finally, don't let the Freshman be fussy about his room—that is, after it is furnished. Don't mind if a chair is broken, don't notice if a match is scratched on the wrong place, or something laid where it ought not to be; better go with broken furniture forever, or a burnt carpet, than that two men, after leaving your room, say, "What a fuss Blank is!" They will not come back. But this is another story, only all the taste and beauty in the world will not make a college room attractive if the owner is fussy—a word to the wise! But to go back to the furnishing of the study.

First of all there must be a desk—a "library table" with drawers is the most convenient. Secondly, or almost firstly, a lounge or couch of some sort, also a window-seat. On these two, and the fire (fortunately nearly all college rooms are furnished with a grate or fireplace), depends everything. A desk-chair seems almost a necessity, though I'd choose, if I couldn't have both, a couch, and sit on the head of it to do my writing; also an easy-chair and two other chairs are advisable. If one has the courage of a rocking-chair, it will always be in use, and always sneered at. One needs, too, a bookcase of some sort; wooden boxes, such as librarians move books in and often use for stacks in small libraries, are most convenient. As books increase, another and another box may be bought, adding little expense at the time. Any carpenter will make these boxes of the size desired and stain them any color to suit for a small amount of money.

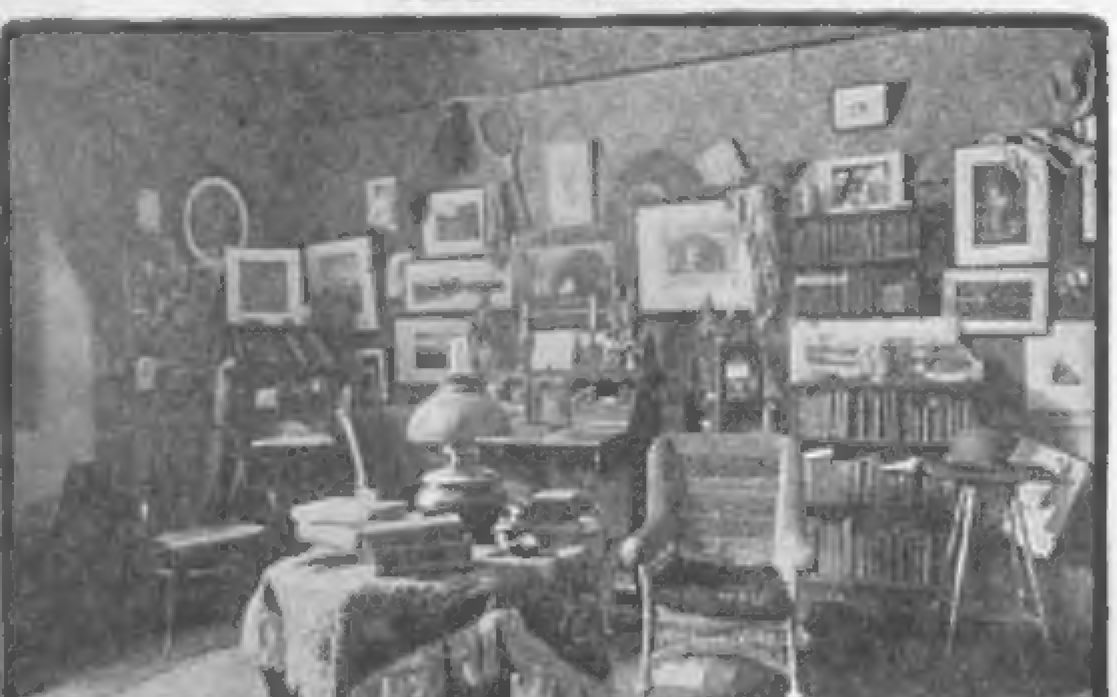
The papering of the room is a matter on which little can be said. If it is ugly, change it if you can afford to—a room with an ugly paper will always be ugly, of course.

The best thing for the floor is a rug, almost as square as the room. These can be bought in good color and design, of ordinary American make, as low as fifteen dollars and still be fairly serviceable. If one can afford a heavier one, of course it is better. A foreign rug is best of all, but these, in any large size, can hardly be bought for less than one hundred dollars, though good rugs can often be bought at auction remarkably cheap; also odd chairs and desks may be got at a bargain. I know of an admirable desk being bought for two dollars, and a really splendid mahogany bookcase with glass doors, felt-lined shelves and drawers, ten feet over all, brought at the same sale but twenty dollars. However, these

(Concluded on Page 31)



A "library room" at Harvard



A Senior's room at Harvard

His Crowning Day

By Ian Maclaren

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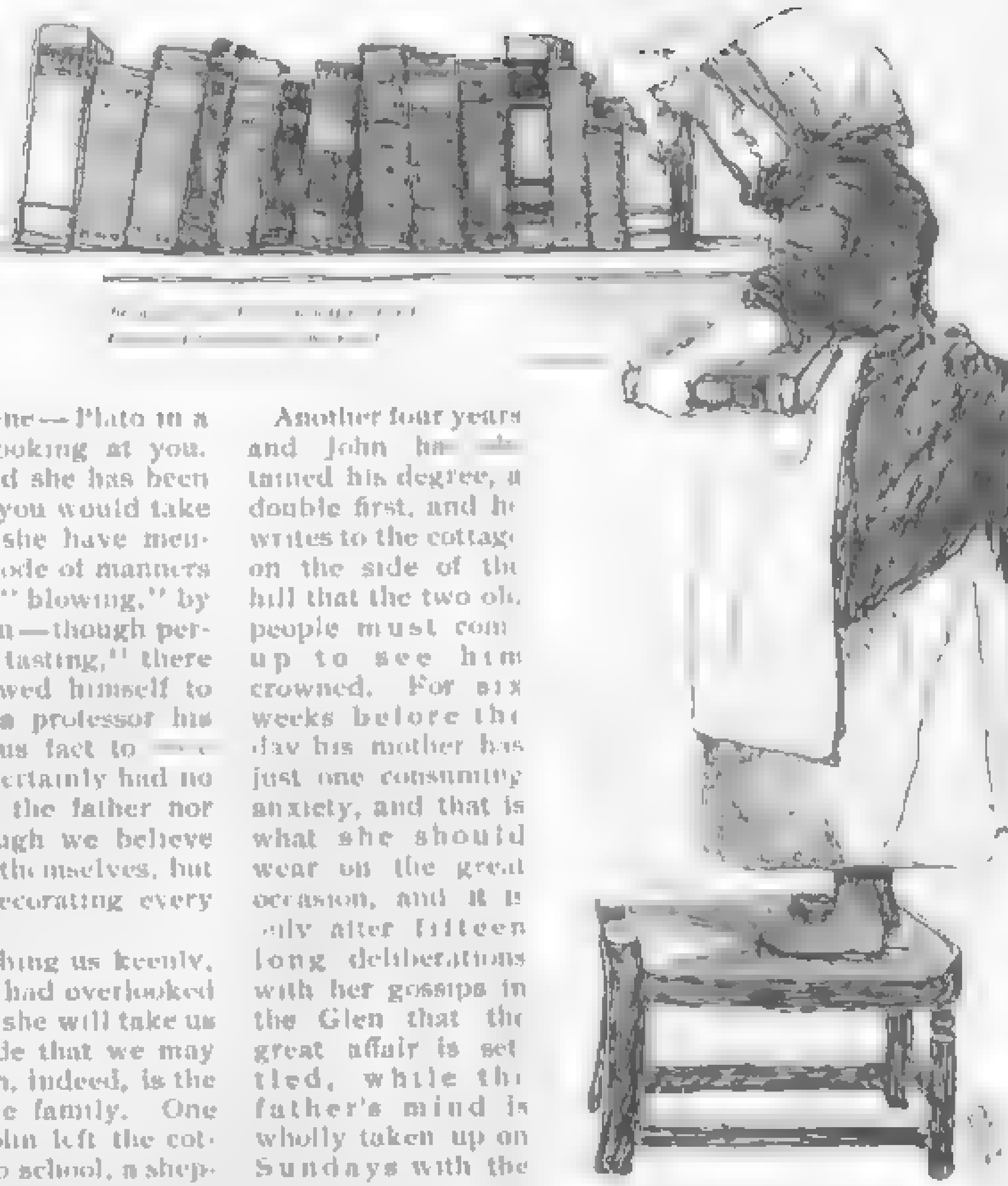
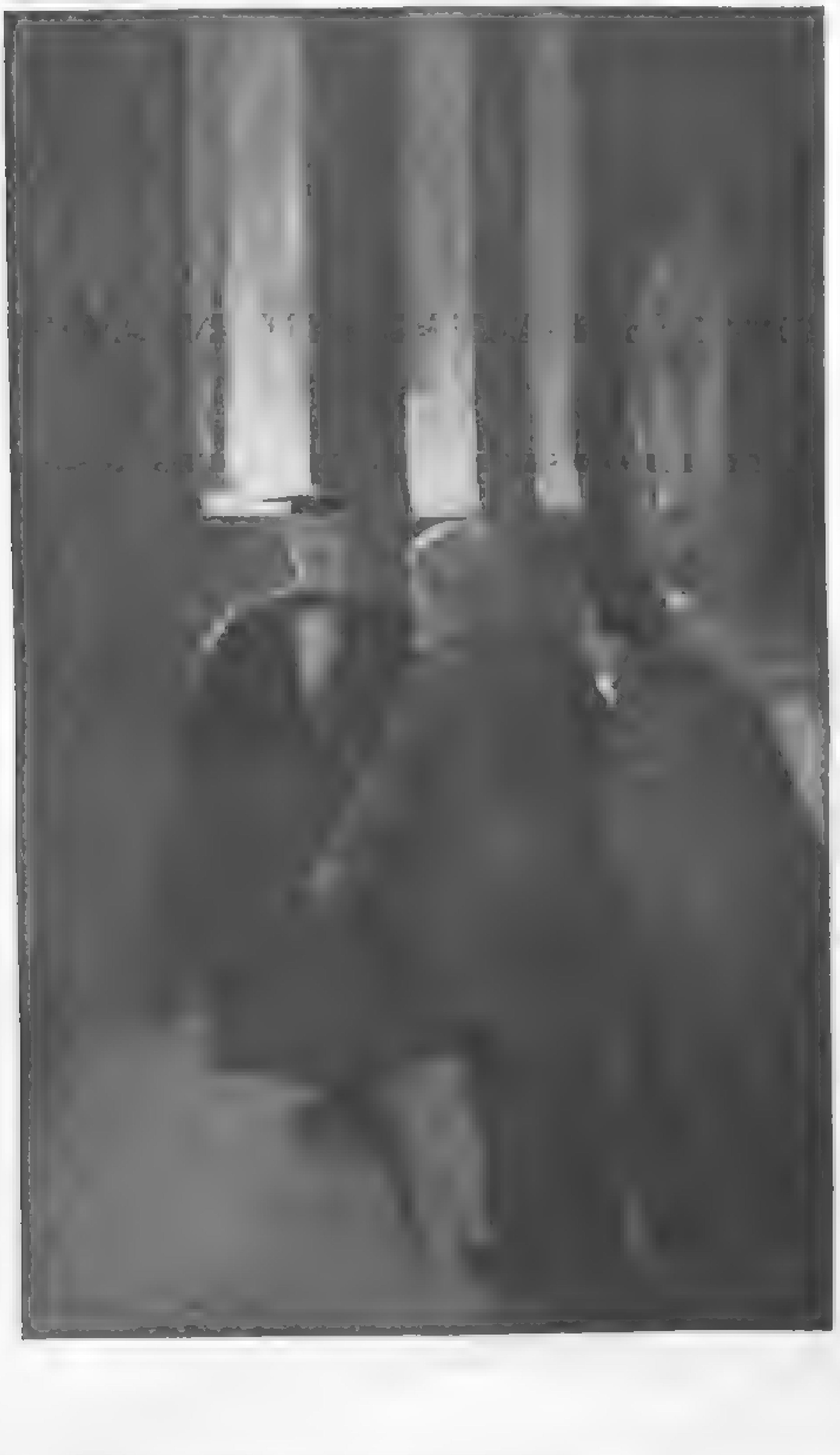


WE WILL leave the main road which runs through the Glen between oak trees which were planted fifty years ago but are only now beginning to join their branches, and take our way up the hillside till we come to the purple sea of heather whose billows rise and fall, broken only here and there by an oasis of green or a running burn. Our goal is this little cottage which is so low that its roof merges into the hill behind and upon whose thatch the wild flowers have encroached. Stoop, if you please, for it is not wise to have high doorways where the winter storm beats so fiercely, and being respectable people we shall be taken into the inner room where strangers of high degree are received and the treasures of the family are kept. It will not take long to give an inventory of the furniture, and the value will not run to two figures. A box bed, a small table, four ancient chairs, what they call a chest of drawers, and on the mantelpiece some peacocks' feathers by way of decoration, and certain china ornaments representing animals which never have been seen in this creation and are never likely to emerge in any process of evolution. Were this all I should not have troubled you to climb so far [illegible] to leave even for five minutes the glory of the open moor. There is something else in the lowly room which you might well take a journey to see, for it is a rare sight in shepherds' cottages. Here is a bookshelf and on it, I declare, some dozen volumes bound in full calf, and bearing on their side the arms of a University. You must revise your judgment of this house and find another measure than the height of the walls and the cubic space in the rooms. It matters not although a house have thirty chambers with lofty ceilings and soft carpets and carved furniture if there be no books which belong to literature within its walls; it is a poor and narrow home and the souls therein will be mean and earthly. Where Plato in his English dress has a place of honor and is supported by Bacon and Shakespeare, with a Virgil and a Sophocles, there is a palace in which a king might live; there is nothing between that cottage and the stars and its inhabitants are of the true blood royal, for the breath of literature is in their soul.

While you are looking at this wonderful scene — Plato in a peasant's cottage — the shepherd's wife is looking at you. From the moment you crossed the threshold she has been thinking of that bookshelf and hoping that you would take notice thereof, but not for the world would she have mentioned it by word or sign. We had our own code of manners in the Glen and one of our cardinal sins was "blowing," by which we meant boasting, and though a man — though perhaps not a woman — could be forgiven for "tasting," there was no mercy shown to the person who allowed himself to brag. When old David Ross' son became a professor his father and mother simply allowed the glorious fact to [illegible] out through Domsie, our schoolmaster, who certainly had no scruple in making the most of it. Neither the father nor mother ever said Professor in public, although we believe they called their son nothing else between themselves, but the Glen made up for their reticence by decorating every second sentence about him with the wo[illegible].

All the same, Mistress McPherson is watching us keenly, and she would be utterly disappointed if we had overlooked the shelf; and now, in answer to our inquiry, she will take us into the kitchen and place us by the fireside that we may hear the whole story of her scholar son, which, indeed, is the one romance in the history of this humble family. One morning John left the cottage to go to school, a shepherd's boy, and likely, as it appeared, to herd sheep and live in the Glen all the days of his life as his father had done before him. In the evening the schoolmaster, who is the judge of letters in the Glen, with the minister as a court of confirmation, comes up and tells the father and mother that in the purposes of the Eternal their son is evidently designed to be a scholar, and that upon them lies the duty of seeing that John makes his calling and election sure. Had tidings come to those two people, whose wage in money would not amount to ten shillings a week, that they were heirs to a fortune, it would not have brought such pleasure to their souls as the good hope that their lowly stock should once at least in a generation produce the white flower of a scholar's life. The whole family, father and mother with their grown-up sons and daughters in service, will now unite in one labor to save and to sacrifice, that by hook or crook John may reach a University and be sustained in his study there till he has reached its reward.

hey are met by a ma[illegible]c figure



Four years from that evening, had you been standing under the great arch by which students enter the quadrangle of Edinburgh University, you would have seen the shepherd's son pass in, plainly dressed and shy in manner, but strong of body and brave in soul, and charged with all the knowledge that his schoolmaster and his minister could impart by patient, ungrudging labor. The lad who entered before him is a noble's son and the one following is a merchant's; sons of the rich and of the poor, of the high and of the low, they go together into the one Republic on the face of the earth, the Republic of letters, where money does not count, nor rank nor [illegible]ence nor intrigue, but where every man stands equal.

Another four years and John has [illegible]tained his degree, a double first, and he writes to the cottage on the side of the hill that the two old people must come up to see him crowned. For six weeks before the day his mother has just one consuming anxiety, and that is what she should wear on the great occasion, and it is only after fifteen long deliberations with her gossips in the Glen that the great affair is settled, while the father's mind is wholly taken up on Sundays with the effort to look as if he were not the father of a graduate. When the shepherd and his wife enter the gates of the University they are not to be thought of as two illiterate peasants who cannot distinguish between a University and a dry goods store. Although they had never expected themselves to see so high a place, and had only cherished it as a secret hope that perhaps one of their boys might attain so far, they have learned by the tradition of their nation and by the speech of Domsie in the kirkyard on Sabbath to enter into the greatness of a University. It is to them the home of the highest knowledge and a sacred place to which reverend people might well go up as a pious Mohammedan to Mecca, or a Jew to Jerusalem. As they cro[illegible] the quadrangle the shepherd touches his wife and points to an elderly gentleman in the distance. They follow him with respectful attention as he shambles along, half a dozen books under his arms, his shabby cloak held by a single button, a hat as old as Jamie Soutar's resting on the back of his head.

"Keep 's a', Jeems," whispers Janet respectfully; "div ye really think that he's a professor?"

"We canna be sure, woman, he micht juist be a scholar, but I'm judgin' that he's a professor; he hes a' the appearance," and the two old people stand still in the bit till he disappears and then they go on their way much lifted. Out[illegible] there is no word in Scots speech so sacred as pr[illegible]. It [illegible] a semi-heavenly body charged with Latin and [illegible] philosophy and mathematics. It was something to see such a man, and to be in his company was to live in an atmosphere where you might catch the infection of his learning. When a glensman, to whom Domsie had spoken with bated breath of professors for more than a generation, learned that in southern parts the title was assumed by hairdressers and ventriloquists, and that they were not sent to jail for profanity, then Drumtochty discovered another argument for its favorite doctrine of original sin.

As the two go down the half lit passage to the hall of graduation they are met by a maj[illegible]ic figure — a young man in evening dress and over it the go[illegible] an M. A. with its white silk hood, and on his head the Master's cap.

"Are you coming, may I ask," with quite a nice English accent, "to the graduation ceremony, and can I be of any service?"

"We are, sir, and as we are strangers frae the country we would be muckle obleeged if ye could show us the door. We dinna want to go where the gentry are sittin', but if ye would juist tak us where we could see, we'd be content and terrible pleased. There's a — friend to get his degree."

"Mither," said the figure, "and ye dinna ken yir ain son!" for he had taken them in well and played his little trick with much success. They had never seen him in evening dress nor in his Master's robe, and the light was as darkness and he had dropped the accent of the Glen. The father and the son laughed together joyfully at Janet, but she declared that she had known him all the time, and put it to them if a mother could be mistaken about her son. But she didn't know him, all the same, and as long as she lived it was a pleasant jest between them, when he came north to visit them and she met him at the garden gate. "Well mither," he would say, "div ye ken yir son the day?" Janet was well pleased that one should tease her in after times about this play of John's, for it always gave her an opportunity of describing how handsome he looked in his black and white silk, and of saying that she, wife of James McPherson shepherd at Carnashach, considered the dress of a Master of Arts the handsomest that a man could wear.

John now takes his father and mother into the hall and places them in the seats reserved for the friends of graduates, and while a man has various moments of pure joy in his life there is none sweeter than when he brings his mother to see him crowned at the close of his University career. For in this matter he owes everything to two people—the schoolmaster who taught him and the mother who inspired him.

"Now, mither, you watch that door yonder, for through it the procession will come, and when ye see the men wi' the white silk hoods ye'll ken that I'm there and ye'll surely no mistake me again."

He was so provoking and he looked so handsome with the flush of the day upon his cheek that, as he stooped over her, she was just about to give him a little shove and tell him not to get up "any more impidence to yir auld mither," when she remembered where she was sitting.

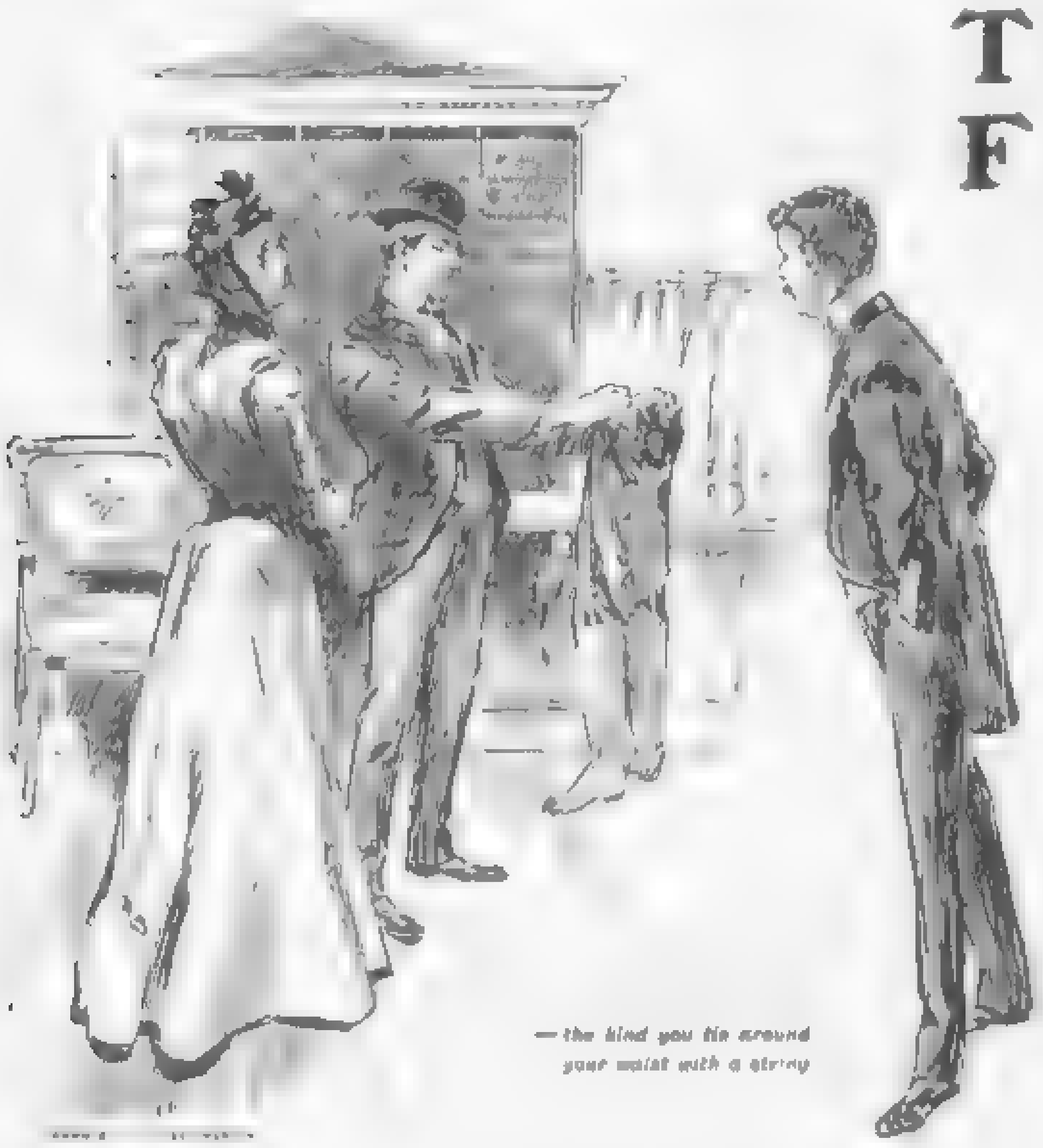
She brought out her glasses, and because her hands were shaking the shepherd polished them carefully, and for that matter he had almost to put them on her nose, so shaken was she on this great day, and then she watched the door as if there was nothing else in all the hall except that door. It seemed to her twelve hours before it opened and the procession streamed through with many a famous man and many a colored garment. Janet had no eyes for the Chancellor in his purple and gold, nor for the robes of red and the hoods of lemon silk bordered with white fur, for there was nothing beautiful in her eyes that day except black gowns with white silk upon them, and when at last the Masters of Art appeared, she told me afterward many and many a time in the Glen that they were a body of very respectable-looking young men, but that among them all there was only one outstanding and handsome man, and that, by a curious accident which mothers only can explain, happened to be her son. She followed him as he came down the passage, and was a little disappointed that he was now carrying his trencher in his hand instead of wearing it on his head, and she saw him take his seat, and could hardly forgive some great lady in front of her, whose bonnet coming in the line of vision prevented her catching anything except a little bit of John's shoulder with the white silk upon it. A little later and she watched him rise and go forward and kneel before the Chancellor, and then there were said over him Latin words so magical that after they were spoken a student was changed from a common man into a Master of Arts. We used to say in our jesting that the Latin could not be translated, it was so mysterious and awful, but John's mother was an accomplished Latin scholar that day, and she heard the Chancellor say distinctly:

"John McPherson, you are the tallest, strongest, handsomest, ablest, kindest hearted son whom this University ever made Master of Arts."

Standing behind the Chancellor and looking down upon the hall, I saw the faces of the shepherd and his wife, and I knew that they would never taste such perfect joy again till they entered through the Gates into the City, and then I longed to be lifted above all circumstances and to have the power of the fairy world where you do what you please, for then I should have gone down into the hall and held a special and unheard-of graduation ceremony, conferring a degree of a new kind altogether upon that shepherd and his wife, because without their unworldly ideals, and their hard sacrifices, and their holy prayers, John McPherson had never knelt there that day in his white silk glory, Master of Arts with the highest honors.

The Diary of a Harvard Freshman.

By Charles Macomb Flandrau



—the kind you tie around your waist with a string

MAMMA left for home this afternoon. As I want to be perfectly truthful in my diary I suppose I must confess that before she actually went away I sometimes thought I should be rather relieved when she was no longer here. Mamma has a fixed idea that I came to college for the express purpose of getting my feet wet by day and sleeping in a draft by night. She began the furnishing of my rooms by investing in a pair of rubber boots—the kind you tie around your waist with a string. The clerk in the shop asked her if I was fond of trout-fishing, and she explained to him that I had always lived in the West where the climate was dry, and that she didn't know how I would stand the dampness of the seacoast. Mamma thought the clerk was so interested in my last attack of tonsilitis I didn't have the heart to tell her that all the time he was looking sympathetic with his right eye he was winking at me with his left

Now that she is gone, however, I don't see how I could have thought even for a moment that I should be glad, and I've been sitting here for an hour just looking at my room and all the nice things she advised me about and helped me to choose—wishing she could see how cozy it is late at night with the green lamp lighted and a little fire going. (It isn't really cool enough for a fire; I had to take my coat off for a while, the room got so warm—but I was anxious to know how the andirons looked with a blaze behind them.) I suppose she is lying awake in the sleeping car thinking of me. She made me move my bed to the other side of the room so that it wouldn't be near the window. I moved it back again; but I think now I'll change it again to the way she liked it

Of course I was disappointed last May when I found I hadn't drawn a room in one of the college buildings. I had an idea that if you didn't live in one of the buildings owned by the college you wouldn't feel, somehow, as if you "belonged." Before I arrived in Cambridge I worried a good deal over it. The old Harvard men at home were most unsatisfactory about this when I asked their advice. The ones who had lived in the Yard when they were in college seemed to think there wasn't any particular use in going to college at all unless you could live either in their old rooms or some in the same building; and the ones who had lived outside as I am going to do (this year, anyhow) said the college buildings were nice enough in their way, but if I could only get the dear old place (which was pulled down fifteen years ago) where James Russell Lowell had scratched his name on the window-pane, and where somebody else (I've forgotten who it was) crawled up the big chimney when the sheriff came to arrest him for debt and was discovered because he did not crawl far enough, I should be all right.

I don't see how the good times and the advantages of a place like this hold out for so long; everybody who has been here speaks as if he had about used them up.

Well, we found rooms pleading to be rented, every other house in Cambridge has a "Student's Room to Let" card in the window. Even some of the rooms in the Yard had been given up at the last minute by fellows who flunked their exams Mamma said she felt very sorry for the poor boys, and after that the enormity of my having been conditioned in physics and solid geometry decreased considerably. The trouble (there were four days full of it) wasn't in finding a good place, but in trying to decide on some one place For a while it looked as though I should either have to live in five separate houses—some of them over a mile apart—or give up going to college. We dragged up and down all the quiet side streets within a reasonable distance of the Yard, ringing bells and asking questions until the words, "I should like to look at" and "What is the price of?" began to sound like some kind of a silly English Meisterschaft system. Several times when we were very tired we wandered by mistake into houses we had been to before. This made the landladies exceedingly peevish; but mamma said it was just as well, because now we knew what their true characters really were.

We found that we could rent some of the rooms lighted and heated; but most of them were merely "lit and het.

All the houses in Cambridge and many of the buildings in the Yard seemed to be disgorging roomfuls of old furniture and consuming cartloads of new, and everywhere we went we met strings of cheerful, energetic mothers with tired, rather cross-looking sons. I've seen only one fellow with his father so far, and they sort of apologized for the fact by being dressed in deep mourning

At the end of three days we'd picked out five rooms. Considered in a lump they seemed fine; but tackling them separately mamma couldn't decide which one was least objectionable. One was in a part of town that "looked damp"—a man across the street unfortunately sneezed just as we were passing a stone wall covered with green moss The second smelt of cooking. On the steps of the third a groceryman was waiting to deliver several gallons of gasoline (this one was almost struck off the list). The fourth was near the river (we had the bad luck to be in that part of town when the tide was out), and from the windows of the fifth there was a merry little view of a graveyard. We simply couldn't make up our minds, and were standing in the middle of a narrow, rather shabby little street two or three blocks below the Square discussing the matter, when a door behind us opened and a mother and son (we turned to look) came out, followed by a gray-haired woman—evidently the landlady—who was doing the talking, in a very New England voice, for all three. The mother was slim and pretty, and had on a beautiful dress that went swish-swash-swish when she walked away, and the fellow looked like her; he was very handsome.

"Well, I'm real glad to know you," the landlady said to the fellow's mother. "Jus' seems 'sif I couldn't rest till I knew the young men's folks; dustin' their photographs every day makes it sort of different. It do—don't it? Oh, yes—I'll take care of him. They get real mad at me, the young men do, sometimes, for makin' them change their shoes when its snow-in' and makin' them wear their rubber coats when its rai-nin'. *They're* in too much of a hurry, *they* are. That's what's the matter with *them*." She gave the fellow a roguish look, and he and his mother walked up the street laughing as if they were very much pleased

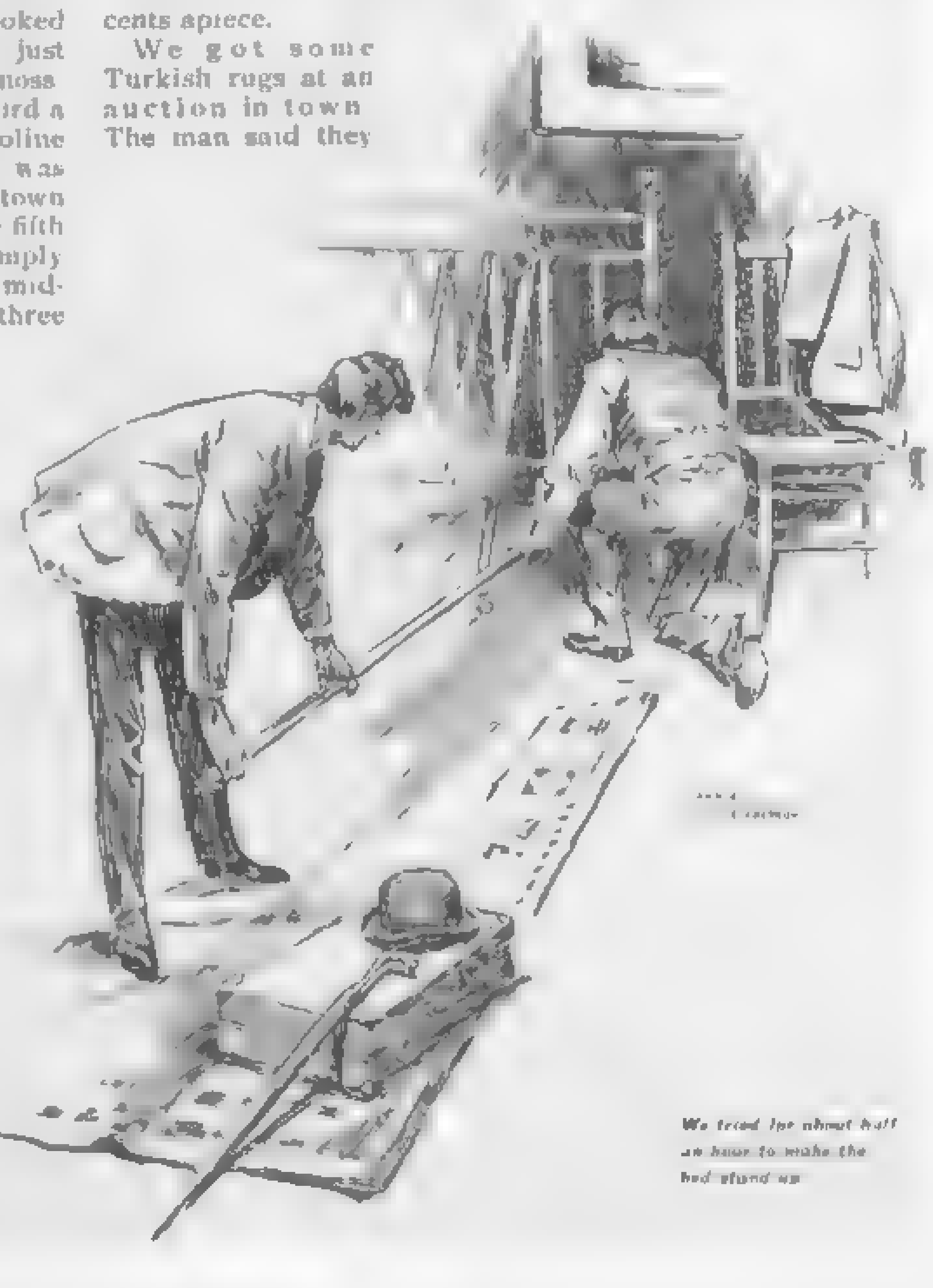
"I think," said mamma (who had become strangely animated on hearing of the change of shoes)—"I think that before we decide on one of these five rooms we'll go in there." So we went up to the gray-haired woman, who had lingered outside to talk baby talk to a cat that was making gothic arches of itself all over the piazza, and in about seven minutes by the watch we'd signed the lease of the last vacant rooms in the house.

A short, steep staircase like the companionway of a ship leads up to a landing about the size of a kitchen table. The edges of the steps are covered with tin and are terribly slippery. The door on the left opens into my study, and at the end of that is my bedroom, and next to that is a great big bathroom (it's bigger than the other two) with a porcelain tub and a shower which I am to share with the fellow who lives just across the staircase on the right. Mrs. Chester, the landlady, says: "All the young men thinks an awful lot of that bathroom."

The study is so small that we didn't have to buy as much furniture as we expected to. I have an oak desk with a rolling top that makes a noise like some one shoveling coal when you open and shut it, and usually sticks half way. Of course when we finally got it out from town (Boston is about four miles from Cambridge, and it takes anywhere from three days to a week for an express wagon to make the trip), we found that it was much too large to go up the staircase. But Mr. Chester said we could take out the back of the house and have it swung up to the room on ropes—the "young men" always did that when they wanted pianos or sofas, or desks like mine. I wasn't present at the operation, as I had to go in town to lunch with mamma, but it was successfully performed (by "a real handy gentleman from down Gloucester way, who used to be a fisherman and is a carpenter now"), for I found the desk in the room when I returned and the walls of the house looked about the same

Besides the desk I have an oak chair with a back that lets up and down by means of a brass rod; its cushions are covered with gray corduroy. Then there is another chair, a revolving one (very painful), that goes with the desk. We bought a bookcase at a shop just off the Square, from an odious little man who put his hand on my shoulder and said to mamma: "They *will* grow up—won't they?" It looks rather bare, as there aren't any books in it yet; but mamma wouldn't let me fill it, although right next door to the place where we bought it there were loads of books in the window for five and ten cents apiece.

We got some Turkish rugs at an auction in town The man said they



We tried for about half an hour to make the bed stand up never would wear out. When they arrived here and I saw them for the first time by daylight (they had gas at the sale) I knew what he meant. However, mamma darned them very nicely, and as everything else looks so new, perhaps it's just as well.

I've put the photographs of mamma and papa, and the one of Mildred in the ball dress and big hat with white ostrich feathers, and the one of Sidney in his little cart with the two goats, on the mantelpiece. I'm afraid I never cared much for the goats when I was at home, but to-night I've been thinking of all the funny things they used to do and wondering if I'll ever see them again. They're such cute little beasts. Over the mantelpiece I have two crimson flags with the sticks crossed

This evening while I was sitting in front of the fire trying to decide whether I ought to begin my diary now or wait until college opened to-morrow and things began to happen, the door downstairs suddenly rattled and slammed and some one came clattering up the tin steps at a great rate. Then the door across the landing was unlocked and I heard whoever it was falling over chairs and upsetting things in the dark; and all the time he kept roaring at the top of his voice: "Oh, Mrs. Chester! Ay-y-y-y-y Mrs. Chester, where are you?" Mrs. Chester had told me a few minutes before that she was "just goin' to step up street to see how Mis' Buckson's comin' along with them rooms o' hers," so I called out that she wasn't at home. Then the voice answered, "Oh, thank you;" and after a few more things in the other room had fallen on the floor and smashed, the fellow who was making all the fuss came across and stood in my doorway

I thought for a second that the reason he didn't come in was that he was so big he couldn't. I knew that the ceilings of the house were low and that my study wasn't very large—but I hadn't realized before how small it all was. The fellow blocked up the whole doorway; his shoulders in a loose, shaggy, gray coat, stretched clear across. His face was burned a deep brown and his hair was very black and looked rather long, as it evidently hadn't been brushed for a good while, and he wanted to know if I could let him have a match. I could see that he was taking in my room as he stood there and I think he smiled a little at something—but then he seemed to be smiling, anyhow (in a different way), so I wasn't sure I jumped up and got him a box of matches (somehow I knew at once that he wasn't one of the other two Freshmen who have rooms in the house, although I can't think why, as he didn't look old), and he thanked me—saying he was sorry to trouble me—and went back to his room

I felt sort of excited and restless after that and thought I would sit down and write mamma all about him; but just as I was beginning to he stopped humming (I don't think he can be a member of the Glee Club, as he only struck the right note once by accident, still I knew perfectly well what he was trying to sing) and began to laugh. Then he came over to my door again with his hands in his pockets and said

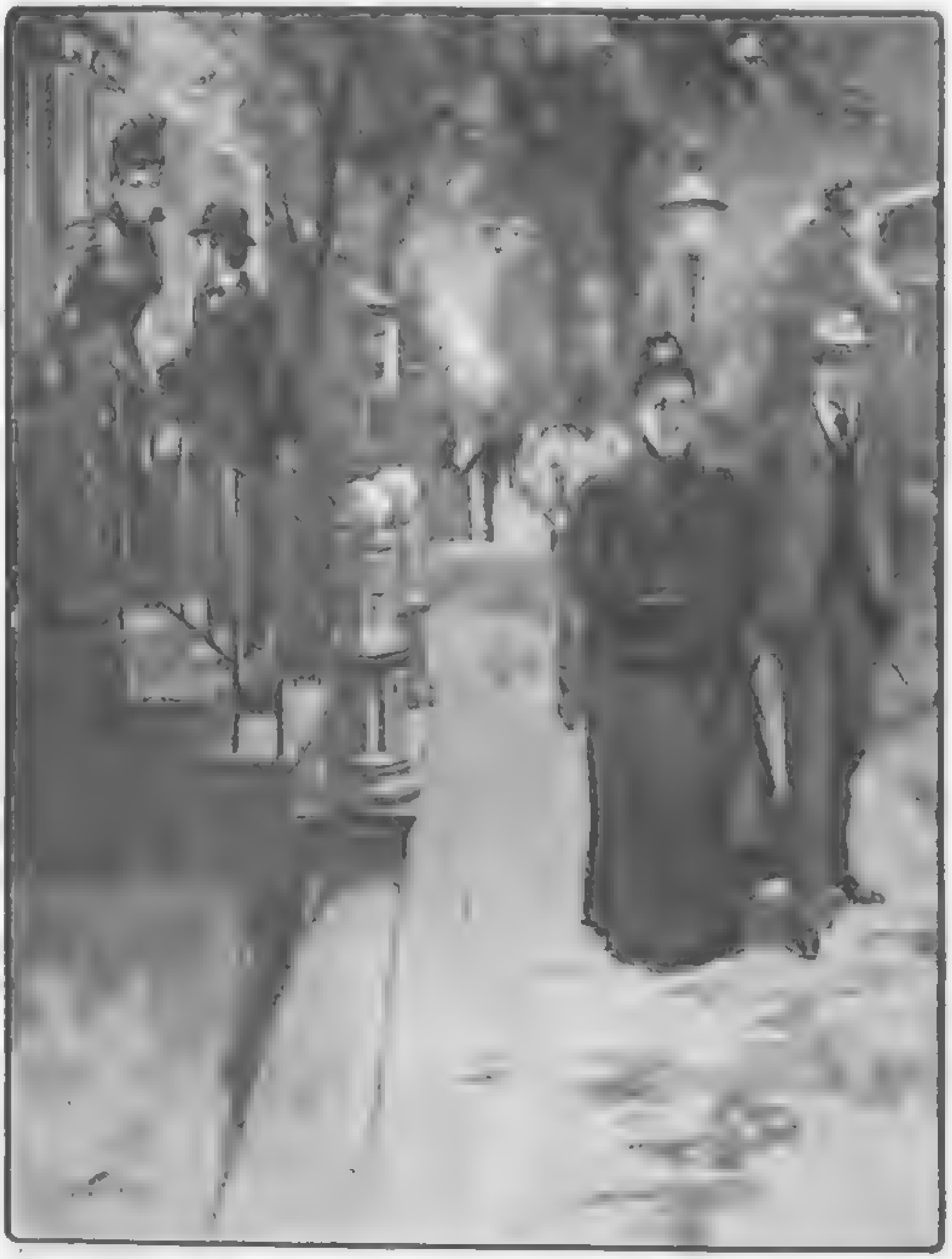
"You didn't happen to see an iron bedstead lying around the streets anywhere, did you? The good Chester has evidently spent the last three months in putting my rooms in order and I can't find a thing." I told him I had seen a bed in the back yard this afternoon, but that I didn't think it could be his. He asked me very seriously why not. And then all at once I got horribly rattled. I didn't like to tell him that the bed hadn't looked nearly big enough for him (it was a little narrow thing), for I was afraid he might think me fresh Then besides, I found that I had instinctively stood up when I saw him, and as there wasn't any particular reason why I should have done this, I got sort of confused

"Of course it's a very nice little bed," I hastened to add Whereupon he burst out laughing with a loud whoop

"If it's such a nice one it certainly can't be mine, and I'd better go down and swipe it right away," he said at last, and clattered downstairs. I tried again to write to mamma, but he made such a noise coming upstairs with pieces of bed and running down again that I couldn't fix my mind. Then, too, I kept wondering whether I ought to offer to help him Finally I went out as he was coming up with a mattress on his shoulder and asked, "Was it your bed, after all?" which made him laugh again and say: "I wouldn't tell you for anything in the world. If you aren't too busy, though, I wish you would help me put the beastly thing together."

We tried for about half an hour to make the bed stand up It looked simple enough, but whenever we got the sides firm and more or less parallel, the back and front would wobble and fall to the floor. Once we had all four pieces standing beautifully, but just as we put on the woven wire business and Mr. Duggie (that's what Mrs. Chester calls him—I don't think it's his real name, though) exclaimed, "I have the honor to report, sir, that the allied forces have taken New Bedford," the whole thing collapsed and pinched his finger fearfully as it came down. After that we sat on the floor a while. He smoked a pipe and glanced meditatively at the ruins of the bed every now and then, and at last turned to me and said, "Is this your first year here?" I didn't let him see how pleased I was that he had not discovered I was a Freshman, and merely answered yes

We talked a long time—about all kinds of things. I asked him a string of questions that had been on my mind for months: whether it is better to live in a private house, one of the big private halls, or in the Yard (I called it the "Campus," and he looked queer for a moment and said it was known as the Yard here); where would be a good place to eat; whether he thought my allowance was big enough (I told him how much I was going to have); and what was the best way to make friends and get on teams and clubs and musical societies and crews and papers. He answered everything, although once or twice he puffed at his pipe and looked at me a good while before speaking. I couldn't tell whether the questions hadn't occurred to him before or whether he didn't know just what to tell me. Of course I can't remember all he said, but it sounded so important that afterward I scribbled as much of it as I could in a notebook



We dragged up and down all the quiet [illegible] streets, ringing bells and [illegible]

ROOMS IN THE YARD

ADVANTAGES

General Washington may have stabled his horse (the iron gray that never put his front feet to the ground in the presence of an artist) in your bedroom

When girls come out to vespers (Thursdays from November to May) and stop to look at the Yard, you can stop whatever you happen to be doing and look at them.

In May and June the morning and evening views from your windows are different from and more beautiful than anything in the world

The Glee Club (weather permitting) sings under the trees; you lie on your window-seat in the twilight and wonder whether, after graduating, you will accept Fame or Fortune

Proximity to lectures during the annual inundations of December, January, February, March and April

DISADVANTAGES

Too much effort involved in taking a bath. What ought to be an innocent pleasure becomes a morbid family pride

Accessibility to bores who want to kill time while waiting for their next lecture. At first you think this is Popularity

Enforced quiet after 9 P. M.—at which hour you usually close your books and feel like making a noise

Enforced activity before 9 A. M.—until which hour you always close your eyes and try not to feel at all

Necessity of burning a kind of coal that refuses to light (or to stay lighted) for anybody but the janitor, who is never in the basement, where you always firmly believe (in spite of your daily failure) that you are going to find him

BOARD

Mrs. Muldooney's is by all means the most desirable place It is crowded, hot, noisy, expensive, and not particularly nourishing. Mrs. Muldooney is a tall, grim, steel armored old cruiser of sixty-five, with dark-blue hair, who doles out eleven canned cherries to every man at luncheon and sends in word from the kitchen that there aren't any more. She tries to collect twenty five cents when you have a guest; but as you promptly disown your guest, she is usually foiled. Her place, however, is always crowded with Freshmen and I ought to go there

ALLOWANCE

My allowance is generous. It ought to satisfy my every need; but it won't

TEAMS, CREWS, SOCIETIES, PAPERS

Try enthusiastically but not too seriously to take part in everything In this way you find out what kind of amusement really amuses you which as you grow older is a source of great content

FRIENDS

Friends in the true sense of the word are divine accidents beyond all human control. You will probably meet with four or five such accidents in your college career. For the rest Be Polite to Everybody, and you will soon have the satisfaction of knowing that your position, both in the University and in the world, is, at least, unique

CLUBS

Vide supra, under "Friends

I was just going to ask him something else when we heard Mrs Chester exclaiming

"Land sakes, if it ain't Mr Duggie! I saw the light from Mis Buckson's parlor

"Hello, you dear old buzzard! How dare you turn me out in the cold this way?" he called to her; and as she came in he jumped up and took both her hands. "I'm so glad to see you again" She gave him a little push and looked pleased

"Law, Mr Duggie—how you talk He's got real fleshy—ain't he?" she added, looking at me. She asked him where he'd been all summer, and he told her he'd been off shooting in the Rocky Mountains and had brought her a breastpin made of an elk's tooth that she'd have to wear on Sundays when she went to see her married daughter in Somerville. I thought I ought to leave but did not know how to interrupt them exactly, so I turned and examined some silver cups on the mantelpiece. There were five beauties, but I couldn't make out the inscriptions on them

"You've had lots of visitors the last few days. They kept a comin' to find out when you'll be back. The Dean was here to-day—a real sociable gentleman, aren't he?—and he wants you to go right 'round and see him as soon as you can And yesterday that little man—I forget his name—oh, you know, he's the President of the Crimson—came to find out about something. He said you were the only one who could tell him. And then there've been lots of young men to see about the football—oh, my, just crowds of them, and they all left notes. I'll run down and get them and then I'll put up your bed

After she left I said good night. It's awfully late and I have to get up early to be in time to register

I wonder who he is. I hope he didn't think I was fresh I don't believe he did, though, for as I was going he said:

"We're such near neighbors, you must drop in when you haven't anything better to do."

Mamma's train must have passed Utica by this time.

The second part of The Diary of a Harvard Freshman will appear in The Saturday Evening Post of November 10.

Mooswa of the Boundaries. *By* W. A. Fraser

By the Judgment of His Peers

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IN THE morning, François, taking his loaded snake-whip, hammered the Huskie Dogs into a submission sufficient to permit of their being harnessed, put a meagre ration for four days in the carryall, tied on his snow shoes, and said to Roderick

I go for pull out now Boy. I s'pose t'ree day I make me de Landing. I stop dere one day, hit de back trail den, an' come de s'ack here, wid de grub stake, in fo'r more. You got grub lef' for dat long, soot Bes' not go far from de s'ack; de Blue Wolf he migh' come roun' dis side wit' hes pack—bes' stick close de s'ack."

Then he slipped down the long terraced river bank with his train, and started up the avenue of its broad bosom toward the Landing. With a rather dreary feeling of lonesomeness Rod watched him disappear around the first long, spruce covered point, then went back into the shack and whistled to keep the mercury of his spirits from dropping clean to his boots," as he said to himself

Other eyes had seen François wind around the first turn that shut him out from Rod's vision: Blue Wolf's eyes; the little bead eyes of Carcajou, the shifting, treacherous, catlike orbs of Pisew, the Lynx. Mooswa's big almond eyes blinked solemnly from a thicket of willow that lined the river bank

I wonder if he'll bring the same Huskies back in his train?" said Blue Wolf, as they returned through the Boundaries together

"I should think he would," ventured Mooswa

"Don't know about that," continued Rof, "these Breeds have no affection for their Dogs, nor anything else but their own Man cubs. They do like them, I must say. Why, I've heard one of them, a big, rough Man he was, too, cry every night for moons because of the death of his cub. He was as savage as any Wolf though, for he killed another Man in a fight just at that time, and thought no more of it than I did over killing a Sheep at Lac La Biche. But every night he howled and moaned and whimpered for his lost cub, just as a Mother Wolf might when her young are trapped, or stricken with the breath of the fire stick, or killed in a pack riot. Yes, they're queer, the Men," he mused in a low growl. "When François goes to the Landing, if one of the other Breeds stumps him for a trade, he'll swap off the whole train."

I'm sure he'll stick to Marsh Maid," declared Pisew, "she'll be back again all right, Brother Rof." Blue Wolf looked sheepishly at Mooswa. What a sharp fellow this Lynx was to read his thoughts like that!

I hope nothing will happen to François, for the sake of the Boy," wheezed Mooswa. "These Breed Men also forget everything when the fire-water, that makes them like a mad Bull, is in camp; it is always at the Landing, too," he muttered despondently. "When I was a calf at the Fort I heard the old Factor say—I think I've told you about that time——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Carcajou impatiently, for he was a quick thinking little animal, "what did the Factor say about these Breed Men?"

"I'm coming to that," asserted Mooswa ponderously "It was at the time I was a calf in the Fort corral, and the Factor, who was my Boy's father, said that a Breed would sell his soul for a gallon of this devil water that puts madness in their blood."

What's a soul?" asked Carcajou. "I wonder if I [illegible] François' in the shack?"

I don't know," answered Mooswa; "it's something Man has, but which we haven't—it's the thing that looks out of his eyes and makes us all turn our heads away. Even Rof there, who stands up against Cougar without flinching, drops [illegible]

It is," answered Blue Wolf, dragging his tail a little

"And a Breed will trade this thing for the fire-water?" queried Carcajou

"So the Factor said," answered the Moose.

"I wouldn't if I had it," declared Wolverine; "not even for the fat-eating, and that is good for one. Was that what Uncle Wie-sah-ke-chack king of Men and animals, and everything—this soul thing?" he asked pantingly, for the easy stride of his long legged comrades took away his breath

"I suppose so," replied Mooswa; "but if François gets fire water at the Landing, I'm afraid it will be ill with the Boy. But, comrades, you all remember your oath to me and the King, that for the Man cub shall be our help and our care, and not the blood-feud that is against Man, because of his killing."

I [illegible] cried Blue Wolf

And I," answered Pisew

"I never forget anything," declared Carcajou "When my paws ached because of François, I laid up hate against him; and when Black King's leg was lost because of this evil Man's trap the hate grew stronger; but, by the bars on my flanks, I do not bear hate against the Boy and I carry the promise given to you, Mooswa."

"I'll carry you for a bit, little friend," said Blue Wolf stopping beside Wolverine; "the fat-eating has put new strength in my bones—jump up on my back. Your brains are nimbler than ours, but your short legs can't get over the deep snow so fast."

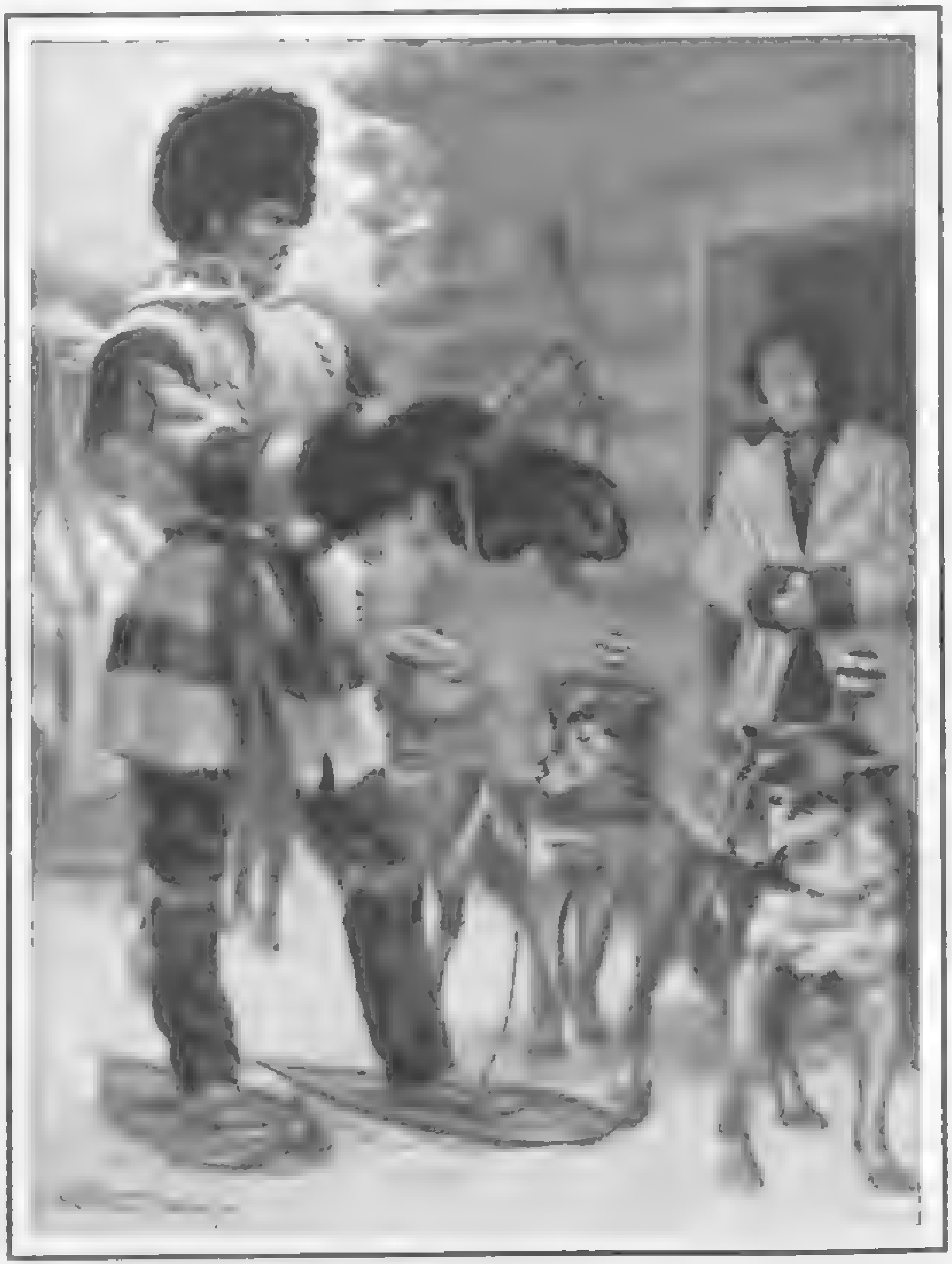
"Been to see him off, eh?" piped Whisky Jack, fluttering up. "I heard him tell the Boy last night they'd go down to Hay River when he got back from the Landing; but how did you fellows know he was leaving this morning?"

"Rof got it from his Huskie sweetheart," said Lynx "The Dogs were tied up last night, and the carryall outfit was lying ready at the door—that meant hitting the trail early this morning"

"Has the Man-cub got eating enough to last against François' return, Jack?" asked Bull Moose solicitiously

"A dozen Whitefish, a little flour and some tea."

That will keep the stomach-ache away if the Breed comes back quickly," affirmed Mooswa.



"I go for pull out now, Boy"

Pisew cocked his hair-plumed ears hungrily at the mention of fish, and the thief thought that was always in his heart kept whispering "Fish! Fish! Fish that are in the shack—the Boy's fish!" The woods were so bare, too. It was the Seventh Year, the Famine Year, and a chance of eating came only at long intervals Carcajou had robbed the shack, and it had been accounted clever—all the flesh eaters had feasted merrily off the loot Why should he not also steal the twelve fish? But he was not like Carcajou, a pot latch giver, an animal to make himself popular by great gifts; if he stole the fish he would cache them, and the eating would round up his lean stomach

Carrier of messages," began Mooswa, addressing Whisky Jack, "thy part of the oath promise is watching over the Boy. If aught goes wrong, bring thou the news."

Very well, old Sobersides answered the Jay saucily. "I'll come and sit on your horns, that have so many beautiful roosts for me, and whisper each day into your ear, which is big enough to hold my nest, all that happens at the shack!

"He'll keep you busy, Mooswa smirked Pisew

Mooswa has time to spare for his friends," answered Jack, "because he eats an honest dinner. You Bob tail, are so busy with your thieving and lying in wait for somebody's children to eat, that you have no time for honest talk

"Here's your little path, Carcajou," cried Blue Wolf, stopping while Wolverine jumped down 'I'm going on to see how Black King is

"Last night a strong wind laid many acres of birch trees on their backs, two hours' swift trot from here—I'm going there for my dinner declared the Moose. "It will be hot feeding. It is a pity you chaps aren't vegetarians; the blood fever must be awful—killing, killing, killing—it's dreadful!" he wheezed turning to the left and striding away through the forest

"I'll go and see Black King, too, exclaimed Whisky Jack

"I'm off to the muskeg to hunt Mice," announced Pisew; "the Famine Year brings one pretty low."

"Your father must have been born in a Famine Year," suggested Jack "and you inherited the depravity from him."

Lynx snarled disagreeably, and as he slunk, catlike, through the woods he spat in contemptuous anger. "Jack's gone to the King's burrow," he muttered; "I'll have a look at the Boy's shack I wonder where he keeps that fish, and if he leaves the door open at all. Perhaps when he goes down to the river for water—ah, yes, cubs and kittens are all careless—even the Man-cub will not be wise, I think. Now, so soon, the pittance of fat eating I had from that thief, Carcajou, has melted in my stomach and the walls are collapsing again. I wonder where the humpback Lieutenant cached the rest of his stolen [illegible]

Thus treacherously planning, Lynx stealthily circled to the shack, lay down behind a cottonwood log, fifty feet away and watched with a ravenous look in his big round eyes Presently he saw Rod open the door, look across the waste of snow wearily, stretch his arms over his head, turn back into the shack, reappear with two metal pails in one hand and an ax in the other, and pass from view over the steep river bank

With a swift, noiseless rush the yellow gray thief darted into the building. His keen nose pointed out the dried Whitefish lying on a box in the corner. Stretching his jaws to their utmost width, he seized four or five and bounded into the thick brush with them. Two hundred paces from the clearing Pisew dropped his booty behind a fallen tree. "I'll have time for the others," he snarled, pulling a white covering over the fish with his huge paw.

As he stole back again a sound of ice-chopping came to his ears. "Plenty of time," he muttered, and once more his jaws were laden with the Boy's provision

In his eagerness to take them all, two fish slipped to the floor; Pisew became frightened and bolted with those he had in his mouth "I can't go back any more," he thought, as he rushed away, "but I've done well; I've done very well."

The Boy returned with the water, took his ax and cut some wood. He did not miss the fish. Pisew carried his stolen goods away and cached them

That night Whisky Jack, sitting on his perch under the extended end of the roof, heard something that gave him a start. Rof had discovered the loss of his fish

"This thing is serious," the Bird heard him say "Two fish and a handful of flour for ten days' food—perhaps longer This is terrible. It's that Devil of the Woods, Carcajou, who has robbed me, I suppose—he stole the bacon before If I only could get a chance at him with a rifle, I'd settle his thieving life

The misery in the Boy's voice touched Whisky-Jack "Pisew has done this evil thing," he chirped to himself "If he has, he has broken his oath of the Boy care."

In the morning, Whisky-Jack flew early to the home of Black King and told of the fish stealing

"Yes," affirmed the Red Widow, "it was Pisew. His father before him was a traitor and a thief; they were always a mean, low lot. And wasn't this Man-cub good and kind to my babe Stripes, when that brute of a Huskie Dog attacked him?"

"Yes, good dame," affirmed the Bird; "but for this Man cub your Fox cub would have lined the stomach of a Train Dog—now he may live to line a cloak for some Man-woman—that is, if François catches him. But what shall be done to this breaker of Boundary laws and sneak thief, Pisew Your Majesty?

"Summon Carcajou, Mooswa, Blue Wolf and others of the Council, my good messenger," commanded the King "There is no fear of the trail now, for François is gone, and the Boy hunts not"

When they had gathered, Whisky Jack again told of what had been done "It is Pisew, of a certainty!" cried Carcajou

"Yes. It is that traitor," concurred Rof with a growl

"I could hardly believe any Animal capable of such meanness," sighed the Bull Moose; "we must investigate If it is true

"Yes, if it is true!" snapped Carcajou

"Uhr-r-r, if this thing is true——!" growled Blue Wolf, and there was a perceptible gleam of white as his lip curled with terrible emphasis

"Go and look," commanded Black King; "the snow tells no false tales: the thief will have written with his feet that which his tongue will lie to conceal."

The vigilants proceeded to the scene of Pisew's greedy outrage. "I thought so," said Carcajou, examining the ground minutely

"Here he hid the stuff," cried Rof, from behind a fallen tree. "That odor is dried fish: and this—bah! it's worse—it's the foul smell of our castoreum loving friend, Pisew," and he curled his nose disdainfully in the half muffled tracks of the detested cat

"I can see his big footprints plainly," added Mooswa. "There is no question as to who is the thief Let us go back and summon the Council of the Boundaries, and decide what is to be done with this breaker of oaths."

When they had returned to the King's burrow he commanded that Umisk, Nekik, Wapistan, Mink, Skunk, Wapoos and all of the others should be gathered so that judgment might be passed upon the traitor "Also summon Pisew," he added to the Jay

When the Council members had arrived, Whisky-Jack came back with a report that Lynx could not be found

"Guilt and a full stomach have caused him to travel far, it is easier to keep out of the way than to answer eyes that are asking questions," declared Blue Wolf

"Then we shall decide without him," cried Black King angrily

The evidence was put clearly before the Council by Rof, Carcajou and Mooswa; besides, each of the animals swore solemnly by their different tail-marks, which is an oath not to be broken, that they had not done this thing

"Well," said Black Fox, "we arranged before that in case of serious breaches of the Law of the Boundaries the Council should decide by numbers whether any one should die because of the breaking of our laws. Is that not so?"

"It is," they all answered

"Then what of Pisew, who has undoubtedly broken the oath promise that was made unto Mooswa?"

"He must die!" snarled Blue Wolf

"He must cease to be!" echoed Carcajou

"Yes, it is not right that he live!" declared Mooswa

And from the Bull Moose down to Wapistan, all agreed that Pisew deserved to die for his traitorous conduct

"But how?" asked the King

Nobody answered for a little. Killing except because of hunger was a new thing to them; no one wanted to have the slaying of Lynx upon his conscience—the rôle of executioner was undesirable

"He shall die after the manner of his father—by the snare and by the means of Man, which is just," announced Carcajou presently

"But François has gone, and the Man cub traps not objected the Red Widow

"He did not trouble to take up the snares though, good dame" affirmed Wolverine. "I know of three

"You know of three and didn't spring them?" queried Jack incredulously

"There was no bait—only the vile smelling castoreum answered Carcajou disdainfully. "And there was also a chance that Pisew might poke his traitorous head through one—I guard not for that sneak

"But how will you induce Pisew to thrust his worthless neck into the snare?" asked Black King

"There is some of the fat-eating still left Your Majesty," returned Carcajou, "and I'll forfeit a piece as a bait"

"But he may be a long time discovering it," ventured Umisk, pointing out a seeming difficulty

"Leave that to me," pleaded Whisky Jack; "you provide the bait and I'll provide the thief who'll try to steal it."

It being settled that way, the Council adjourned, Carcajou and Whisky Jack being selected as a Committee of Execution. Wolverine showed Jay where the snare was placed, and while he cleverly arranged the bacon beyond its quick-slipping noose, the Bird scoured the forests and muskegs for Pisew until he found him

"Hello, Feather-Feet!" he hailed the Lynx

"Good day, Gossip!" retorted Pisew

"You're looking well fed for this Year of Famine, my carnivorous friend," said Whisky Jack pleasantly

"Yes I'm fat because of much fasting," answered Lynx "The memory of Carcajou's fat-eating alone keeps me alive, I'm starved—I'm as thin as a snow-shoe. It's days since my form would even cast a shadow. Can you not see right through me, eagle-eyed Bird?"

"I think I can," declared the Jay, meaning Lynx's methods more than his thick-wooled body

"I'm starving," reasserted the Cat. "If Carcajou were half so generous as he pretends he would give me another piece of that fat eating, it would save my life—really it would." He was pleading poverty with an exaggerated flourish, lest he be suspected of the ill gotten wealth of fish

"Yes, Carcajou is a miser," affirmed Whisky Jack. "He still has some of the Man's bacon cached

"I wish I knew where," panted Lynx. "There is no wrong in stealing from a thief—is there, wise Bird?"

"I know where some of it is hidden," declared the Jay with an air of great satisfaction

"Tell me," pleaded the other

At first Jack utterly refused then, by diplomatic weakenings, he succumbed to Pisew's eager solicitation, and veered around, consenting to point out some of Wolverine's stolen treasure. "You are a true friend, Jack," asserted Pisew encouragingly

"To whom?" asked the Bird pointedly

"Oh, to me, of course; for Carcajou is a friend to nobody But Jack," he said suddenly "you are fond of that yellow eating, aren't you?"

"Yes I like butter

"Well, I'll tell you where you can get rare good picking. It's a good joke on Carcajou too, though it was hardly covered up but I thought it more like a Man's cache The Jay started Had this wily thief stolen his butter also?

"You see," continued Lynx, "I stumbled upon it quite by accident as I was digging for grubs, beetles and poor food of that sort—hardly enough to fill one's teeth. Oh, this Seventh Year is terrible! I was starving, friend—really I was; the gaunt gnawing which never comes to you, and of which you know nothing, for you are always with the Men who have plenty, was in my stomach. I was thinking of the hunger-hardship, and of the great store of fat eating Carcajou must have cached, when I came upon this wooden holder of stuff that is like yellow marrow"

"Butter," interrupted the Bird

"I suppose so," whined Lynx

"And you ate it?" queried Jack sharply experiencing a sick feeling of desolation

"There was only a little of it—only a little," iterated Pisew deprecatingly; "hardly worth one's trouble in tearing the cover from the wooden thing"

"The tub," advised Jack

"Probably; I'm not familiar with the names of Man's things. But I just tasted it—that was all, just a little to oil my throat and soothe the pain that was in my stomach It is still there, really—under a big rotten log where the water falls for the length of Panther's spring over high rocks in summer"

"What's there—the tub?" queried Jack incredulously

"Also the yellow marrow—the butter," affirmed Pisew

"Oh!" exclaimed Whisky Jack dryly. He knew the other was lying, if Pisew had found the tub he would have licked it clean as a washed platter. But the revenge he had in hand for this prince of all thieves was so complete that it was not worth while reviling him

"Still, I think you had better not touch Carcajou's fat eating," he advised. Lynx laughed at this Why not?—he was so very hungry

"Well," said the Bird, "mind I don't wish to lead you to it—don't ask you to go—in fact, I think you had better keep away, but Dumpy's fat-eating is hidden under the roots of that big up turned spruce, just where Mooswa's trail crosses the [illegible] on its way to his yard

"Do you really think it was hidden there by Carcajou?" asked Lynx. "Is it not a François cache or some last year's cache of another Man? They are always wandering about through the Boundaries, looking for the yellow sand that is washed down by running waters, or for the white metal that sleeps in rocks"

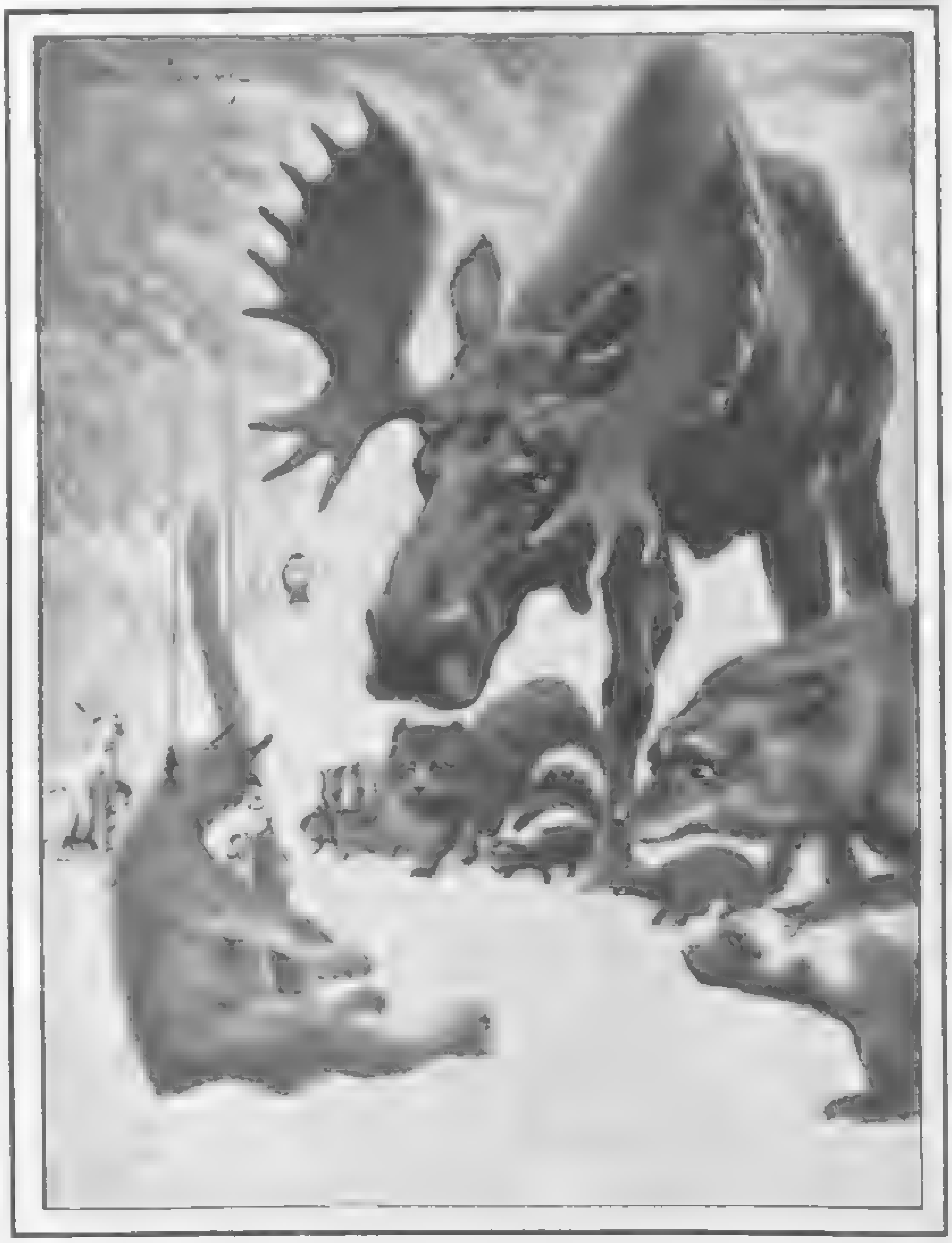
"No, the white meat belongs to our humpbacked comrade—at least, he rustled it from the Breed's shack," answered Jay

"Perhaps, after all, it would not be fair to take it, then," whined Lynx. "I am hungry—oh, so hungry; but to steal from one of our comrades, even to save one's life—I would rather die, I believe

"Prince of deceitful wretches!" muttered Jay to himself. "He means to steal it sure, but is afraid that I may inform against him"

"I'll not touch the fat eating," continued Pisew. "True, the little Lieutenant stole it from François, but that is different is it not, wise brother—you who are learned in the Law of the Boundaries? To take from them who would rob us of our clothes is not wrong is it?"

"No, that is understood of all of us," answered Jack, aloud, to himself he said "The hypocrite!"



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
421 to 427 Arch Street

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1900

$1.00 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

The Golden Age of the Engineer

WITH the coming of the autumn days of 1900 an army of students, nearly two hundred thousand strong, will enter the doors of our colleges and of our technical schools Of this ever-growing host a larger proportion than ever before will turn its face toward applied science—toward the profession of the engineer

Could one whisper a single friendly sentence into the ear of each one of these young men and young women (for there are women also who are engineers), I imagine he would say: "Look well to your preparation, for your opportunity in engineering will be such as the world has never seen."

As to preparation. This is the day of the trained man. In competition with him the untrained man, or the poorly trained man, cannot maintain himself. Do not be afraid of too much theory. Never yet was good practice which was not preceded by and based upon good theory. Let your theoretical training be broad and deep. It is your only sure foundation for the best work. The engineer, however, is one who is not only scientifically trained to do things, but who *does* them. Therefore, do not expect to be made into an engineer in the school. Engineers are not made in schools, notwithstanding diplomas.

The real engineer is he who uses his training in accordance with the rules of common-sense, and it sometimes happens that the engineer in title is not the engineer in fact

* * *

I recall such an instance in the experience of a Western railroad. A bridge had been washed away and it was necessary to replace it with a temporary structure. The chief engineer and his staff were ordered in hot haste to the place, a drafting-room was established in the near-by station, and the scene became one of great activity. Two days later came the general manager to add more pressure to the already tense situation. Alighting from his private car he encountered the master bridge-builder. The latter was a type evolved by the railroad situation of the last generation—heavy handed, hard of head, with some knowledge of books and a vast experience

"John," said the manager, and the words quivered with energy, "I want this job rushed. Every hour's delay costs the company money. Have you got the engineer's plans for the new bridge?"

"Colonel," said the old man (the engineer student will learn early in his career that the general manager of a railroad never ranks lower than Colonel)—"Colonel, I don't know whether the engineer has got the picture drawed yet or not, but the bridge is up, and the trains are passing over it

As to opportunity. The next quarter-century promises a physical development such as no generation has ever known Upon our mainland a vast area of desert land is to blossom under the engineer's touch, canals are to be built, cities are to be lighted, problems of sanitation are to be wrought out

Furthermore, during the past two years a whole series of new problems has been presented to the American engineer. There has come to us, most unexpectedly, the control of islands of the far East. Here and upon the adjoining continent of Asia the next decades are to see an industrial development which will be epoch-making

In all this progress, whether in the islands of the sea or within that ancient empire ripe for the development which is sure to come, the engineer—the trained engineer—is to play a rôle such as he has never yet had the opportunity to assume since commerce began. Our own West was conquered in the strength of an untrained virile energy. The far East—old in her wisdom—is to be conquered, and can only be won by the aid of the most versatile, the most efficient, the most perfect training. He who is to subdue it will go forth, not as did the Argonaut of '49, with pick and shovel, but with textbook and steam engine and dynamo. This man is the engineer. The twentieth century is his.

—HENRY S. PRITCHETT, Pres. Mass. Inst. Technology

* * *

Europe, not content with absorbing American millions by the bonds of matrimony, now borrows on securities that are much more gilt-edged than bankrupt titles.

The Old Man's Son

SO LONG as a young man is content to part his hair in the middle, to spend his days on the golf links and his nights "about town," inherited wealth may be an unmixed advantage; for it secures for itself an attention, a position, which its owner enjoys vicariously. But let the bacillus of ambition get into his blood, let him become fired with the desire to see his name transferred from the columns that chronicle the easy honors of the ballroom to those which record the daily progress of the battle in business, in politics or in the professions, and he will find that he must make the world forget his inheritance before it will take him seriously Until then he is simply "The Old Man's Son."

* * *

The way of that rich young man who would be something more than "The Old Man's Son" is hard. The world has grown used to seeing the second generation dissipate in weakness what the first accumulated in strength. For under the shadow of a giant fortune, those elemental qualities of character which are developed and knotted hard by a free and unsheltered struggle with the world grow soft and sappy. Oftener than not, ability is transmitted from father to son, but raw ability is not enough. Untrained, untried, undirected in a struggle for advancement, it may be an element of weakness instead of strength. So, though the world has nothing but respect for the "old man's" pocket book, of the son it is not so sure. Honors may be his for the asking, but they are sham honors; valueless because unearned; neither satisfying him nor deceiving the public; lacking the salt that gives them savor; making him look beside the man who holds them by right of conquest like a gold laced General of militia beside the scarred old Colonel who has sabred his way up from the ranks.

When young Vanderbilt, by all accounts an earnest and an ambitious young man, went as a delegate to a recent political convention, he became a congressional possibility within twenty-four hours, and there was no yellow journal but did him the reverence of a "front-page story" Yet all that was not recognition of transcendent genius in young Vanderbilt himself, but tribute to "The Old Man's Son." Not until he has been tried out in his ward and on the stump and has borne out the promise of his earnestness, will he become a "front page story" for a better reason

Any young man whose father left him a sufficient number of stock certificates can be elected director in half a dozen companies, but the world will say "pull"; or he may even go to Congress, and it will cry "barrel." He must demonstrate his ability again and again before he can secure recognition for his individuality.

* * *

When "The Old Man's Son" starts out seriously to make himself felt in the affairs of life he discovers that, though the world may belong to Monte Cristo, it secretly resents his ownership, and yields its laurels only to those who fight their way to that common ground where real success is achieved and ability is the sole standard, whether they come up from poverty or down from wealth. And of the two, the path is straighter for the boy who starts poor, who must travel alone and unaided every step of that way which leads through the ranks of the people whom he must understand, and those experiences that he must undergo personally, to be wise in knowledge and strong in character. And when he has attained to a high place, the fact of his being there is his certificate of merit. "The Old Man's Son" must, at first, be continually proving that he deserves his honors. And even then there is always an element of suspicion in the world's attitude toward him. For the people give their fullest confidence only to their sons.

* * *

Rich men are coming to see that there is no royal road to success in this country, and that their sons cannot begin anything at the top. Every day we read or hear of some heir to millions being thrown into the rough-and-tumble of office or factory to wear the gloss off his college education and to learn that the pleasant occupation of signing checks is only one step in the securing of money. More and more are rich young men discovering that golf is a pastime, not a business, and that elegant idleness is not a career. And so we find them as cowboys, as reporters, as Rough Riders, trying themselves against other men and finding out that work is the only thing "worth while." And when a youth learns that he is in a fair way to become a self-made man; for not all our self-made men were born poor. Here and there is one who started life as "The Old Man's Son," like Governor Roosevelt, and forced recognition for himself by hard work and the sheer weight of ability.

* * *

In this campaign the trusts have lain low and the campaign orators have tried to lay them lower.

The Conservative in Clover

TO THOSE whose interests are keen and whose activities are sharp there is something rather forbidding in the word conservative. Douglas Jerrold once said that a conservative is a man who will not look at the new moon out of respect for that "ancient institution," the old one. But, as usual, when we want first-rate truth and philosophy in the definition of a fact, name or tendency we go to our good old American Emerson. "We are reformers in spring and summer," he said; "in autumn and winter we stand by the old Reformers in the morning and conservatives at night."

Never in the history of the world were there more isms, more schemes and more visions of radicalism, reconstruction and reform. From hut to throne, from the village debating society to the blood-stained battlefields, men are working and speaking for great changes in conduct and government. The fight is going on all the time, and the forces of mind and muscle know neither fear nor discouragement

And yet how true it is that in the later days of this old world we are standing by what is. We see it particularly in our systems of finance and in our methods of dealing with one another. In our larger relations the deciding force is the conservative judgment. In politics we find this to be true not only in the great nations of Europe and America, but in that marvel of the East, Japan, where after wonderful changes the whole tendency is so strongly toward conservatism that the Marquis Ito, who is the author of the new constitution of his country, has been called back into public life for the quieting effect he may have upon Japanese politics In England, where conservatism is seen at its worst and sometimes at its best, the reform forces have so scattered that the return of the Conservative Ministry is practically a walk-over. And however people may vary in their opinions as to the verdict in the United States, the forces of conservatism are larger and stronger here than they have ever been.

One may say all this without being a conservative. In fact, there is a great deal more fun in being a reformer. That allows liberality of thought and expression, but conservatism needs a high white collar and a certain exactness which restrain the average man of independent disposition. At the same time, it is the regulating power in the world to-day, and the conservatives are holding higher offices, making the most money, and getting the largest tombstones

* * *

Those who appropriate other people's ideas never get tired of saying that there is nothing new under the sun

The Good Side of College Fraternities

NOT scholarly, not political, not social, but primarily and fundamentally fraternal in their conception, the Greek letter societies of our American colleges have a great influence in the development of the individual. Though there is no doubt that there are occasional evils in the fraternity system, it has been demonstrated that, on the whole, their influence is for good. Were it otherwise, the hundreds of chapters of the different fraternities would long ago have become extinct

That the association of a picked number of men of the most potent personalities in the institution could be other than elevating to the individual is hardly reasonable. That the fraternities are made up of such men there is no doubt. All of the Presidents since the Administration of Garfield have worn the insignia of one of these societies, President Cleveland being the only one initiated after he reached prominence. Garfield was a member of Delta Upsilon, Arthur was a Psi Upsilon, Harrison was one of the early members of Phi Delta Theta, Cleveland was elected a member of Sigma Chi, and McKinley wore the rhombic pin of Sigma Alpha Epsilon at the time of his inauguration. In addition to these, hosts of men prominent in public life are included in fraternity membership.

From the time that the new man is invited to join the fraternity he is placed upon his mettle to maintain the standing that led to his election. That he should be elected from the great body of students around him leads him to think that there must be something in his personality that is attractive to other men. Every man of reason knows his own strong as well as weak points, and it becomes his ambition to develop these strong points to the highest degree, and in that way to demonstrate that the confidence of his brothers has not been misplaced. The constant association with men of sterling worth during the years in which the character is being formed can only be for good. After the first two years in the organization he becomes an upperclassman and one of the leaders of the organization. He finds that the underclassmen look up to him for advice and example. And this influence has more power with him than any other

Another instance in which the fraternity is of great benefit is that it demonstrates that the individual must give way to the organization. Personal ambition must be thrust aside to enable the organization best to accomplish its purposes Self-denial is something that all must be prepared to exercise The moral support that it is sometimes necessary to give to another is of great benefit in personal development.

The little gold badge is an open sesame to many of the pleasures that the "old grad." has when he finds time again to visit the college campus. What difference does it make that all of the present members are boys? The same spirit lives in them that was present years ago.

Most of the antagonism toward the fraternity system is caused by a lack of knowledge concerning its end and aim. There should be a more general spread of knowledge of the fraternity, so that the parent may know that the son is sought as a member for the benefit of both the student himself and of the organization

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

COLONEL A. L. MILLS

PRESIDENT RICHARD T. ELY

PROVOST C. C. HARRISON

A Great College Year

This will be the greatest college year that the United States or any other country has ever known. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has taken some trouble to collect the returns from the different institutions of the country, and there is scarcely an exception to the report of an unprecedented increase in the number of students. This affects not only the Universities, so called, but all the colleges of every class and size throughout the Union

Such an institution as Princeton, for instance, reports an increase of forty per cent. in the Freshman class. Harvard has the largest Freshman class in the history of any American institution. Columbia has an unprecedented increase. Yale has six hundred Freshmen, with an increase of more than ten per cent. in every department, and the Western colleges are fully as prosperous. The collegiate institutions of the country, some four hundred in all, have a combined attendance of between one and two hundred thousand and the total is not far from the two-hundred thousand mark

During and after all periods of prosperity the private schools and the colleges secure an increased membership, for the evident reason that people are better prepared to pay for the instruction of their children. That the figures have this year gone far beyond anything ever before known is, of course, largely accounted for by the increase in population, but, while allowing fully for all that, it is still true that the number has greatly exceeded any former proportion in the population statistics of the country.

It may be well to explain that the word college, as referring to American institutions, is on the average more true than the word University. There are, in name, more than one hundred Universities in the United States. Actually however, there are not a half dozen; but in these days, when a "professor" may be anything from a bootblack to a Sanscrit scholar, it would be idle to quarrel with mere names

The great thing is that the rush for higher education was never so strong or so general as it is in the present day.

Better Looking Students

The practical men who manage the business of the colleges report in a personal and confidential way that the students are better dressed and better appearing than at any time in their experience The era of bathtubs and sanitation and good living has had its effect upon American youth. To-day if young Ben Franklin should come to Philadelphia to try his fortunes, it is quite likely that he would not march up the street munching his cheap loaf, but would be riding comfortably and handsomely in an automobile toward a scholarship, possibly pausing on his way to get a well-balanced luncheon at a fashionable café

The whole tone of college life has been wonderfully raised within the past few years, and if one desires to see a set of well-groomed young men he should attend the opening proceedings of a modern college. Their clothes are not only new and well made, but their complexions are clear

Better Order Among the Students

Generally at the opening of the college year there are disturbances between certain of the classes and in some instances there have been outbreaks among the students in general. Several rushes and class contests occurred this autumn, but they were fewer than for ten years past

To some extent the improvement was due to the extra precautions taken by the Faculties, but a great deal of the credit undoubtedly belonged to the students, who have grown no longer to look upon violent horseplay as either instructive or amusing

In other ways the student of to-day shows that he is manlier, more orderly, and more regardful of the things in conduct and appetite which make for useful manhood. He is the best young man in any country or of any period in the world's history, and he will do big things and do them well

PROFESSOR JOSIAH ROYCE

Does a College Education Pay?

Last spring, in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, in the only article which former President Cleveland had at that time ever contributed to a magazine, he asked and answered the question: Does a College Education Pay? His conclusion, expressed with his usual clearness and vigor, was that it did. When some people get a surplus of money they are apt to think themselves above mere mercenary motives or conditions, and thence comes a certain self satisfied feeling of superiority. Mr. Cleveland proved that education, even when measured by mercenary standards, shows large profits

Curiously, the messages that came this month from the leading collegiate institutions all agreed upon one point and that was the wonderful recognition among leading men of the monetary value of higher and skilled education. They have found that the college really does pay. The self-made man, who has been boasting that he got along in the world without a college education, finds not only that his son is better off with these additional opportunities, but that he himself profits more largely by having college men in his employment

Here is an illustration It comes from two of the technical departments—those of chemistry and mechanical engineering—of one of the leading Universities of the world. Last June these two departments turned out about fifty graduates Every single one of them secured a remunerative position at once, and the applications from leading concerns would have taken nearly as many more. A young graduate, not yet turned twenty, became the chemist of a company in one of the large cities. There were certain by-products which were an entire waste to the company. He was asked to experiment with them, and to see if he could get anything from them Within three months he had succeeded with one of the products and at once received a handsome increase of salary

"The coal regions," said the professor who read the young man's letter in which he told of this experience, "are full of waste products that must be utilized for the benefit and profit of their owners, and it is the same in all other sections and in all other businesses."

Education is becoming so popular, not only because it is the best thing in itself, but also because, when reduced to dollars and cents, it pays, and that with some is the test

The Broadening of the Colleges

This recognition of the practical value of a college education has had a very positive effect in the colleges. It has caused them to cater more to the real, practical needs of the times. More young men than ever before now go to college to learn how best to do special things. The idea of the all round training and experience is by no means abandoned and the classical departments have their quota, but the most marked increase is in the special departments in which young men are taught to be experts

Hence there is a broadening and quickening in the colleges themselves. The men at the head of our institutions are studying as never before the facts of progress and the requirements of the new generation, and colleges are improving their equipment in order to give to young men facilities for the largest and most direct results. Thus we have colleges for commerce, colleges for diplomacy colleges for business—and the departures have just begun. The fact that each new school of this kind gets immediate recognition and attracts encouraging attendance shows how quick the new generation is to appreciate the effort to give better service

False Charges Against Athletics

A great deal of good-natured fun has been poked at the athletic exuberance of the modern University, and there have been jokes galore upon the theme that the young men go to college for the games and that the studies are merely incidental

No doubt the modern college boy wants sport, and he is very proud if he can gain eminence in any prominent contest of skill and endurance, but, at the same time, never in the country's history was the college student really more serious than he is to-day

The surface indications may not always seem to bear this out, but that does not alter the truth We are in the midst of a very quick and instant age. Things must be done promptly or somebody else will do them and get all the credit. They must be done with skill or somebody else will do them better. The young man knows this, and while he may have, as he should have, his lighter hours and his recreations, deep down in his thoughts and purposes is a simple and triumphant earnestness

Then again, college athletics have done vast good in improving the physical quality of the students. After all the sins are counted against it—and they are not too few—the credit side of the ledger is preponderatingly favorable to college sport

It has encouraged and produced a higher manliness

The Modern College Man

There is one thing that we should always remember as the best proof of college life, and that is the fine quality of the college man, his capacity for work, and his interest in the better things of life

Take, for instance, four men on this page Doctor Harrison, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, can work from nine in the morning until after midnight all through the college course, and set a pace which the young men find hard to follow

Dr. Richard T Ely, of the University of Wisconsin, is a man of incessant activity, which accounts for his ability not only to gather the facts of the world's advance, but to analyze them and write about them in books and to do more than three or four ordinary men achieve

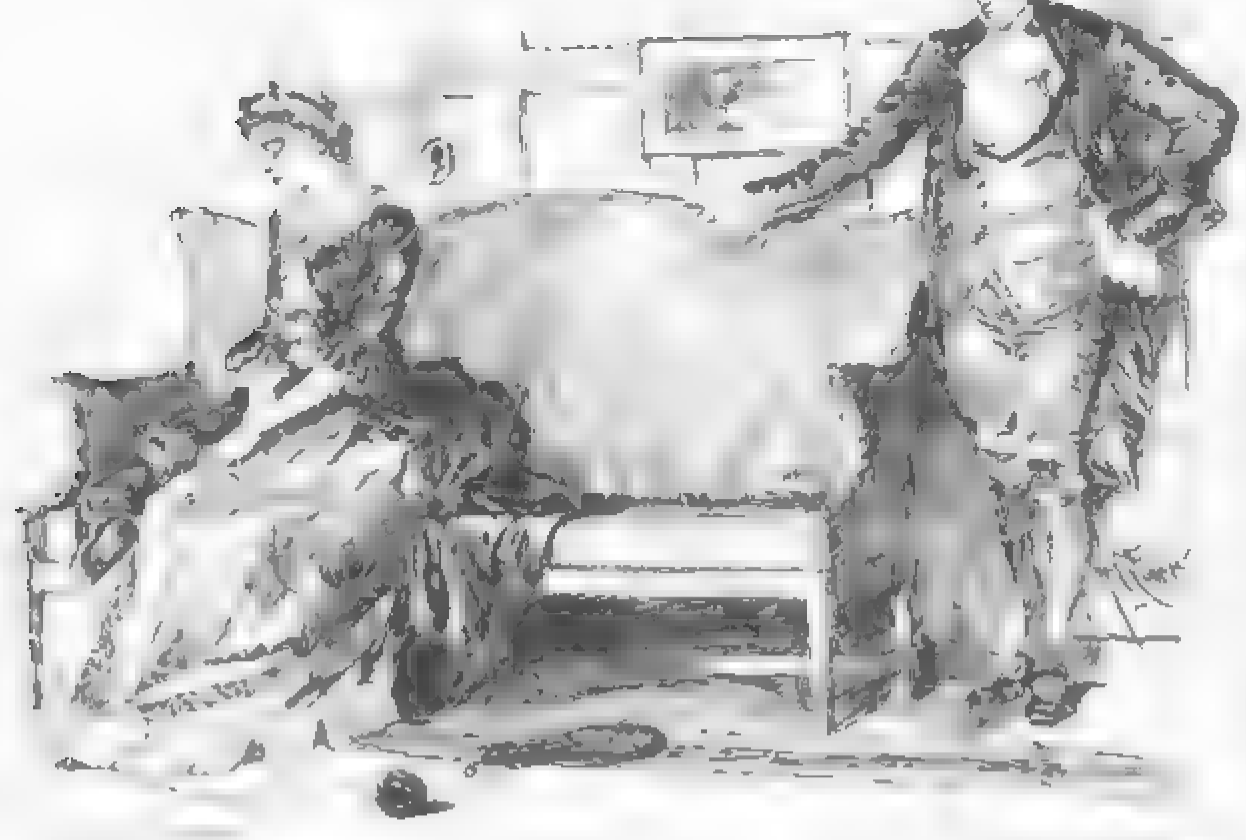
Professor Josiah Royce, of Harvard, is another great worker, whose capacity for toil is unlimited; and there is not at West Point a young cadet who has a more vigorous step, a clearer eye, or a keener interest in everything going on than Colonel Mills, the Superintendent

So it goes with other college presidents and professors. They are a remarkably fine set of men, and in accounting for the improvement among the students we should not forget their influence and example. Both have been powerful

At the Corner of Lovers' Lane

A Princeton Ghost Story

By Jesse Lynch Williams



And she would have none of [illegible]

ONE autumn night about a decade ago, in the quiet village of Princeton, a party of bold young men might have been seen wending their way stealthily westward along the broad, though wavering, line that marks the route by which in former days the stage coaches were wont to rumble back and forth between New York and Philadelphia.

Passing the silent shops, whose blinds had long since been drawn and doors bolted for the night, the little band soon found itself in the neighborhood of homes, some placed at a distance from the street, with shrubbery and dark trees intervening, and some rearing abruptly from the sidewalk—but all of them dark and silent, bespeaking well-earned rest and repose.

Now the midnight travelers proceeded even more stealthily. Ever and anon they might have been seen to pause, listening intently for a moment, only to resume their progress once more as though well assured that their suspicion was unfounded or their expectation unrealized.

They "might have been seen," but the chances are you couldn't have seen them. It was so infernally dark. Th[illegible] were black long ago. Those fellows were not there to be seen. They were young Sophomores out on class business, about twenty of them in the gang.

When they reached a point near the edge of town they halted at a dark little lane that led off to the south between two large places with many thick trees in them. Here, after a little whispering, half of the gang sat down on the roadside in the shadow of the thick branches and lighted pipes. The rest of them picked their way on down through this mysterious-looking lane. The darkness was still more dark because the branches met overhead and shut out even the few stars of a very dark night. When they reached the other end and emerged from under the dense foliage, it seemed light by comparison; they no longer stepped on each other's heels. Here they stopped, close to the corner of another broad road, and stretched out in the shadow on the grassy slope of the lane side. "Now then," said one of them, "we have every approach into town guarded. Let 'em come."

"Well, they won't come at all if you talk so loud," said another, gathering some dead leaves for a cushion. "Sound carries on a still night like this."

"They" referred, of course, to certain Freshmen for whom this and several similar gangs were lying in wait, stationed like sentries within signaling distance of each other around the whole town. And the Freshmen's object was to smuggle into Princeton a large edition of proclamations [illegible] which they would post with great delight on every pastable portion of the borough—to be pulled down with dispatch and indignation as fast as they were found by insulted Sophomores—while similar bands of conscientious Freshmen and vindictive Sophomores were repeating the same performance, not quite so thoroughly, in the neighboring villages and on freight trains, barns, wagons, bridges and at Trenton and all over that part of the State: a futile, foolish "stunt" it was, to be sure, and very boyish. But we who were foolish boys, probably, used to take these things pretty seriously in those days, and got a lot of fun out of them which you modern un[illegible]ates [illegible], though you have compensations.

These proclamations of ours, which we called procs, were probably directly descended from the Nassau Rake, an annually outrageous magazine published when the generation which begot us was in college. Our procs. said about the same thing year after year, generally beginning with a ten or twenty pica line across the top, arrogantly calling the attention of the Freshman class, or of the Sophomores, as the case might be; followed by a number of "whereases" and "therefore be it decreeds," etc., and then a lot of personal characterizations which we thought splendid, beholding them printed in bold type. Even those attacked rather liked it, though they pretended otherwise. The invectives were worded in the old-fashioned, stilted style of sarcasm—perhaps a relic of the Rake—very broad, very unmistakable, nothing subtle about it, so that he who ran (or tore them down) could read. But we thought it very good. The Sophomores annually forbade in their proclamation the carrying of canes, wearing of silk hats, smoking of pipes, etc., which Freshmen wouldn't dream of doing anyway, and printed it in vivid green ink very cutting. The Freshmen procs. generally came later and said—I've forgotten what, but very much what last year's Freshmen [illegible]. Nowadays there are no such things as Rakes or procs.—and yet some old grads maintain that college life is degenerating.

So much by way of accounting for the presence of these lads at this romantic spot [illegible] the place was Lovers' Lane—at this absurd hour when they might well have been in bed. For indeed, most of them badly needed sleep, having lost much in this same cause on previous nights, in vain. But these were of a virulent type of Sophomore, not above violent hazing, it must be confessed, and as they lay there they planned terrific retribution for any Freshman who might fall into their hands this night. He would have to pay up for the night's rest he had cost them. That the Freshmen would finally make their attempt before another dawn, these determined Sophomores did not doubt. There had been many signs, none of which need be mentioned except that two members of the crowd, who had Freshmen brothers, reported the latter absent from their rooms all that day and evening.

But even planning persecution becomes monotonous and so they talked of other things, and that was how the following ghost story happened to be told.

"Did you fellows know that this corner was haunted?" one of the crowd remarked.

"All right, we'll be scared," said one of them. "Go on with your yarn."

"I haven't any faked-up ghost story," the other returned, "in fact, I don't believe in the ghost part of this thing myself, but the story part is true, all right. This very spot here at this corner, is, I suppose, as much haunted as any haunted place is."

"I never heard of Lovers' Lane being haunted," observed one of the fellows.

"Sounds reasonable, though," said another; "go on with it."

"Well," said the one appealed to, "you never heard of this spot being haunted because no one alive here to-day ever came out here at the right hour and at the proper time of the year to see, and the reason they never came out here to see was that this happened in my family and was never told out of my family before, at least not to my knowledge—and I suppose some of my people would think it sacrilegious of me—some of the older generation, anyway—to tell it even now. But it happened so long ago. The Kid and I always intended to come out here, but I've been so busy every night looking for his class procs and he looking for our procs that we never got around to it."

"Oh, shut up and go on!" said one of the others.

"Well, my great-great-grandfather was here in the last century, you know, a little before the Revolution. His name was David, and he was a devil. His father sent him up from Virginia, first with a private tutor to look after him until he got on to the ropes and was used to running alone (I reckon it didn't take him very long to make up his mind he could do without the tutor), and a negro body-servant—they didn't call 'em valets in those days—and a horse, or maybe two horses, I don't know; we'll say two horses in the next generation probably. He kept the horse, and his servant, too, at a tavern called the Hudibras. It used to stand at the corner of Nassau Street and College Lane. But there's nothing left of College Lane now except the driveway that leads up by Dickinson Hall. He kept his own wines there at the tavern, too; had 'em brought up from their own cellar in Virginia, his father's own importation; said he couldn't get any gentleman's wine, at least none good enough for him, in New York or Philadelphia—not in the market, anyway. Oh, he was the real thing! and he had a lot of accompaniments to his college course which my people to-day clearly consider unessential for an education. And he wasn't the only one either. There was quite a little gang of 'em here at the time, though I'm not sure of their names. My ancestor cut every name out of the diary he kept at the time—for reasons I'll explain pretty soon. But one of them came from New York, I know, because my forbear used to go up there on vacations; found a classmate's sister to play with—even as you and I. She is described at length in his diary, by the way. And another of his pals was from Bordentown, lived in one of those queer old houses overlooking the river, don't you know, right near where the old Bonaparte house stands to-day. Then there was a third—we've all heard of him—Aaron Burr; he was here at the time, too, but he wasn't in the same class, I believe. Perhaps he was simply a town boy, the President's son. But he was one of 'em, and I imagine he could hold his own. Say, he was a boy! and what a winner! I 'spose in his day he has led many a fascinating female up this very same Lovers' Lane. He was a boy!

"Well, that was the make-up of one of the gayest gangs that ever cheered for Princeton—only they didn't cheer in those days, did they? They had lots of manner and were great on clothes. They dressed to beat the band—gayly colored clothes with little furbelows up here—you know what I mean—and a wig and all that, and carried sword-canes. They used them, too, in those days, when they got to scrapping in Whig and Clio Hall—imagine fighting a duel over the outcome of a debate! They used to take it more seriously than we do now in these times of brutal athletics. There's a portrait of my ancestor, as he was as a student, in our dining room at home, by Peale; went all the way to New York in the stage coach to pose for it during the Christmas holidays when he was visiting that New York pal I spoke of."

"We can guess at all that," interrupted one of the listeners. "Go on with the story."

"I was just creating the atmosphere—ahem! Well, he was a very naughty boy, I regret to say; sowed enough wild oats to last several centuries, that's why I'm so good. So when he got up to his ears in debt from gambling, he gambled some more. Dice mostly, wasn't it, in those days?—dice with gin-slings and toddies and all those dopey drinks that give an awful head.

"Now, 'long about Senior year, when he'd been up to New York visiting his classmate, what did he do but get up against it. And she would have none of him. Then, like a fool—if I may say so—he tried a very old-fashioned and also a very modern method of forgetting about it. And so it was no wonder

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that when Commencement was approaching he saw a dip. slipping right out of his hands because he hadn't money enough to pay his debts nor nerve enough to call on the old man for any more. He had to clear his debts or the Faculty wouldn't give him his degree. You may not be aware that there's an old rule to that effect still. You can take that rumor for what it's worth. To Mr. Hyer, who kept the Hudibras, he owed a hundred and fifty pounds alone—or 'mine host' Hyer, I s'pose he called him. At any rate, the innkeeper, having somewhat of a modern Princeton boarding-house instinct, threatened to tell President Witherspoon or to write down home to his father; and here were the final exams coming and Commencement.

Now, in those days Commencement was held in the fall, instead of June, and it was a great stunt, even more than it is to-day comparatively, only it was different, something like fair time in an English county. Not so many relatives of the fellows came because there weren't so many relatives, and because it was such a job to get here, but the people, the country people, gathered from miles around as well as the fashion from Trenton and Elizabethtown, and even some from New York and Philadelphia. There were horse races up and down Nassau Street in front of old North; fakirs had tents, strewn here and there; gypsies told fortunes and played the devil; and—*and*—there were gambling booths. The college had to put a stop to all this later, but it was not in time to be of use to my great great greaty or his wicked associates.' He tried the gypsies and they told him how to win. He bucked up against the red in the gambling booths and they showed him how to lose—after first letting him win enough to get him well hooked, in the usual way. Finally, to cut it short, David and two of his pals lost their collar buttons and their shirt studs and all the silver buttons on their funny long coats—though they had a great many coats and heaps of buttons, running up behind as well as down in front. They were cleaned out entirely. And that night they looked each other in the face like shipwrecked sailors and decided to do something about it. My ancestor knew it would never do for this to get to his father's ears. His father was of the English sort of father, very distant and arrogant, but very loving all the same. And the worst of it was, I should have mentioned his father had intrusted him with some money, a contribution to the Patriotic Sons of Liberty, I think they were called—one of those pre-Revolutionary crowds that he was in. And it had gone, too. In short, they were desperate, and they weren't the sort to do the Prodigal Son act or to take it out in suicide. That night, the night after they lost their coat buttons, one of them said: 'We fellows'—only he said it in long perambulating sentences, of course, with 'demmes' and 'gadzooks' and things—'we fellows are at the end of our rope. We must to do something and do it quick, or our names are mud. What's the matter with holding up a stage-coach some of these fine nights? There are lots of people gathering for Commencement festivities, and they're loaded down with jewelry, many of them.'

Well, at first my ancestor, David, said—at least this is the way he wrote it down in his diary, which was found after his death—'Sir, I would have you know that I am a gentleman,' and all that, with a pinch of snuff and a bow, and the usual stage directions. (Think of all that sort of thing going on up in quiet-looking old North!)

But this fellow had a way with him. He was a great talker—I always fancied it was Aaron Burr, but tradition doesn't tell his name, and you may be sure the diary does not—he was a smooth one anyway—so finally they organized a plot. A very comprehensive, melodramatic plot with masks and horse pistols, and—this is what happened. The next afternoon one of them rode down the pike to the westward—not my ancestor; he had an examination to attend to. But this other fellow arrived at the old tavern there in Trenton, I forget the name of the street, on the corner of the turnpike, about the time the night coach was expected. There was nothing about this that could excite suspicion, because they often rode down to this tavern and they were well known there. It was a stormy day and the coach was several hours late in arriving. When the passengers got out for supper this chap sized them up—just as you and I might look over a crowd of girls on the campus.

Meanwhile the storm got so bad that the coach people decided not to push on to

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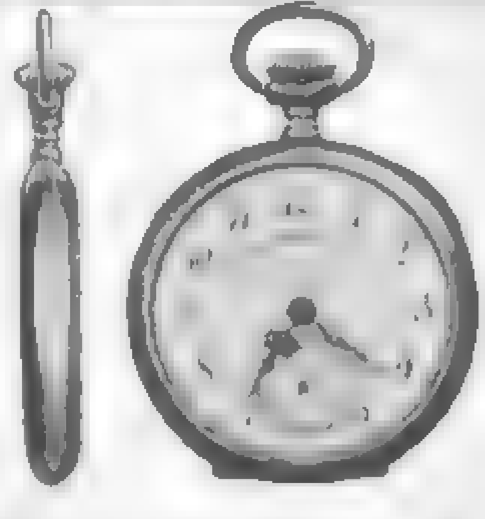

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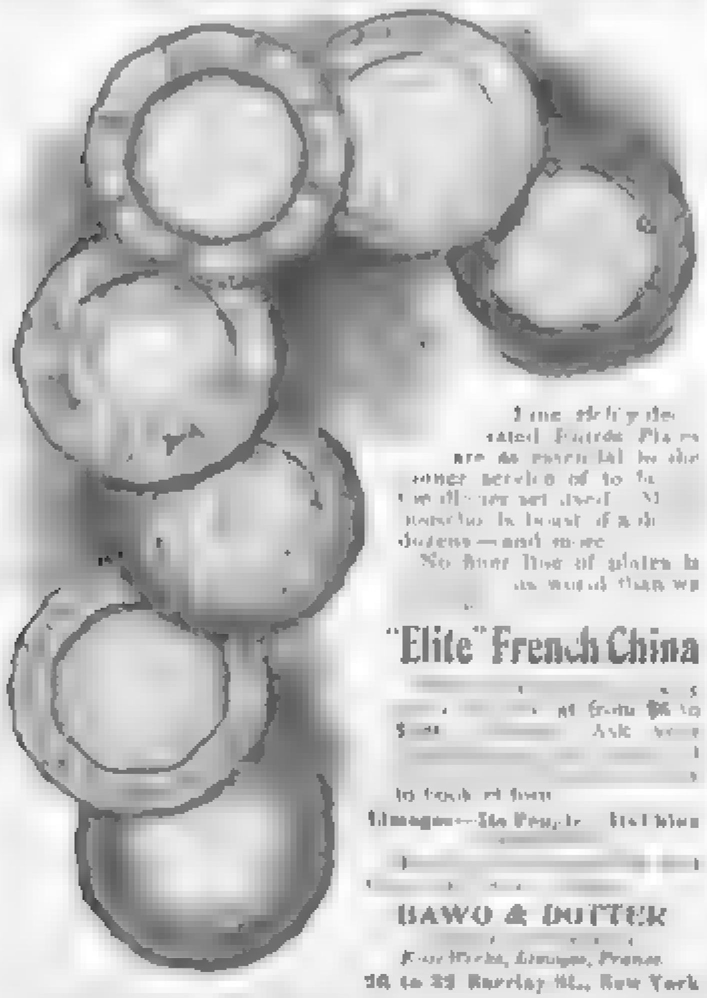

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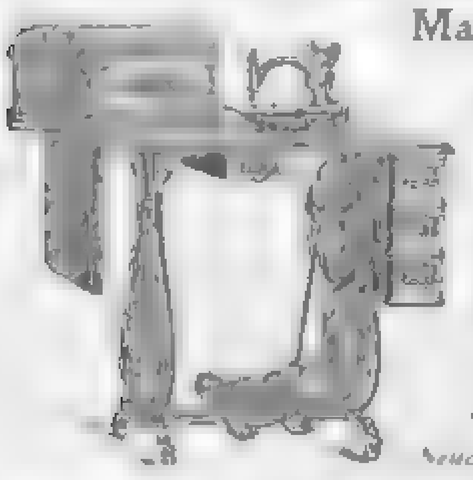

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Princeton until the next day, but there was one passenger, a fat old bloke—a Major or something—who seemed to be in a great hurry, so, as he couldn't get the coach to take him he hired a wagon—an open wagon was the only thing he could get—and swore that he would push on alone with only his servant with him. And then my ancestor's pal came galloping back to Princeton, covered with mud and sweat, to tell the news

"'Just our meat,' says my ancestor, or words to that effect

"'And he has a wallet,' said the other, 'that he watches as closely as a baby.'

"'We'll open it later to-night,' says my ancestor reflectively.

"'And he's coming up the lower road, although it's the muddier, in order to avoid highwaymen.

'We're all likely to make mistakes,' said David, who had a quiet way of saying things, and he took down a brace of dueling pistols

"'I should say,' remarked the other, who was of a practical turn, 'that at this rate he ought to reach town by one o'clock—not earlier'

"'We'll meet at the little run on the lower road,' said my ancestor, taking out his mask, and with that they separated

"Each slipped out and got his horse, and stole away at a different time in order to avert suspicion. At just one o'clock they met in the dark hollow where a small stream crossed the lower road that leads into Princeton from Trenton. It has been called Mercer Street since the Revolution"

"Why, that's this street here," put in one of the listeners

"Yes. I don't know what it was called before General Mercer was killed down there. The little stream back in the hollow is bridged over now. We cross it every time we walk out this way. I always say, 'We'll meet at the little run on the lower road,' when I cross it.

"There weren't any houses near by, you understand, in those days, but they thought it would be better to get a little farther off from the village in case there was any shooting, and besides, they knew enough about these things to know that it is well to do it near a crossways, so as to skin out in different directions. So they moved along up the hill to the first crossing"

"Why, that would be here," interrupted one of the listeners.

"Yes," he went on, "at Lovers' Lane, that's what I said. Two of them stopped in the shadow of some trees over on the other side of the road there, while my ancestor dropped in here on this side where we are just about this identical spot, I s'pose."

"S-st! What's that?" asked one of the listeners

"A twig falling off one of the trees overhead, you ass!" growled another listener. "Lots of them fall at this time of the year Go on, Billy."

"It must have been this very time of the year—maybe this very date, though it was a fierce night, not a quiet one—one of our Jersey storms, you know, that make lots of our awful mud and play the deuce with football practice. So the fat old gentleman was stuck several times—you know how bad the road is down there a little ways—and they waited and waited while the wind blew and the rain swept across and the leaves were carried away, and they shivered with cold and excitement until just a little past two o'clock.

"What's that?" said one of the listeners, starting. "Oh," he added laughing, "it's old North strikin' two o'clock; doesn't it sound queer, though?"

"Billy," said one of the others, "you've got this timed well, anyway."

"Yes, I had it all arranged beforehand," he said smiling, though he too seemed to be somewhat surprised

"Well, don't let it happen again," put in one of the others, and they all laughed at this remark rather boisterously

"To be the real thing," the story-teller went on, "it ought to be storming, I suppose. However, at a few minutes past two they heard a pair of tired horses panting and puffing up the grade that leads to this crossing. You fellows have climbed it on bicycles or running hare and hounds, and you know how long and stiff it is even when the ground is hard; so they came nearer and nearer very slowly. My ancestor could dimly see them now. The old bloke carried no lights. My ancestor cocked his pistols. When the wagon reached a point about even with us here out popped the amateur highwaymen from both sides of the road at once, crying, 'Up with your hands or you're a dead man!' Two of them jumped at the horses' heads, according to the arrangement, as the old Major put whip to them, while my ancestor—I reckon he was the most daring of the lot—rushed in and poked his pistol under the old boy's nose. 'Don't kill me!' squealed the servant, and dropped the reins

'[illegible],' said the old gentleman quite calmly. 'You should never let go the reins when you're driving' And grabbing them up himself he slashed the horses with all his might. But they had climbed that hill there in a foot of mud, and besides, two men were holding their heads

"'Your wallet or your life!' cried my ancestor, leaning over into the wagon. The servant dropped down on his knees to reach for the wallet. David thought it was for a pistol. 'No, you don't,' said he, and let the servant have it in the side of his head, and over he flopped. With the flash of the pistol the old gentleman reached out toward David, crying 'My God!' 'Bang' went my ancestor's other pistol. 'My son!' finished the old man, rolling out upon the roadside at his murderer's feet. You see the wind had lifted my ancestor's mask. Maybe his voice had given him away, too

"Then off skipped the rest of the gang down toward the swamp where the canal now runs and so up around by Potter's woods to the college, leaving my ancestor alone to wait for morning with his dead father and with the wallet. When the dawn came in all gray and oozy, the wallet was marked, [illegible]

The story-teller paused a moment, and they all sat there thinking. It was a theme to appeal to the sons of fathers

"They say," the story-teller added, as he took out his pipe, "that every year on the anniversary—on the anniversary—on the—but it isn't so! it can't be so!" he ended in a low, tremulous whisper

"Good Heavens, fellows!" exclaimed one of the others; "what's that? Look, coming up the road there! No fooling, what *is* it!"

"Do you see it, too?" whispered the story-teller in a genuinely frightened tone. "Don't give fun with me! Do you swear that you see something?"

They were all looking now, and they saw, coming steadily up the grade and as quietly as though the road was covered with soft mud, which it was not, a bulky white figure seated in an open wagon drawn by two white horses which moved their legs but made no noise. It came nearer. It still made no noise. Beside the big white bulky figure was a smaller white one leaning against it. It was so awfully silent! It was now almost opposite to them. "Ooh!" shuddered one of the fellows, rising to his feet, and then the others all got up, too. He started up the lane at a dog trot holding his body low, then the others ran after him, holding themselves in the same way. Fifty yards up the lane he stopped, then the others stopped. They looked around. It had passed by. They looked at the man who had told the story. He was shaking; he had nothing to say. The others said nothing. He mopped his brow, then several of the others mopped their brows. Then some one said, "Oh come on, fellows," and started back toward the corner again, and the others followed after

"How do you account for it?" this calmer man asked the one who had told the story

"I am cold," was the reply. "Let's get away from here." There was no doubt about his terror.

"What would the others say?" was the rejoinder

Then they remembered what they were there for and waited and waited for Freshmen until dawn, when, "Hi there! you fellows!" they heard some of their own classmates cry; "the town is full of Freshmen procs. and we can't possibly get them all down by chapel time. One of the college watchmen says they got into town by some road or other in a rubber-tired buggy with the horses' feet padded."

"Well," was the uneasy reply, "we didn't see any procs. go by us."

But they had seen them, dozens of them, turned white side out, fastened on the horses and on the wagon—and a whole bulky bundle of them on the front seat, beside the Freshman who drove.

A week later, it may be added, they saw another proc., a small p. s. proclamation, which was devoted entirely to one episode of one gang of Sophomores.

"Well," remarked one of this same gang; "it is pleasant to send him on errands and to make him buy matches for the room, but there are disadvantages in having a Freshman brother, all the same."

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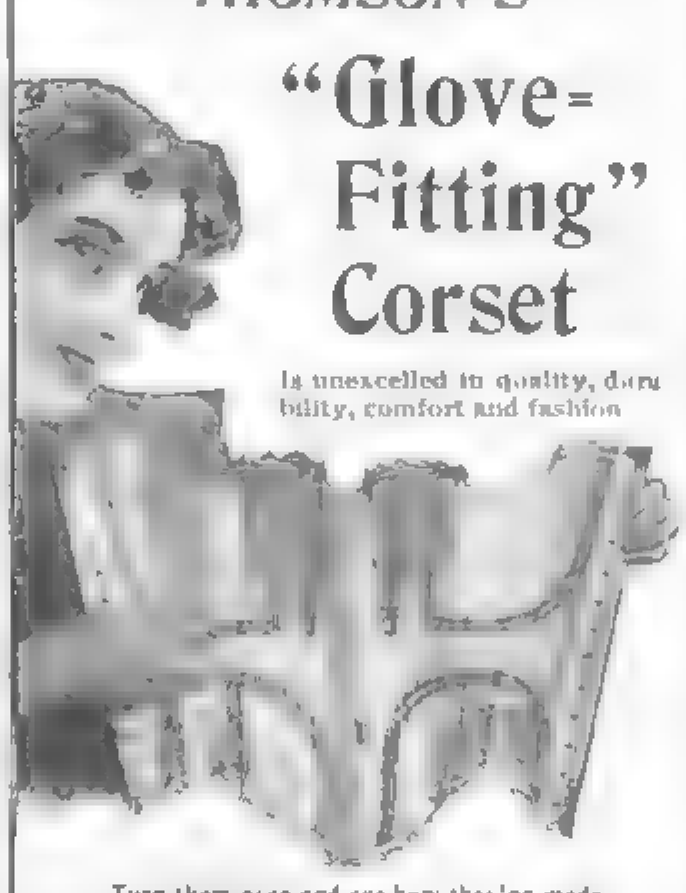

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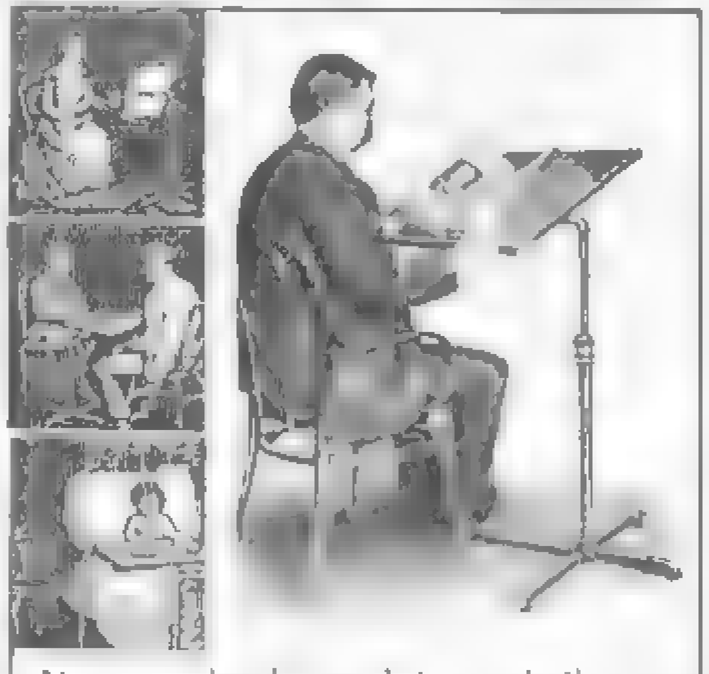

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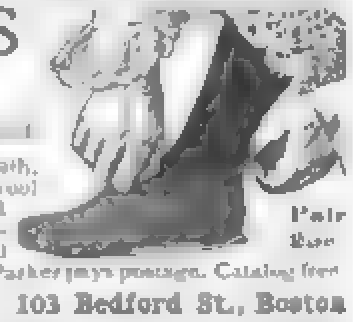

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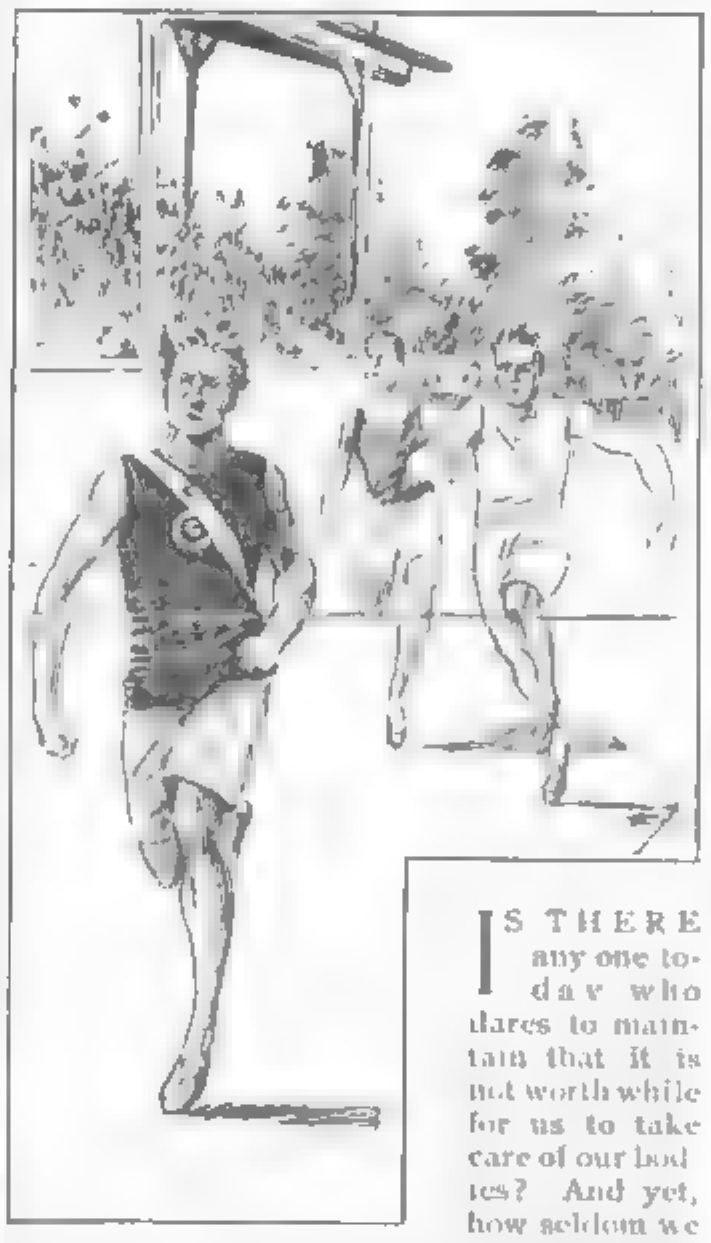
Fallacies About Training



By Eustace H. Miles, M. A.

Formerly Lecturer and Honours Coach at Cambridge University, England.

IS THERE any one to-day who dares to maintain that it is not worth while for us to take care of our bodies? And yet, how seldom we see suggestions made as to this all-important topic, with its many problems, in the serious papers of to-day which are dealing with *all* aspects of life. Reckon up the number of people who either have been, or are, or will be, or ought to be, in a condition of good training, fit and well, *i. e.*, physically—and mentally and morally [illegible] interest of the [illegible] its problems comes at once into prominence.

Much of the present practice in training is quite correct, and I should be sorry to see it altered: for instance, it is quite correct to repeat certain exercises over and over again; it is quite correct to realize that the ordinary foods, such as business men take, are not the best for training, and that some foods have to be cut off, either absolutely or partially. Alcohol and tobacco are usually discarded. Late hours are also forbidden. Again, the present method of training realizes how fatal to the health it is to suffer from constipation and other evils, it recognizes the value of purity of thought and of general self control; it insists on the individual sacrificing himself for the sake of a group. Last, but not least, the present system believes that games are well worth doing, and that anything well worth doing is worth doing well. There is, therefore, very much to be commended in training as it is at present. But this is not the question. The question is whether training is as satisfactory as it might be—whether it is the best possible.

I shall fix the attention here on the mistakes, or rather on the features which seem to me to be [illegible] and, in treating of these, I shall [illegible] a good many commonplaces. Men in training very often "run it too fine," as the expression is; they get stale, and very often they overeat themselves; but these faults are recognized by those who supervise modern training. The following faults do not apply to all systems. I merely mention them, leaving the cap to fit where it may.

Disadvantages of Methods Now in Vogue

The one special disadvantage of the present method—a disadvantage which has long been the problem and dilemma of all heads of schools and universities—is that men in training do very little steady and sustained brain-work. Not only is this the case during the training, but it continues also immediately after the training. The men are in an unsettled, restless condition. At Cambridge, in England, I had a great many of my pupils in training for various forms of sport, and this restlessness, not unlike that of a tiger in his cage, was one of the most marked features of this type of man. The point is all the more important since the period of training usually lasts for many weeks. I consider it to be the most serious objection to the present system; for surely during these weeks the brain work is of at least as much importance as the athletics. Later, I shall try to suggest a help toward the reconciling of hard brain-work with hard physical training. I shall not suggest it as a universal remedy, but as the remedy which I have found most useful in my own case.

The next fault about training is that, as a rule, only athletes train. Who ever heard of a business man "training" for his business? No: the word "training" seems to be applied only to those who are taking exercise with their bodies, or rather to those who are taking exercise with their bodies in view of some special competition. Surely this is narrowing the idea of training, and degrading that idea. Business men, and those who lead a sedentary life, ought to train every bit as much as athletes, and probably rather more so. I shall try to suggest a few remedies which shall take into account the business man without making too large a demand upon his time or energy.

Rest Needed as Well as Exercise

And I shall try to suggest a remedy for the third mistake in training, suggesting it—for I cannot repeat it too often—not as a sure and universal remedy, but as one which I have found useful in my own case and with *some* of my pupils. I mean that men in training find that they must exercise regularly day by day, except perhaps for one day a week. The exercise is not only regular but also very severe. It goes on for long stretches of time. It wastes (or at least uses) many hours in every week. It sometimes results in a strain to the heart—a strain which is not remedied in after life. And altogether the effect is not nearly what it should be, considering its noble aspects.

This almost continuous strain is a great evil, especially for the young, since science tells us that they should have plenty of short spells of exercise. Their hearts and their arteries point in this direction. If they have, for instance, short runs at tremendous speed four or five times a day, they are less likely to be injured than if they have one very long run once every day.

In contrast with this need for regular exercise, which seems to me to argue a mistake in the present methods, I may say that in my own case I find no need at all to have daily exercise. It will surprise those who are used to dealing with men in training that, after a week of sedentary work, I can get up and play a match without feeling any fatigue.

Another still more serious evil in the modern training system is the constant tension of the nerves and muscles. At Cambridge I used to watch my athletic pupils, and none of them seemed to have acquired the power of repose. They were always on the stretch. When the time came near, for instance, for the University boat race or the football match, the tension reached an extreme, and the men seemed quite unable to be at their ease. It is strange that, while the trainers perpetually teach their men to exercise, and try to teach them how to exercise, they never teach them to rest. The whole of Nature seems to work on the principle of alternations; first work, then rest. We see it in day and night; in breathing out and breathing in. I need not give other instances, many of which can be found in one of Emerson's Essays. What I wish to insist on here is that, while we teach men to exert themselves, and to strive, and to tie themselves up into knots, we seldom or never teach them to relax themselves, to be at rest, and to undo their nerves and muscles. Two of the most popular and sensible of modern writers, namely, Professor James, of Harvard University, and Annie Payson Call, have drawn the attention of their readers to the need of relaxation. It is Americans especially who need to relax, to smooth themselves out, and, for example, to let their arms and hands hang limp and heavy. If the business man were to give up only three minutes each day to standing with his knees bent, and with his arms and hands hanging down quite loose and limp, and with a contented smile on his face, and with his mind as empty as possible, the difference in his state of feeling during the day would be almost beyond belief. If athletes were to practice a few such positions—for we cannot exactly call them exercises—if not for the whole body, at any rate for the muscles which they are not using, and then, later, for the muscles which they are using, in their athletics, they would reap the harvest, not only

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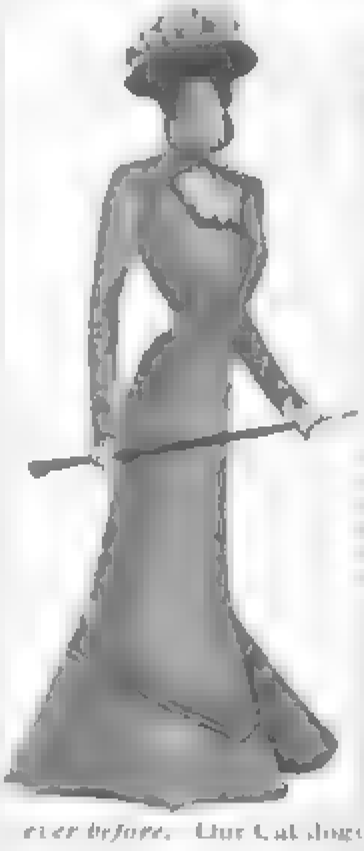

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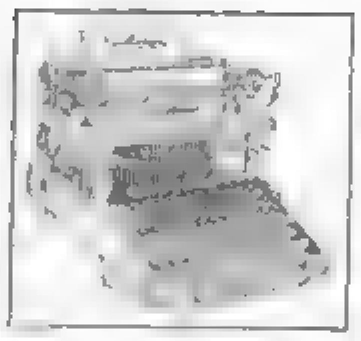

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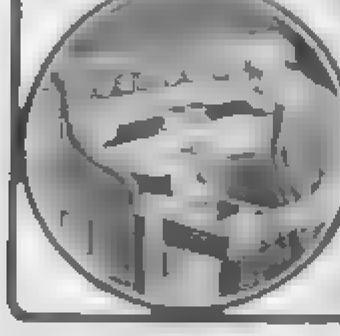

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at the time but also afterward. When worry should come, whether from anxiety about a competition or from some disappointment, then, by merely getting themselves into this relaxed position, their minds would become quite at rest and peaceful.

Probably very few will believe me until they have actually tried, and they must begin to practice under easy conditions—that is, before they feel tired or worried.

Why is it that those who have been athletes so often become very fat and out of condition, after their university life—in fact, are frequently in much worse condition than those who have never been athletes at all? Surely this points to something wrong in the method of training. If the training is really and truly good for the body, it must be good for the body not only for six weeks but for years. As it is, the physical effect of training very seldom lasts, in anything like its full effect, when once the competition is over; and there is something about it either so unpleasant or so difficult that the number of men who continue to train after the competition is almost infinitesimally small. There seems to be, in the training, something which the man cannot or does not carry on and continue in his daily life when he is separated from those who are training with him.

The Evils of Violence in Training

And, indeed, one cannot fail to observe the very violent beginning of training and the equally violent ending. I remember at Cambridge how the men used to hate giving up their beer and tobacco and other luxuries, and with what relish they used to come back to these luxuries afterward, and how they nearly all agreed that nothing but an object like the competition would make them give up these luxuries. There was practically no training for its own sake, or rather for the sake of the general health.

In America more than in England I notice the tremendous importance which attaches to a single event. It may be the match between two schools, or between two Universities. To that one event are sacrificed both the before and the after. Before that event, nothing matters very much, except in so far as it leads to that event. After that event, let training go to the dogs; the men are going to enjoy themselves. They do not train for the whole future; they train for an immediate present; and oh! the misery if all this violent training does not bring success: success, by the way, meaning not so much improvement in play and in health and in moral tone as mere victory, irrespective of the relative strength of the two teams. The despondency of the losing side in America is a thing almost without parallel in England.

The training also omits very many items which might be of far greater help than the actual games and sports: it is these actual games and sports which the boys or men [illegible] by practice. For example, the air and light bath, in which people strip themselves and spend a certain portion of each day exercising naked in the open air, is one of the most valuable means toward health; and yet I know of no training system, at any large school or university, which insists on this simple means.

During the air bath, of which many Germans have recognized the value, many very valuable exercises might be practiced. Of these I shall call attention to some of the classes of exercise which are often considered essential to training. A great friend of mine at Cambridge told me with pride that his chest had grown several inches in a very short time. I found that it had grown, but that the growth was not in the power of expanding but in the actual size. The man's chest had less than its former power of expansion. The fact was that he had been training his muscles. His idea had been to get a huge chest, huge shoulders and huge arms. All his exercises had been exercises of strain and endurance, as distinct from speed and promptitude. It had been muscle, muscle, muscle. Probably the exercises had done him good—for example, the weight lifting; but it struck me that the strain upon the heart in one so young as he was (for he had begun this system when he was quite small) might prove serious in after life. And this growth of the muscles is by no means always an advantage; it seems to me to stand in the way of activity and promptitude. I know of very few men who have large muscles and who are at the same time active and prompt. Sandow is one of the exceptions, and there are several other exceptions, especially among the American teachers of physical culture; but as a rule the rowing man with his huge muscle area is a very, very slow person when it comes, let us say, to a game of racquets.

I should recommend, not that these strength exercises be altogether given up, but that they should not be the chief or the only exercises; that others should be introduced which might be called either supplementary or foundation exercises.

Developing the Unused Muscles

The supplementary exercises are easy to describe. Thus the rowing man should be trained not only in special exercises for rowing, but also in exercises which would make him move about quickly on his feet. The boxing man would need very few supplementary exercises, for nearly the whole of his body is used. The hand fives player would need very few either, for he uses nearly the whole of his body. The players of games with a racquet need a certain amount of left hand exercises, and a few more exercises of strength. The pr[illegible] exercise those parts which your particular forms of athletics do not exercise.

The foundation exercises—at any rate as a universal method of training for all forms of athletics—will be a novelty to most if not to all readers; but in practicing the few games which I still play I have found them invaluable.

It is usual to practice the whole of a process—for instance, the whole of a stroke at some game—as if it were a complete whole. Nay, it is often the custom to practice the whole game, as if that were most likely to lead to improvement in the games. And of course there is some truth in this idea.

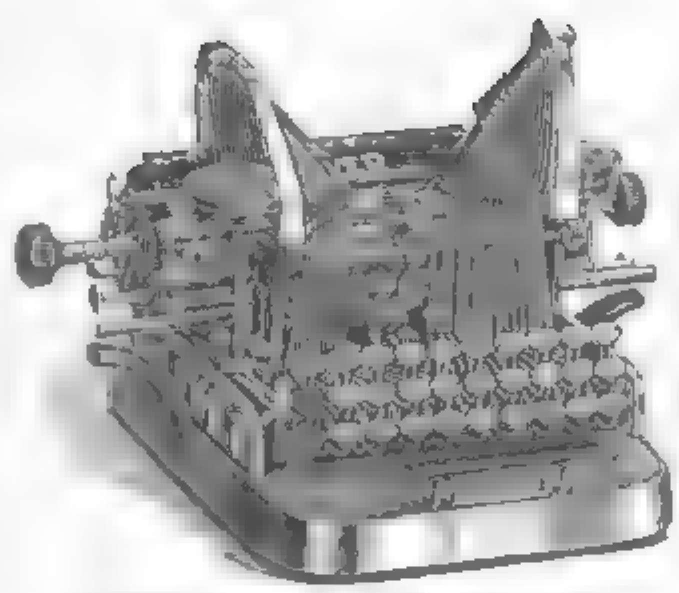
But this view of practice seems very narrow. It seems far better for most people to practice for short spells, at intervals, as we said before; and not only this, but to practice the whole process—for instance, the whole stroke, not all at once but *part by part*. A stroke, it is true, is not a mosaic of a number of parts, as it were, tied to one another and having no connection with one another; but still a stroke does consist of parts, and we can find out what these parts are. Thus a lawn tennis stroke might be roughly divided as follows: the position of the feet, the positions of the legs, of the trunk, shoulders, arms, wrist and fingers; then the movements of most of these parts. The ordinary stroke to be perfect, must combine all these parts perfectly, and must have all these parts perfect also. The perfect stroke is a perfect combination of perfect parts.

The ordinary person, as distinct from the genius, cannot possibly acquire all these parts if he is to practice them all together. His attention is distracted. Even if you can tell him just which part of the process—for instance, the position of the feet—he is doing wrongly, even then he can scarcely correct that part [illegible] to other parts with it at the same time. He must at first do each part absolutely by itself, even if he sees what its relation is to the various other parts. The Romans won their empire by attacking their enemies one by one. Besides this, they did not attack a new enemy until they had conquered the old enemy. They went further still and, like the English in conquering India, used their late enemies as weapons against their new enemies, and this is what we should do in learning and practicing games and athletics. It is of little use to try to conquer the whole empire at once. First conquer a part and make it your own. Then proceed to a second part and conquer that; and, if you can, let the parts which you have already conquered help you to conquer fresh parts.

I have never known any one find this system fail. Numbers of people to whom I have told it had reached that point—who does not know it?—at which they ceased to improve. If they took my advice, and began at the beginning again, and laid their foundations correctly and firmly, part by part, then they found that they improved steadily and yet quickly.

This system has many advantages. For example, there is no reason why men should not practice these foundation exercises for a few minutes together at intervals between times of work. It may be mentioned that some of them, such as the twisting of the body round upon the hips, is very healthy for various organs, such as the bowels. Little spells of exercise between the hours of work should be insisted on by all school authorities.

Editor's Note—A paper by Mr. Miles, on the subject of Diet in Connection with Training, will appear in an early number.



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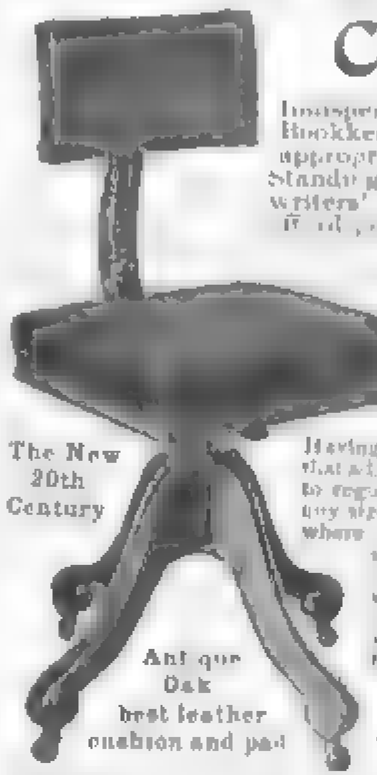

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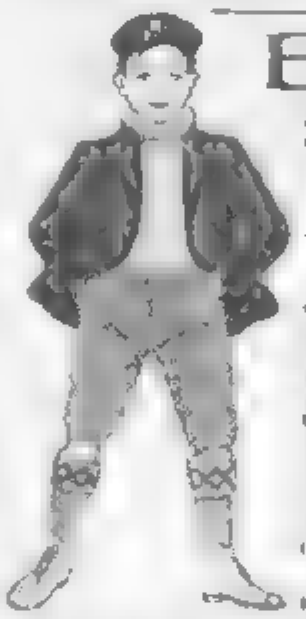

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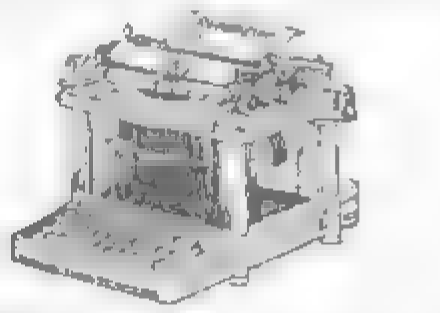

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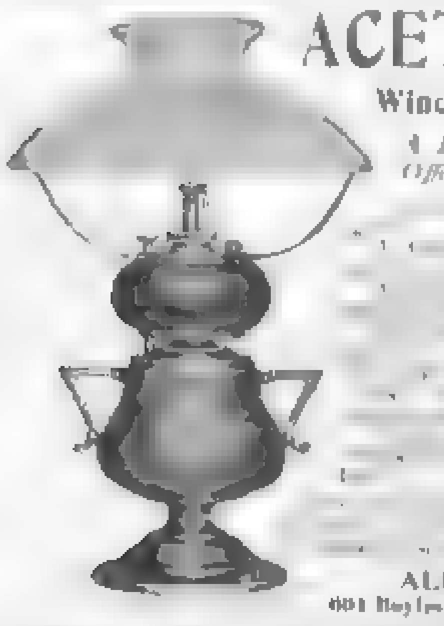

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

RECENT estimates are to the effect that asphalt is being dug out of the famous tar lake of Trinidad — the most notable existing source of the material in the world — at the rate of eighty thousand tons per annum. There are still four and a half million tons in sight, but at this rate the deposits could not last long, were it not that the lake of bitumen referred to is receiving a constant accretion from the bowels of the earth. This accretion is reckoned as amounting to about twenty thousand tons yearly, and would suffice to restore the lake to its original condition if it were allowed to remain undisturbed for a few years.

This wonderful lake of pitch has an area of one hundred and fourteen acres, and recent soundings made in the centre of it have shown its depth to be one hundred and thirty-five feet in that part. Near the centre it is semi-liquid and bubbling, but elsewhere it has so hard a surface that a man on horseback can ride over it without danger of breaking through the crust. Scattered over its surface are a number of small islands which have no proper roots in the earth, so to speak, but are composed merely of accumulations of soil, though trees of considerable size grow on some of them. These islands are not stationary, but are carried slowly from place to place by the movements of the lake. Now and then one of them is entirely engulfed.

Various theories have been entertained as to the manner in which this remarkable deposit was formed and is re-supplied. Geologists to-day, however, are satisfied that it is the result of certain chemical processes operating upon immense accumulations of vegetable matter stored away deep in the earth during a past epoch. Evidently the processes in question, whatever the nature of them may be, are still going on in the depths, and hence the steady accretion already spoken of.

The whole lake is nearly pure asphalt. When a cargo of it is wanted, workmen go out on the black surface and dig as much as they require with picks or shovels, according to the degree of hardness of the material. The stuff has a low melting point, and on a very hot day it literally boils.

No such beautiful and pure asphalt is found anywhere else in the world as that which comes from the pitch lake of Trinidad. Not a pebble is to be seen in it. The rough-looking asphalt, which is full of pebbles, has such impurities because it is dug out of the earth. It is known as "land asphalt."

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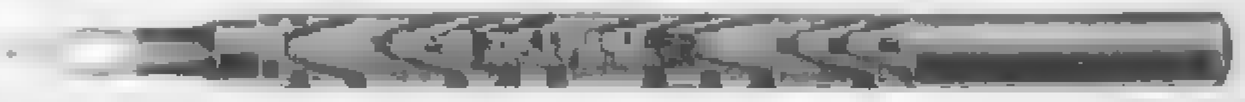

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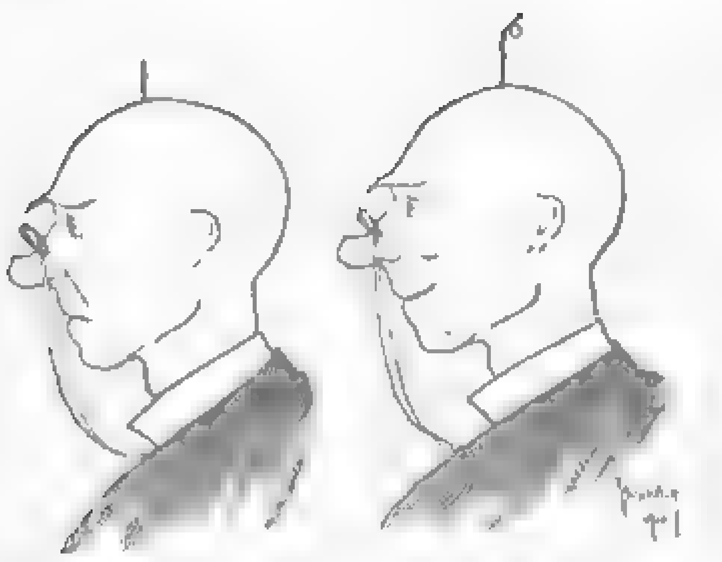

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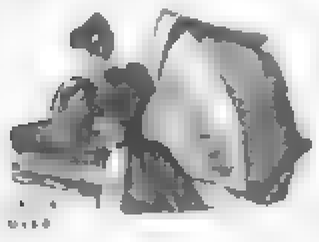

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The Lane that Had No Turning

By Gilbert Parker

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NINTH CHAPTER—THE BITER BITTEN

MADELINETTE was faint, and, sitting down, she drank the wine feebly, then [illegible] her [illegible] against the back [illegible] her face turned from [illegible]

"Forgive me, if you can," he said. "You have this to comfort you, that if friendship is a boon in this world you have an honest friend in George Fournel."

She made a gesture of assent with her hand, but she did not speak. Tears were stealing quietly down her cold face. For a moment so, in silence, and then she rose to her feet, and pulled down over her face the veil she wore. She was about to hold out her hand to him to say good by when there was a noise without, a knocking at the door, then it was flung open, and Tardif, intoxicated, entered, followed by two constables, and Fournel's servant vainly protesting.

"Here she is!" Tardif said to the officers of the law, pointing to Madelinette. "It was her set the servant on to shoot me. I had the will she stole from him!" he added, pointing to Fournel.

Distressed as Madelinette was she was composed and ready.

"The man was dismissed my employ——" she began, but Fournel interposed.

"What is this I hear about shooting and a will?" he said sternly.

"What will?" cried Tardif. "The will I brought you from Pontiac, and Madame there, followed, and her servant shot me. The will I brought you, Monsieur. The will leaving the Manor of Pontiac to you!"

Fournel turned as though with sudden anger to the official. "You come here—you enter my house to interfere with a guest of mine on the charge of a drunk[illegible] like this! What is this talk of wills? The vaporings of his foul brain. The Seigneury of Pontiac belongs to Monsieur Racine, and but three days since Madame here dismissed this fellow for pilfering and other misdemeanors. As for shooting—the man is a liar and——"

"Ah, do you deny that I came to you——" [illegible]

"Constables," said Fournel, "I give this fellow in charge. Take him to jail, and I will appear at court against him when called upon. Off with him!"

Tardif's rage choked him. He tried to speak once or twice, then began to shriek an imprecation at Fournel, but the constables clapped hands on his mouth, and dragged him out of the room and out of the house.

Fournel saw him safely out, then returned to Madelinette. "Do not fear for the fellow. A little jail will do him good. I will see to it that he gives no trouble, Madame," he said. "You may trust me."

"I do trust you, Monsieur," Madelinette answered quietly. "I pray that you may be right, and that——"

"It will all come out right, Madame," he firmly insisted.

"Will you ask for Madame Marie?" she said; then with a smile, "we shall go happier than we came."

As she and Madame Marie passed from the house, Fournel shook Madelinette's hand warmly and said: "'All's well that ends well.'"

"'That ends well!'" answered Madelinette with a questioning kind of sadness in her voice.

"We will make it so," he rejoined, and then they parted.

TENTH CHAPTER

THE DOOR THAT WOULD NOT OPEN

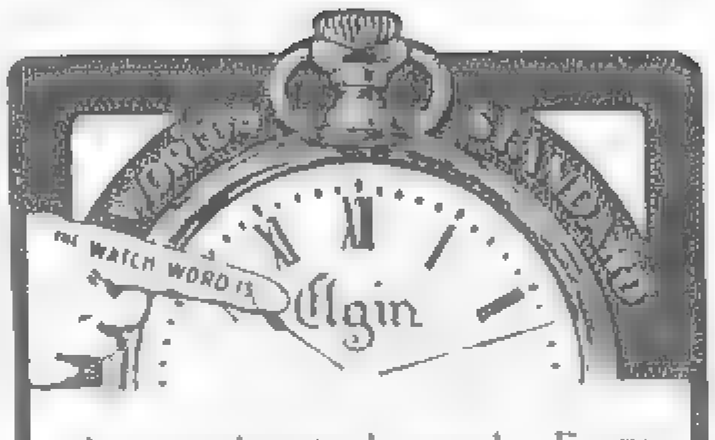
THE old Manor House of Pontiac was alive with light and merriment. It was the early autumn; not cool enough for the doors and windows to be shut, but cool enough to make dancing a pleasure, and to give spirit to the gayety that filled the old house. The occasion was a notable one for Pontiac. An address of congratulation and appreciation and a splendid gift of silver had been brought to the Manor from the capital by certain high officials of the Government and the army, representing the people of the province. At first Madelinette had shrunk from the honor to be done her, and had so written to certain quarters whence the movement had proceeded; but a letter had come to her which had changed her mind. This letter was signed George Fournel. He had a right to ask a favor of her, and a favor that was to do her honor seemed the least that she might grant. He had suffered much at Louis' hands; he had forborne much; and by an act of noble forgiveness and generosity had left Louis undisturbed in an honor which was not his and the enjoyment of an estate to which he had no claim. He had given much, suffered much, and had had nothing in return save her measureless and voiceless gratitude. Friendship she could give him; but it was a silent friendship, an incompanionable friendship, founded upon a secret and chivalrous act. He was in Quebec and she in Pontiac; and since that day when he had burnt the will before her eyes she had not seen him. She had heard from him but twice; once to tell her that she need have no fear of Louis; and again, when he urged her to accept the testimonial and the gift to be offered by her grateful fellow-citizens in token of their admiration.

The deputation, distinguished and important, had been received by the people of Pontiac with the flaunting of flags, playing of bands and every demonstration of delight. The honor done to Madelinette was an honor done to Pontiac; and Pontiac had never felt itself so important. It realized that this kind of demonstration was less expensive and less dangerous than sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion. The vanity of the habitants could be better exercised in applauding Madelinette, and in show of welcome to the great men of the land, than in [illegible] a dangerous patriotism under the [illegible] of Louis Racine. Temptations to [illegible] had been few since the day George Fournel, wounded and morose, left the Manor House secretly one night, and carried back to Quebec his resentment and his injuries. Treasonable gossip filtered no longer from doorway to doorway; rifles were not now to be had for a song; no more [illegible] drills and weekly meetings gave a spice of great expectations to village life. The Seigneur, silent and pale and stooped, lived a life apart. If he walked through the town it was with bitter, abstracted [illegible] that took little heed of his townsfellows' presence. If he drove, his horses traveled like the wind. At mass he looked at no one, saw no one, and, as it would seem, heard no one.

But Madelinette—she was the Madelinette of old: simple, gracious, kind, with a smile here and a kind word there, a little child to be caressed or an old woman to be comforted; the sick to be fed and doctored; the poor to be helped; the idle to be rebuked with a persuasive smile; the angry to be coaxed by a humorous word; the evil to be reproved by a fearless friendliness; the spiteful to be hushed by a still commanding presence. She never seemed to remember that she was the daughter of old Joe Lajeunesse, the blacksmith; yet she never seemed to forget it. She was the wife of the Seigneur, and she was the daughter of the smithyman, too. She sat in the smithyman's doorway with her hand in his; and she sat at the Manor table, with its silver glitter and its antique garnishings, with as real an unconsciousness.

Her influence seemed to pierce far and wide. The Curé and the Avocat adored her and the proudest, happiest moments of their lives were when they sat at the Manor table, or in the sombre drawing room watched her give it light and grace and charm, and fill their hearts with the piercing delight of her song. So her life had gone on; to the outward world serene and happy, full of simplicity, charity and good works. What it was in reality no one could know, not even herself. Since the day when Louis had tried to kill George Fournel life had been a different thing for them both. On her part she had been deeply hurt, wounded beyond repair. He had failed her from every vital standpoint; he had not fulfilled one hope she had ever had of him. But she laid the blame not at his door; she rather shrank with inner bitterness from the cynical cruelty of Nature, which, in deforming the body, with a merciless cruelty had deformed a noble mind. These things were between her and her inmost soul.

To Louis she was ever the same: affectionate, gentle and unselfish; but her stronger soul ruled him without his knowledge; commanded his perturbed spirit into the abstracted quiet and bitter silence wherein he lived, and which she sought to cheer by a thousand happy devices. She did not let him think that she was giving up anything for him; no word or act of hers could have



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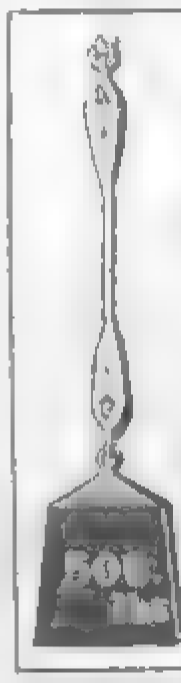

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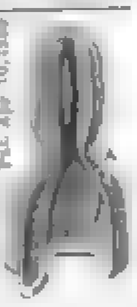

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suggested to him the sacrifices she had made. He knew them, still he did not know them in their fullness. He was grateful, but his gratitude did not compass the splendid self-effacing devotion with which she denied herself the glorious career that had lain before her. Morbid and self centred, he could not understand. Since her return from Quebec she had sought to give a little touch of gayety to their life; and she had not the heart to interfere with his constant insistence on the little dignities of the position of Seigneur, ironical as they all were in her eyes. She had sacrificed everything; and since another man had sacrificed himself to give her husband the honors and estate he possessed, the game should be delicately played to the unseen end.

So it had gone on until the coming of the deputation with the testimonial and the gift. She had proposed the gayeties of the occasion to Louis with so simple a cheerfulness that he had no idea of the torture it meant to her; no realization of how she would be brought face to face with the life that she had given up for his sake. But neither he nor she were aware of one thing: that the beautiful embossed address contained an appeal to her to return to the world of song which she had renounced; to go forth once more and contribute to the happiness of humanity.

When, therefore, in the drawing-room of the Manor the address was read to her, and this appeal rang upon her ears, she felt herself turn dizzy and faint; her whole life seemed to reel backward to all she had lost; and the tyranny of the present bore down upon her with a cruel weight. It needed all her courage and all her innate strength to rule herself to composure. For an instant the people in the room were a confused mass, floating away into a blind distance. She heard, however, the quick breathing of the Seigneur beside her, and it called her back to an active and necessary confidence.

With a smile she received the address, and, turning, handed it to Louis, smiling at him, too, with a winning duplicity, for which she might never have to ask forgiveness in this world or the next. Then she turned and spoke. Eloquently, simply, she gave out her thanks for the gift of silver and the greater gift of kind words; and said that in her quiet life apart from that active world of the stage where sorrow and sordid experience went hand in hand with song, where the delights of home were sacrificed to the applause of the world, she would cherish their gift as a reward that she might have earned had she chosen the public instead of the private way of life. They had told her of the paths of glory, but she was walking the homeward way.

Thus deftly and without strain, and with an air of happiness even, did she set aside the words and the appeal which had created a storm in her soul. A few moments afterward, as the old house rang to the laughter of old and young, with dancing well begun, no one would have thought that the Manor of Pontiac was not the home of peace and joy. Even Louis himself, who had had his moments of torture and suspicion when the appeal was read, was now in a kind of happy reaction. He moved about among the guests with less abstraction and more cheerfulness than he had shown in months. He carried in his hand the address which Madelinette had handed him. Again and again he showed it to eager guests.

Suddenly, as he was about to fold it up for the last time and carry it to the library, he saw the name of George Fournel among the signatures. Stunned, dumfounded, he left the room. George Fournel, whom he had tried to kill, had signed this address of congratulation to his wife! Was it Fournel's intention thus to show that he had forgiven and forgotten? It was not like the man to either forgive or forget. What did it mean? He left the house, buried in morbid speculation, and involuntarily made his way to a little hut of two rooms which he had built in the Seigneury grounds. Here it was he read and wrote, here he had spent moody hours alone, day after day, for months past. Arrived at the hut, he entered and shut the door, lighted candles, and spread the embossed parchment out before him upon the table. As he stood looking at the signature, muttering to himself, he heard the door open behind him. He turned quickly: Tardif stood before him.

The face of Tardif had an evil, hunted look. Before the astonished and suspicious Seigneur had chance to challenge him, he said in a low, insolent tone:

"Good evening, M'sieu'! Fine doings at the Manor—eh?"

"What are you doing at the Manor, and what are you doing here?" asked the Seigneur, scanning the face of the man closely, for there was a look in it he didn't understand.

"I have as much right to be here as you, M'sieu'."

"You have no right at all to be here. You were dismissed your place by the mistress of this Manor."

"There is no mistress of this Manor."

"Madame Racine dismissed you—"

"And I dismissed Madame Racine," answered the man with a sneer.

"You are training for the horsewhip. You forget that I have power to give you summary punishment."

"You haven't *power* to do anything at all, M'sieu'!"

The Seigneur started. He thought the remark had reference to his physical disability. His fingers itched to take the creature by the throat and choke the tongue from his mouth. Before he could speak the man continued with a half drunken grin:—

"You with your tributes, and your courts, and your bodyguards! Bah! You'd have a gibbet if you could, wouldn't you? You with your rebellion and your tin pot honors! A puling baby could conspire as well as you. And all the world laughing at you—*v'là!*"

"Get out of this room and take your feet from my Manor, Tardif," said the Seigneur with a deadly quietness, "or it will be the worse for you."

"Your Manor—*pish!*" The man laughed a hateful laugh. "Your Manor! You haven't any Manor. You haven't anything but what you carry on your back!"

A flush passed swiftly over the Seigneur's face, then left it cold and white, and the eyes shone fiery in his head. He felt some shameful meaning in the man's words beyond this gross reference to his deformity.

"I am Seigneur of this Manor, and you have taken wages from me, and eaten my bread, slept under my roof, too."

"I've no more eaten your bread nor slept under your roof than you have. Pish! You have been living on another man's fortune."

The Seigneur did not understand yet. But there was a strange light of suspicion in his eyes, a nervous rage knotting his forehead.

"My land and my earnings are my own, and I have never lived on another man's fortune. If you mean that the late Seigneur made a will—that canard!——"

"It was no canard." Tardif laughed hatefully. "There was a will right enough!"

"Where is it? I've heard that fool's gossip before!"

"Where is it? Ask your wife. She knows. Ask your loving Tardif—he knows!"

"Where is the will, Tardif?" asked the Seigneur in a voice that, in his own ears, seemed to come from an infinite distance; to Tardif's ears it was merely tuneless and harsh.

"In M'sieu' Fournel's pocket—or Madame's! What's the difference! The price is the same; and you keep your eyes shut and play the Seigneur and eat and drink what they give you just the same!"

Now the Seigneur understood. His eyes went blind for a moment, and his hands twisted convulsively on the embossed address he had been rolling and unrolling. A terror, a shame, a dreadful cruelty entered into him, but he was still and numb, and his tongue was thick.

He spoke heavily.

"Tell me all!" he said. "You shall be well paid!"

"I don't want your money. I want to see you squirm. I want to see her put where she deserves. Bah! Do you think Fournel forgave you for putting your feet in his shoes, and for that case at law, for nothing! Why should he? He hated you, and you hated him. His name's on that paper in your hand among all the rest. Do you think he eats humble pie and crawls to Madame and lets you stay here—for nothing?"

The Seigneur was painfully quiet and intent, yet his brain was like some great lens refracting and magnifying things to monstrous proportions.

"A will was found?" he asked.

"By Madame, in the library. She left it where she found it—behind the picture over the Louis Seize table. I found it, too, on the day you dismissed me. I found it, and started away with it to M'sieu' Fournel. She followed. You remember when she went—eh? On business—and such business! she and Havel and Marie. You remember, eh, Louis?" he added with unnameable insolence. The Seigneur inclined his head. "*V'là!* they followed me, overtook me, and Havel shot me in the wrist—see there!" He held out his wrist. The Seigneur nodded. "But I got to Fournel's first. I put the will into his hands. I told him Madame

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Madelinette was following. Then I went to bring the constables to his house to put her under arrest.

He laughed a brutal laugh, which deepened the strange glittering look in Louis' eyes.

"When I came an hour later she was there. But—now you shall see what stuff they are both made of! He laughed at me. Said I had lied; that there was no will; that I was a thief. And had me locked up in jail. For a month I was in jail without trial. Then one day I was let out—without trial. His servant met me and brought me to his house. He gave me money and told me to leave the country. If I didn't I would be arrested again—for trying to shoot Havel and for blackmail. They could all swear me off my feet and into prison—what was I to do? I took the money, and went. But I came back to have *my* revenge. I could cut their hearts out and eat them."

"You are drunk!" said the Seigneur quietly. "You don't know what you're saying."

"I'm not drunk. I'm always trying to get drunk now. I couldn't have come here if I hadn't been drinking! I couldn't have told you the truth if I hadn't been drinking. But I'm sober enough to know that I've done for him and for her! And I'm even with you, too—*bah!* Did you think she cared a fig for you? She's only waiting till you die. Then she'll go to Fournel. He's a man of life and limb. You—*pish!* a hunchback, that all the world laughs at, a worm——!" he turned toward the door laughing hideously, his evil face gloating. "You've not got a stick or stone. *She*"—jerking a finger toward the house——

It was the last word he ever spoke, for with a low, terrible cry the Seigneur snatched up a knife from the table and sprang upon him, catching him by the throat. Once, twice, thrice the knife went home, and the ruffian collapsed under it with one loud cry. Not letting go his grasp of the dying man's collar, the Seigneur dragged him across the floor, and, opening the door of the small inner room, pulled him inside. For a moment he stood beside the body, panting, then he went to the other room and, bringing a candle, looked at the dead thing in silence. Presently he stooped, held the candle to the wide staring eyes, then felt the heart.

"He is gone," he said in an even voice. Stooping for the knife he had dropped on the floor he laid it on the body. He looked at his hands. There was one spot of blood on his fingers. He wiped it off with his handkerchief, then blowing out the light he calmly opened the door of the hut, went out, locked it, and moved on slowly toward the house.

He was conscious that as he left the hut some one was moving under the trees by the window, but his mind was not concerned with things outside himself and the one other thing left for him to do.

He entered the house and went in search of Madelinette. When he reached the drawing room, surrounded by eager listeners she was beginning to sing. Her bearing was eager and almost tremulous, for, with this crowd around her and in the flush of this gayety and excitement, there was something of that exhilarating air that greets the singer upon the stage. Her eyes were shining with a look half sorrowful, half triumphant. Within the past half hour she had overcome herself, she had fought down the blind wild rebellion that, for one moment, as it were, had surged up in her heart. She was proud and glad, and piteous and triumphant and deeply womanly, all at once.

Going to the piano she had looked around for Louis, but he was not visible. She smiled to herself, however, for she knew that her singing would bring him—he worshiped it. Her heart was warm toward him, because of that moment when she rebelled and was hard at soul. She played her own accompaniment, and he was hidden from her by the piano as she sang—sang more touchingly and more humanly, if not more artistically than she had ever done in her life. The old art was not so perfect, perhaps, but there was in the voice all that she had learned and loved and suffered and hoped. When she arose from the piano to a storm of applause, and saw the shining faces and tearful eyes around her, her own eyes filled with tears. These people—most of them—had known and loved her since she was a child, and loved her still without envy or any taint. Her father was standing near, and with smiling face she caught the handkerchief, with which he was mopping his eyes, from his hand and kissed him, saying:

"I learned that from the tunes you played on your anvil, dear smithyman!"

Then she turned again to look for Louis. Near the door she saw him, and with so strange a face, so wild a look, that, unheeding eager requests to sing again, she responded to the gesture he made, made her way through the crowd to the hallway, and followed him up the stairs and to the little boudoir beside her bedroom. As she entered and shut the door a low sound like a moan broke from him. She went quickly to him to lay a hand upon his arm, but he waved her back.

"What is it, Louis?" she asked in a bewildered voice.

"Where is the will?" he said.

"Where is the will, Louis!" she repeated after him mechanically, staring at his face, ghostly in the moonlight.

"The will you found behind the picture in the library!"

"Oh, Louis!" she cried and made a gesture of despair. "Oh, Louis!"

"You found it, and Tardif stole it and took it to Quebec."

"Yes, Louis, but Louis—ah, what is the matter, dear? I cannot bear that look in your face. What is the matter, Louis?"

"Tardif took it to Fournel, and you followed. And I have been living in another man's house, on another's bread."

"Oh, Louis, no—no—no! Our money has paid for all."

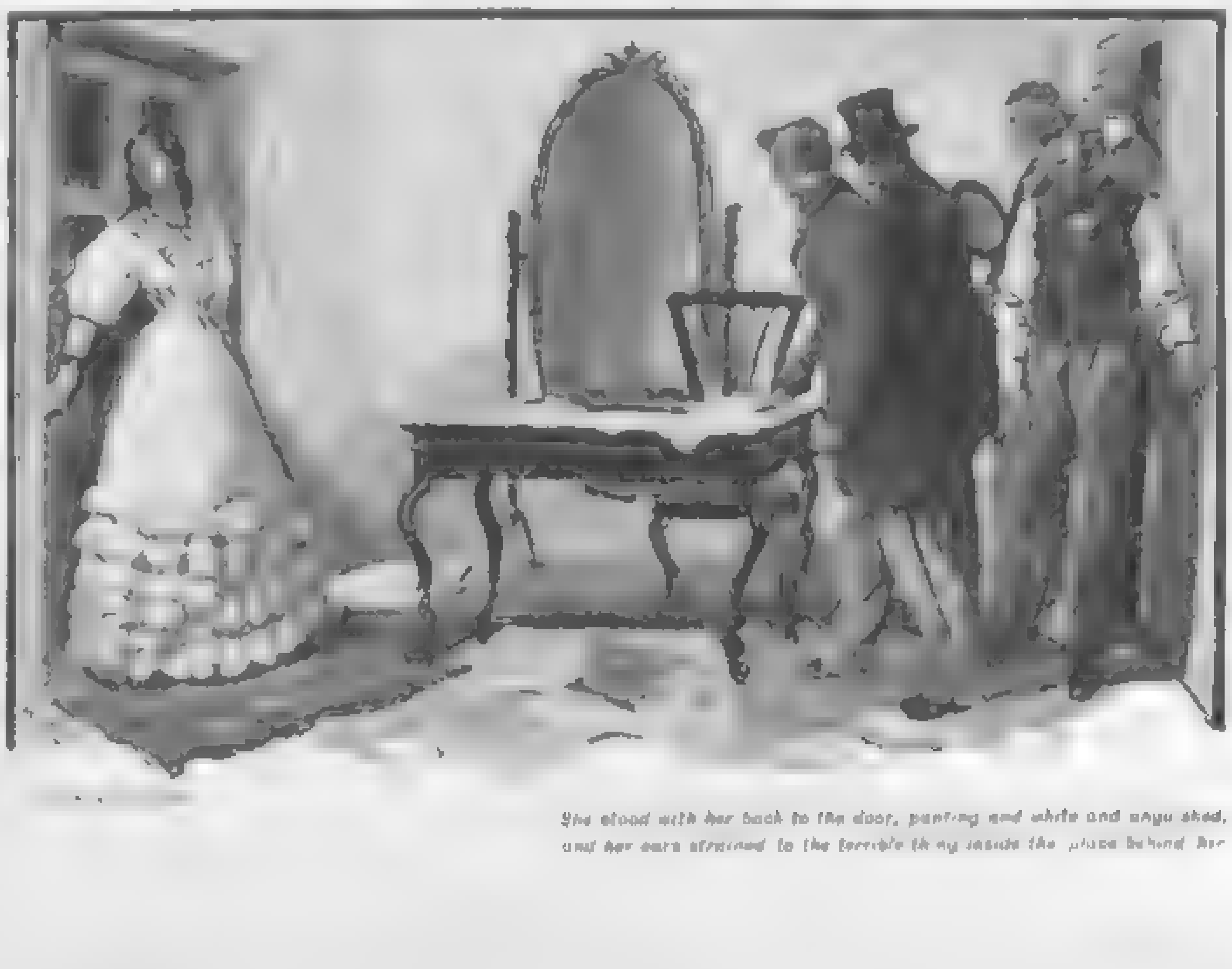
"Your money, Madelinette." His voice rose.

"Ah, don't speak like that. See, Louis, it can make no difference. How you have found out I do not know, but it can make no difference. I did not want you to know—you loved the Seigneury so! I concealed the will; Tardif found it, as you say. But Louis, dear, it is all right. Monsieur Fournel would not take the place, and—and I have bought it!"

She told her falsehood fearlessly. This man's trouble, this man's peace, if she might but win it, was the purpose of her life.

"Tardif said that. He said that you—that you and Fournel——"

She read his meaning in his tone and shrank back in terror; then, with a flush



She stood with her back to the door, panting and white and wide eyed, and her ears strained to the terrible thing inside the place behind her

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straightened herself, and took a step toward him

"It was natural that you should not care for a hunchback like me," he continued, "but ——"

"Louis!" she cried in a voice of anguish and reproach

"But I did not doubt you. I believed in you when he said it, as I believe in you now when you stand there like that. I know what you have done for me

"I pleaded with Monsieur Fournel, knowing how you loved the Seigneury—pleaded and offered to pay three times the price ——

"*Yourself* would have been a hundred million times the price! Ah, I know you, Madelinette—I know you now. I have been selfish but I see all now. Now when all is [illegible] he [illegible] listening to noises without — I [illegible] what you have done for me. I know how you have sacrificed all for me all but honor—all but honor!" he added a wild fire in his eyes, a trembling seizing him. "Your honor is yours forever. I say so. I say so, and I have proved it. Kiss me, Madelinette, kiss me once!" he added in a quick whisper

"My poor—poor Louis!" she said, laid a soothing hand upon his arm and leaned toward him. He snatched her to his breast and kissed her twice in a very agony of joy then let her go. He listened for an instant to the growing noise without, then said in a hoarse voice.

"Now, I will tell you, Madelinette. They are coming for me—don't you hear them! They are coming to take me; but they shall not have me. They shall not have me ——" he glanced to a little door that led into a room at his right.

"Louis—Louis!" she said in a sudden fright, for though his words seemed mad, a strange quiet sanity was in all he did "What have you done? Who are coming?" she asked in agony and caught him by the arm

"I killed Tardif He is there in the hut in the garden—dead I was seen and they are coming to take me

With a cry she ran to the door that led into the hall and locked it. She listened, then turned her face to Louis

"You killed him!" she gasped. "Louis! Louis!" Her face was like ashes

"I stabbed him to death It was all I could do, and I did it. He slandered you I went mad, and did it. Now—

There was a knocking at the door, and a voice calling—a peremptory voice

"They shall not take me. I will not be dragged to jail for crowds to jeer at. I will not be dragged to the scaffold to your shame"

He ran to the door of the room and flung it open. "If my life is to pay the price, I will take it!"

She came blindly toward him, stretching out her hands

"Louis! Louis!" was all that she could say

He caught her hands and kissed them, then stepped swiftly back into the little room and locked the door, as the door of the room she was in was burst open and two constables and a half dozen men crowded into the room

She stood with her back to the door, panting and white and anguished, and her eyes strained to the terrible thing inside the place behind her.

The men understood, and came toward her. "Stand back!" she said. "You shall not have him. You shall not have him. Ah, don't you hear! He is dying. O God! O God!" she cried with tearless eyes and upturned face, "ah, let it be soon! Ah, let him die soon

The men stood abashed before her agony Behind the little door where she stood there was a muffled groaning. She trembled, but her arms were spread out before the door as though on a cross, and her lips kept murmuring, "O God! let him die! Let him die Oh, spare him agony!"

Suddenly she stood still and listened listened with staring eyes that saw nothing In the room men shrunk back, for they knew that death was behind the little door, and that they were in the presence of a sorrow greater than death

Suddenly she turned upon them with a gesture of piteous triumph and said

"You cannot have him now

Then she swayed and fell forward to the floor as the Abbe and George Fournel entered the room. The Abbé hastened to her side and lifted up her head

George Fournel pushed the men back who would have entered the little room, and himself entered. Louis lay dead upon the floor He turned to the constables

"As she said, you cannot have him now. You have no right here. Go. I came too late. I had a warning from the man he killed. I knew there would be trouble But I have come too late!" he added bitterly

An hour later the house was as still as the grave. Madame Marie sat with the doctor beside the bed of her dear mistress and in another room George Fournel, with the Avocat, kept watch beside the body of the hunchback Seigneur of Pontiac. The face of the dead man was as peaceful as that of a little child, as handsome as it had been before trouble came upon him. The face of Tardif lying dead in the hut in the garden was as that of a murderer, and Louis Racine's was as that of a martyr

And when the world knew all, it forgave, not alone because of the woman, but because the man had sinned and paid the price There is a wild justice which, in the eyes of men, is dearer than law. Law is made for all men, but justice is according to each man's need and due

At ninety years of age the present Seigneur of Pontiac, one Baron Fournel, lives in the Manor House left him by Madelinette Lajeunesse, the great singer, when she died a quarter of a century ago. For thirty years he followed her from capital to capital of Europe and America to hear her sing; and to this day he talks of her in language more French than English in its ardor. Perhaps that is because his heart beats in sympathy with the Frenchmen he once disdained

(THE END)

Character and Costume

INDIVIDUAL preferences show more commonly in our dress than in our homes, and they are as strong indications of character as are faces The woman in garish color announces therein her cheeriness and vitality, but her vulgarity also. Quakers and Shakers exhibit their pacific tendencies in their gray and dovelike garb

Color also has the tendency to emphasize any similar color in its neighborhood, hence it is unsafe to wear ties or shirt-waists that repeat in their tints the defects of one's complexion

White and pale pinks are safe for almost everybody, and one looks better in them than in almost any dark color. Black is conventional but unlovely, and the face bordered by black is apt to look muddy and haggard. It adds, possibly, to the look of strength in men, seeming to make a bearded face darker and heavier, but women should never wear it, at least near their faces. People of a red, coarse countenance should beware of ruddy hues in their garments and home backgrounds Tommy Atkins glows in his red jacket, and in the now common suit of khaki the wearer shows his tan

Balzac has made some curious statements as to his observations among women. He says that the dame who wears orange or green is quarrelsome; one who likes black or a yellow hat, is treacherous; white indicates coquetry; pink marks gentleness and thought, sentimental women affect gray, purple denotes advancing age These rules hardly apply in our own land and our own time [illegible] because American women generally wear whatever is fashionable, without reference to personal idiosyncrasies, so that a bright magenta or a Nile green may clothe alike the just or the unjust, the sentimental or the practical

Instances have occurred in which color is alleged to have affected the sanity or conduct of asylum inmates, a victim of melancholia for example, having been cheered and roused almost to gayety by his transfer to a room painted and decorated in red while a nervous, irritable patient has been calmed by his removal to a blue apartment. Schoolrooms are commonly painted or kalsomined in staring white, for the sake, in part, of the light thereby reflected and diffused, but also from a mere convention. A color tone might seem advisable in a school; not cold and depressing, neither one heating nor distracting, but one that should seem quiet and restful—as a warm gray, compounded with yellow and black

One essayist, who writes in a yellow room, where the influence of color is so exhilarating that "he finds it almost impossible to think seriously," tells of a habitually gloomy and pessimistic clergyman, the solemnity and hopelessness of whose sermons were undoubtedly owing to the color of his study, which had dark blue walls and black walnut floor and woodwork

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How to be Self-Supporting at College. *By* James Melvin Lee

HOW can a young man earn his expenses at college? This is a question so broad that a complete answer is impossible. Many of the methods employed by American college students to earn money for their expenses are not and never will be known. While self-supporting students most emphatically do not lose caste with their fellow students they are not, on the other hand, objects of admiration. There are so many of them. All colleges boast of their democratic spirit, and at the bonfire in celebration of some big football victory it is a common sight to see a contribution coming with a millionaire's son at one end and a self-supported student at the other.

The young man with a slim purse, contemplating a college course, is confronted with the same question which he will meet four years later: How can I earn my way?

In many of our colleges, including Brown, Columbia, Harvard, Leland Stanford, Jr., Chicago, Syracuse, Yale, Wesleyan, etc., an employment bureau, or agency, is run by a special committee from the Faculty, or by its secretary, or by the college Y. M. C. A. In such institutions the student, immediately [illegible] arrival, should notify the proper person [illegible] the kind of work he prefers. These agencies are not infrequently instrumental in obtaining positions.

The young man with a special talent can easily put it to commercial use. If it is in music, there is the college glee club with its dividends ranging from a few dollars to a hundred, according to the size of the institution and the season. This is in addition to many pleasant trips, whose money value cannot be estimated. Often four members of the club will form a quartet, and give concerts in smaller towns, which could not afford the large club. The individual receipts are usually larger in this case than in the former. Some of the members are employed in the choirs of local churches at salaries ranging from two to five dollars a Sunday. It would be well for musical students to see the leaders of the various choirs, and ask for a trial when regular members are absent.

The young man with ability for elocution can find many chances to put it to practical account. Invariably the glee club takes along some student as a reader, to avoid monotony of entertainment.

Typewriting as a Means to a Diploma

The boy who has had a course in stenography and typewriting is especially fortunate. All of the professors have some work to be done. The college has work for disposal at busy times, and all essays and papers in competition for prizes are required to be typewritten. Some work can be obtained from the business men of the town. The managers of the various college organizations in the large institutions have almost enough correspondence to keep a student constantly employed. The pay is usually fifty cents an hour. In such colleges as Amherst and Wesleyan an undergraduate stenographer may make between $150 and $[illegible] during the college year.

A student with a typewriter machine should notify the members of the college Faculty and the business men of the town of his desire for their work. Notices of typewriting done at reasonable rates, placed on the various bulletin boards of the college, often produce very beneficial results.

A method that has proved itself to be very successful is that of newspaper work. This usually consists of reporting the various football and baseball games, other athletic contests, intercollegiate debates, college banquets, and in fact all college news that would interest the reading public. A few metropolitan dailies issue a college page containing letters written by undergraduates in those institutions that are within the field of the papers. A few students correspond for the press associations. Work is paid for at so much a column, ranging from two to eight dollars. When the college is situated in the city a student is often hired to cover the college for a local paper on a small but regular salary. Students not infrequently work on local newspapers on Saturdays and Sundays, and occasionally, when there is a rush of work, on evenings. Students on the editorial boards of college publications share in their profits.

A student who adopts such a plan of self help should write to the managing editors of the papers which use material of the college he is to enter and ask to represent their publications in the said college when their present correspondent has been graduated. Very often when the correspondent comes to his Senior year he is willing to sell out to an underclassman for a nominal sum. Often the correspondence is disposed of at a certain per cent. of the profits. A little previous newspaper experience is of great assistance in this work.

A student who expects to teach generally gets along by tutoring at so much an hour. It is not unusual for college men of the upper classes to prepare private pupils for their own or other colleges, when the college is situated in a large town or city.

Teaching in night schools is a common way of earning money at Brown, Columbia and Yale. Practically every college has monitorships, work in laboratories, etc., at its disposal. Almost without exception these positions are obtained from the Faculty. In many institutions a student cannot tutor without the consent of the college authorities.

Several great lawyers have acknowledged that the drill they received in competition for college prizes was of the utmost value to them in trying to win cases at court. A few brilliant students get through by capturing prizes.

Still more are helped by scholarships. Cornell has over five hundred tuition scholarships given by the New York State Superintendent of Public Instruction. In addition, needy upperclassmen of good scholarship and habits have their tuition remitted. Dartmouth, Williams, Syracuse, Amherst, Brown and Wesleyan all have over one hundred tuition scholarships. Bowdoin, Trinity and Hamilton Colleges have over fifty each. Harvard spends over $35,000, Yale over $30,000, and Pennsylvania over $40,000 annually on worthy students.

A Business Head Will Win Success

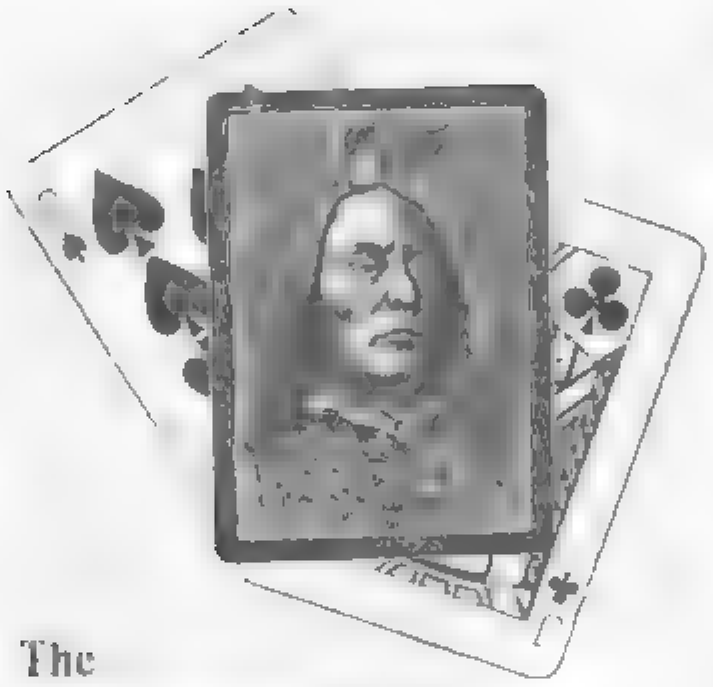
The boy with a business head on him will get along whether he is at college or anywhere else. A man who has executive ability enough to run an eating club obtains his board free. This is a very popular method at Princeton. There a student gets a dozen or more students to take their meals at a certain place and for this service he obtains his own board absolutely free.

Now and then two or three students will form a partnership, hire an extra room or use their own, and start a college bookstore. Repeatedly the store has become a permanent thing, the Senior member selling out to a Freshman upon graduation. Of course, the amounts earned in this way depend entirely upon the business abilities of the men in control and upon the college.

At Wesleyan a clothing and furnishing establishment is run on a similar plan, the students acting as the agents of a well known Philadelphia firm. A liberal commission is allowed. A second hand furniture store is still another plan for the business boy to develop his ability. The furniture is bought very cheaply from those students who have been graduated, or who have been compelled to leave college, and is sold in the fall to the "Freshies" at a good price. In other cases it is sold at a per cent. on commission.

A student in a typical Eastern college in whom journalistic and business ability were combined, formed what may be called a college newspaper trust. He arranged to supply exclusively, college news to the two leading press services in the country. The correspondence of all the leading metropolitan dailies was carried on under his name or that of the student assistants with whom he shared the profits. In addition, one of his student helpers was the college reporter on the leading local daily, a fact that entitled him to the courtesies and favors extended to the press. The student at the head of this trust did very little active newspaper work. He looked after the business end and saw that everything was properly done. He even went so far as to enter into an agreement with one of the telegraph companies that he would give it all the press dispatches in return for the privilege of keeping the operators after the regular closing time whenever he had work for them.

Every college has its agencies for athletic and gymnasium goods, boots and shoes, etc. In one instance, a young man who had been



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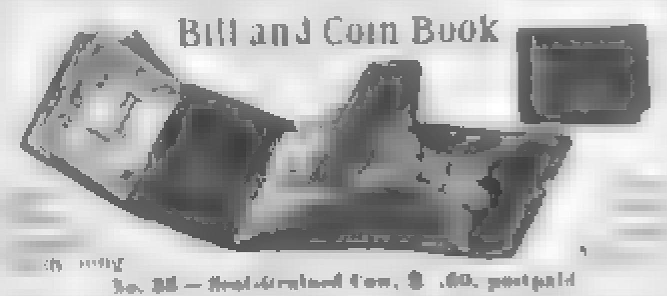

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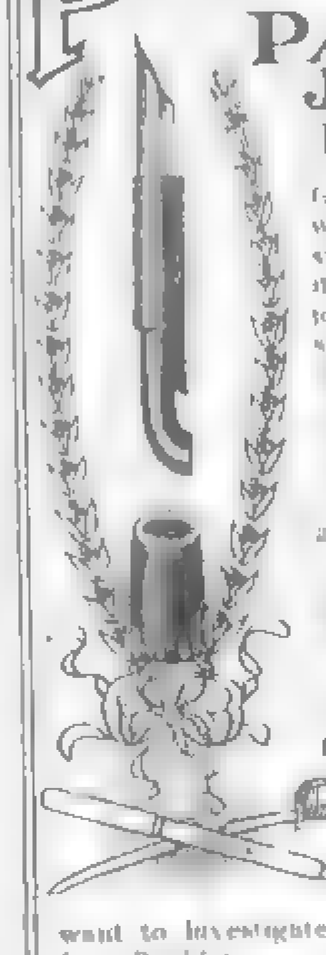

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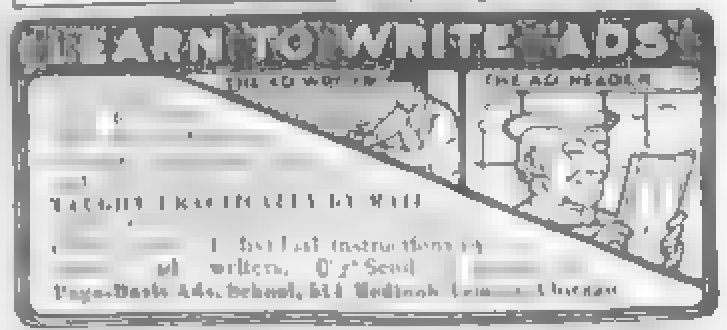

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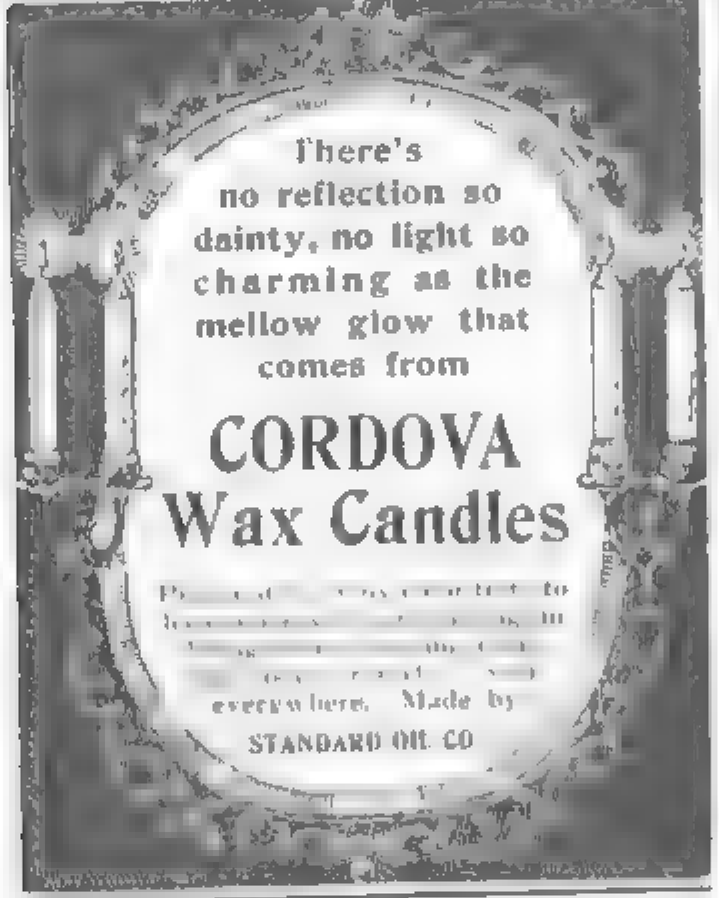

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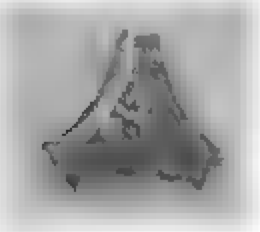

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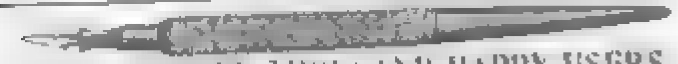

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barber brought his chair to college and set it up in his room. He got practically all the [illegible] trade. On Saturday evenings he worked for a local barber. In this way he earned about $200 each year, and with what he obtained during vacations in a shop at a summer resort he more than made his college expenses.

An undergraduate in one of the smaller institutions agreed [illegible] in order any stu[illegible] lege year for three [illegible] posted on the college bulletin board [illegible] sleep on your trousers when you can have them pressed the whole year for three dollars." Soon he had all he could attend to.

Opportunities for Young Men from Farms

The boy who comes from the farm has several methods of earning money open to him. Farm produce imported from home is often sold to the college boarding houses, fraternity houses, etc., at a reasonable price. The produce is obtained free or at a slight cost so that the profits are exceptionally [illegible]. A student from Vermont, in one of the New England colleges, has worked up a fine local trade in maple syrup and maple sugar from his home.

Every college has methods peculiar to itself. At Princeton one man gets along nicely by delivering the New York and Philadelphia papers to the students. Experiment stations of the United States Department of Agriculture, located in several of the American collegiate institutions, find work for scholars at so much an hour. Table waiting is a common way at Cornell, Brown, Leland Stanford Junior, Chicago, Yale, Syracuse, Amherst, Michigan, etc. In colleges where the fraternity house system is well developed st[illegible] tutorships are popular means of making money. The amounts are kept secret.

Other methods might be enumerated, such as clerking in stores, [illegible] bills for local merchants on a commission basis, collecting athletic subscriptions, soliciting advertising for college publications, canvassing for various articles, acting as markers in class rooms, chapel, gymnasium, etc., coaching up classes of poor students [illegible] a written recitation or examination, taking care of halls, churches, etc., acting as night clerks in hotels, selling college banners before football games and at other times when college spirit is high, selling on class days paper weights containing pictures of the college buildings, delivering circulars, samples, etc., on Saturdays, driving hacks for local livery men, etc., etc.

A paper on this subject would not be complete without mention of the work done during the summer vacation. The earnings of this period enable many students to return to college in the fall. The majority of self-supporting students are not able to earn enough during term time, and the summer vacation comes in to help them out.

Special mention may be made of a few ways: canvassing for books, stereoscopic views, household utensils, magazines, etc.; acting as clerks, waiters or porters in summer hotels, serving in ticket offices of railroads, steamboats and other transportation companies; acting as telegraph operators at watering-places; corresponding for large dailies; giving musical entertainments at summer hotels and on pleasure boats; working on farms; hiring out to contractors in all kinds of work; working on city directories; tutoring students about to enter college; working for insurance companies; running elevators; attending soda fountains and running lunch counters at summer resorts; acting as motormen and conductors on street railroads; running launches and renting boats at picnic places, and so on.

Of course, the scholarship of a young man working his own way must suffer considerably. Too often, when hard study and this extra labor are combined, it is at the expense of the health of the student. In many cases it is better, if possible, to borrow the money and to take out a life insurance policy for security. Many companies have a special policy for this purpose.

A young man should not give up. If he cannot find a way he should make it. Many college catalogues contain a statement to the effect that the cases are extremely rare in which young men of good health and strong determination have been compelled to leave college for financial reasons. After all, the self-supported student has the pleasure of knowing that his education has been obtained through his own efforts—a pleasure that the boy whose father footed his bills never enjoys.

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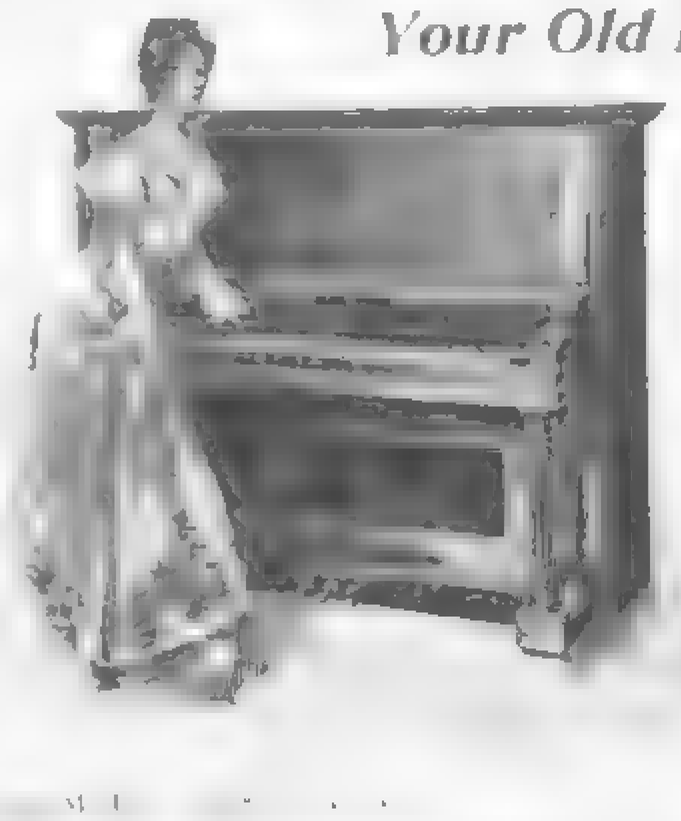

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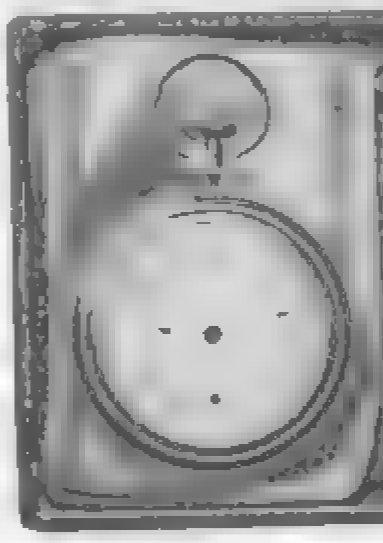

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Americans in Paris

THIS fall, in the garden of the Tuileries, President Loubet's banquet to the mayors of all the cities and villages of France, present 22,000 mayors, about one half of those invited. The tables at which the guests sat, had they been placed end to end, would have covered a stretch of five miles. There were two and one-half miles of kitchen tables, 3600 waiters and a proportionate number of cooks and kitchen-boys. There was plenty to eat—for instance, 1500 pheasants, 2500 ducks, 3000 chickens, 5000 pounds of salmon, and 6000 pounds of beef steaks, not to mention such knickknacks as the tons of potatoes, bread, cheese and fruit. The civic thirst was quenched by 31,000 bottles of wine and ten thousand bottles of mineral water, after which these amiable republicans drank 50,000 cups of coffee—not to mention the liqueurs.

A Pantagruelian feast of this sort is fortunately rather rare in these days; indeed to find its like one would have to go so far back into Roman history that one would feel like Stanley in Darkest Africa. Of course, neither President Loubet nor his Ministers nor the mayors will pay for the monumental feed. The present Government of France is made up of socialists, radicals and other "reformers," and it thoughtfully decided that the plain people should participate in this banquet—to the extent of paying for it.

Racing with Ocean Greyhounds

Tod Sloane, the little American jockey, after coming in third in the Prix de Marines at Longchamps, exhibited himself at the Automobile Club in the reddest suit of tweed ever made. It was on the roof-garden that he told in his own good way the story of the transatlantic race between the two German "greyhounds." He was on the Deutschland during that famous contest and avers that ship racing beats any sport that has ever been invented.

"For three days I didn't eat," he said; "I was out on deck all the time. The Kaiser Wilhelm was an hour ahead of us when we passed Sandy Hook. We could just make out her smoke on the horizon. Say, it was great! The Deutschland made her own pace; we never had to use the whip once. She crept up foot by foot, until—after thirty-six hours—she settled down in the lead. After that she was never headed. We won hands down in a canter. Time, five days, seven hours and thirty-eight minutes."

Having broken the record for an over-sea run, the Deutschland next broke the money record on her westward voyage. Her first cabin was sold out for $200,000. Mr. Andrew Carnegie paid eight thousand dollars for accommodations for himself, his family and his servants—the largest amount ever paid for passage on an Atlantic steamer—and then he did not sail on the steamer after all.

A Raffles in Real Life

A serious-minded American woman—she came to Paris to attend the Woman's Rights Congress—has had glory thrust upon her in the most extraordinary way. With three friends she had rented a furnished cottage in the suburb of Neuilly. The other night, about two o'clock, she was wakened by a noise in her room. She was just about to scream, for she thought it was a mouse, when she heard a creaking door and then footsteps in the hall. Realizing that it was not mouse but man she rushed down and captured her burglar just as he was getting out of the drawing room window. Her three friends and the maid-servant—a white brigade—came to her aid, and they tied up the burglar and sat on him till the police came. Then they let him up.

He was a slim young man in evening dress. He bowed and said:

"Pardon me; had I known there were only ladies in the house—and strangers—I should never have intruded."

He bowed gracefully again and the police led him away.

Now when he was arraigned the next day it was discovered that this young rogue and burglar was a veritable marquis, a member of an honored and historic family. He is twenty-three years old and in the last year has wasted a fortune. As the American women's jewelry and pocketbooks were found in his pockets, he thought it best to plead guilty. The burglar marquis is the talk of Paris; and the American girls—those who are not serious-minded and do not attend the Woman's Rights Congress—are debating what should be done in such a case, and whether it would be better to call a policeman or send for a marriage license.

Marquises are not so plentiful in these days. It is a shame, the thrifty maidens say, to waste 'em.

The New Bells of Corneville

No comic opera, not even Pinafore, has been sung so often as the Bells of Corneville. You have whistled its airs and hummed them, strummed them on a piano and sung them, as your good father did before you. And all this while, though neither you nor I knew it, the peaceful, patriarchal little village of Corneville, on the Risle in Normandy, had no bells—only one bell and that was cracked. The man who first discovered this ironic fact was the Tsar of all the Russias. He started an international subscription to buy a chime of bells for Corneville. The Dowager Empress of Russia headed the subscription list; then came the names of the Princess Waldemar, of Denmark; Count Vrangel, of Sweden; Mr. Tarte, the Canadian Minister; the Duke of Cambridge, General Horace Porter, and many another world-known person. Finally, funds were raised for a carillon of twelve bells. They have been baptized thus: Re, Normandy; mi, Canada; fa, Denmark; sol, Russia, la, Sweden; si, America; do, Algiers; mi, Savoy; sol, Auvergne; re, England; la, Crete; fa, St. Germaine—for Germaine was the heroine of Planquette's opera.

A pretty idea, is it not? They do these things well in France. They are not afraid of honoring the gayeties of life, and why should they be? Every one is the better now and then for a careless song with a little nonsense in it.

A Woman Play-Broker

At the park gates of Versailles in the Rue l'Ermitage there is a quaint old cottage girdled with flowers and overrun with vines, where Miss Elizabeth Marbury makes her home in France during the summer months. This little house is a Mecca for French dramatists, for Miss Marbury is an international agent for plays. Many of the French dramas that have been produced in the United States for the last decade or two passed through her hands. It was she who took Sardou's plays to America and gave him the better part of his fortune. And now the French dramatists who believe they are Sardous—and they all do—besiege the little cottage at Versailles. Some of them have long hair and some short, but all of them come bearing manuscripts. Miss Marbury sits up nights reading the plays, and by day she ponders. She is the one woman in the world who fills such a position—you can imagine its difficulty! She sailed for New York early this fall—in September—with a trunk full of theatrical surprises.

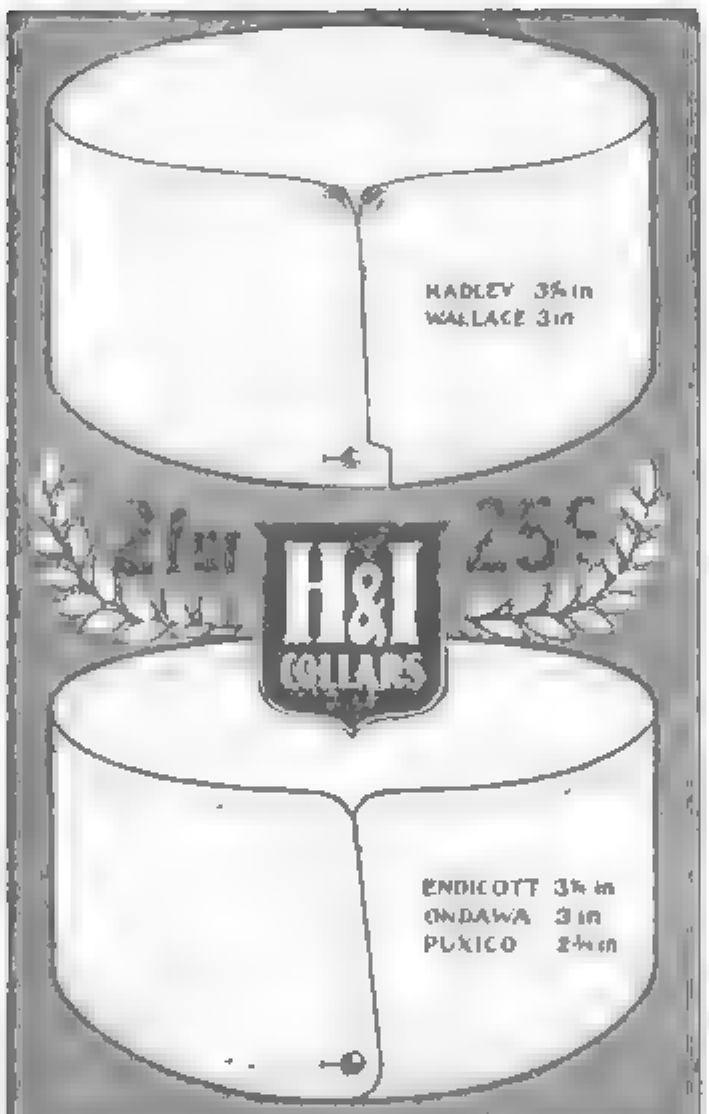
Help for Stranded Americans

Under the presidency of Mr. H. D. Martin there has just been started a society for the protection of stranded Americans. Its present habitat is Mr. Martin's office, No. 23 Boulevard des Italiens. I have already pointed out the need for such a society. The American abroad—not all of him, but some of him—is the most absent-minded beggar you ever saw. He comes over with a dress-suit case and a letter of credit, and it is not until his money is gone and his bag is lost that he discovers how bad the walking is to New York. A few weeks ago five hundred Christian Endeavorers were stranded in Switzerland, and only got home thanks to the generosity of a few of the wealthier members of the organization.

Not a week passes that the Embassy, the American newspapers and the correspondents here do not receive appeals from the stranded. The Exposition has attracted thousands upon thousands of Americans, and scores of the absent-minded and hopeful will be left here. Now with coal at twenty dollars a ton there will be some cold days for them in Paris this winter.

A tax of ten per cent., levied by the municipality upon the receipts of all places of amusement, provides a fund for the Paris poor, but the only refuge for the stranded American is the Seine or the Charity Hospital; unless the S. P. S. A. becomes a success.

—*Vance Thompson.*



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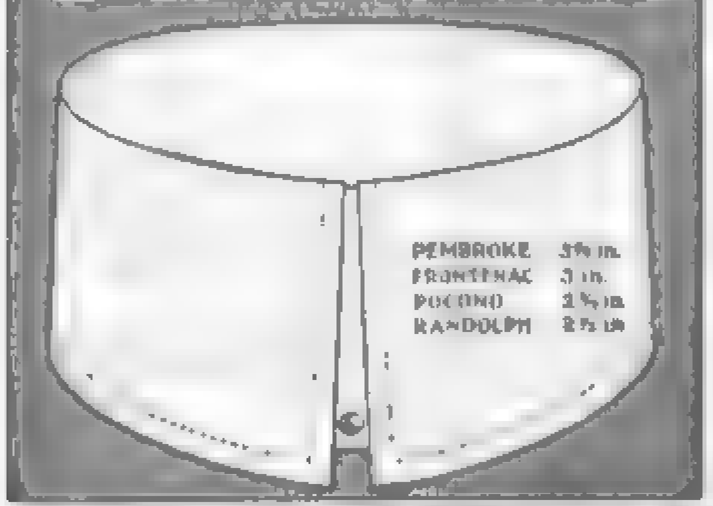

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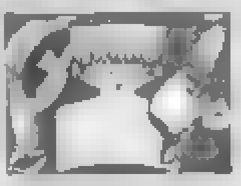
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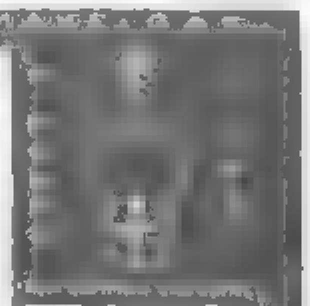
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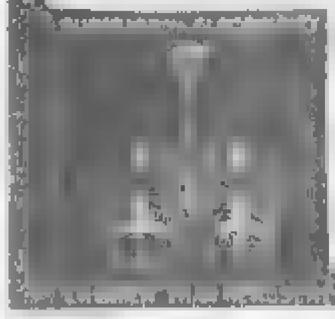

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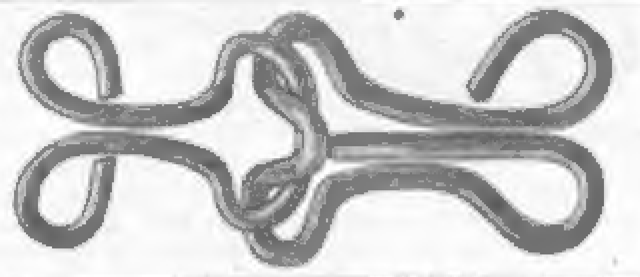

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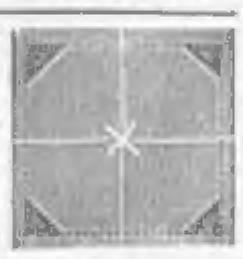

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Mooswa of the Boundaries

(Concluded from Page 13)

"So Carcajou is entitled to half of the spoil, and I suppose it is that he has cached."

"It is."

"Then I'll not touch it—I'll starve to death first." And Pisew sat meekly on his haunches and rolled his eyes sanctimoniously.

"I had no idea there was so much honorable observance of the law in your nature," sneered Jack.

"Thank you, sayer of wise words," murmured Pisew. "I have always been misunderstood—accused of the vilest things—even to the eating of lodge-builders' children."

"Disgusting!" exclaimed Jack smartly. "They must be horrible eating, those young wearers of castoreum."

"No—they're delicious!" interrupted Pisew unwarily; "I mean—I mean—they're delightful little creatures," he added lamely.

"Well, I must be off, you who keep the fast," declared Jack. "I'm glad you have resisted the temptation, for I must admit that I was only trying you."

"I thought so—I thought so!" snickered Lynx; "and at first I joked to draw you on."

"Now I must warn the Council," thought Jack, as he flew through the forest, "for Pisew will go straight for Carcajou's bacon."

"Wise Bird, indeed!" sneered Lynx. "I'll soon have Gulo the Glutton's fat-eating; and Whisky-Jack will bear witness to my honesty. They are all so wise; but Pisew, the despised, fares better than any one."

And while Pisew chuckled and made straight for the big spruce where was hidden the bacon, Jack flew to the Council. To them the Bird said: "Keep you all well hid in the bush close to the bait; I will hide in the big tree which has a hollow, and when Pisew's neck is in the noose will signal."

With long springing lopes Lynx bounded close to where Mooswa's road crossed the ice bridge of the Pelican. Nearing it he walked steadily, making as little trail as possible.

"Yes, it is cached in there," he muttered, spreading his broad nostrils and filling them with the tantalizing perfume of bacon. "Carcajou has also been to look at it this morning, for here are his tracks."

Swiftly, stealthily he slunk to the very spot, and pushed his round head through a little bush-opening that seemed designed by Carcajou to conceal his stolen meat. Yes, it was there. Pisew seized the bacon hungrily and started to back out with his booty. As he did so there was the swishing rush of a straightening-up birch sapling, and something gripped him by the throat, carrying him off his feet. The startled Cat screamed, and wrenched violently at the snare as he scooted skyward. His contortions caused the strong cod-line which was about his neck to carry away from the swaying birch, and he dropped back to earth, only to find himself fighting with a heavy stick which dangled at the other end of the line.

What a fiendish thing the snare-stick seemed to Pisew! It fought back—it jumped and reeled and struck him in the ribs. It was a devil-stick surely—also would it kill him if no help came. The bacon fell from his mouth and he tried to call for assistance, but only a queer, guzzling, half-choked gasp came from his clogged throat.

As if in answer he heard, faintly, a bird-voice. It was Jack's. Would he help him? Lynx felt that he would not.

"He-e-e-p, he-e-e-p! qu-e-e-k, que-e-e-k! Come one, come all!" cried Whisky-Jack.

Violently Lynx struggled. Tighter and tighter drew the cord-noose, his own efforts drawing the death circle closer. His fast-glazing eyes could just make out, in a shadowy way, the forms of gathering comrades. He had been trapped—they were in at the death to witness the execution by his own hand. It did not last long. That merciless noose, ever tightening, ever closing in on the air pipes, was doing its work—drying up the lungs.

"It's terrible!" Mooswa blurted out. "He's dead now—I'm glad of it."

"Yes, he's dead," declared Carcajou, putting his earless head down to Pisew's side, for well he knew the old forest trick of shamming death to escape its reality.

"What of the carcass?" asked Mooswa. "Shall I carry it far in the bowl of my horns? One of our comrades, though he die the just death as declared by the Law of the Boundaries, should not fall into the hands of the Hunt-Men."

"Leave him," muttered Blue Wolf; "the pack passes this trail to-night."

The tenth of these stories will appear next week.

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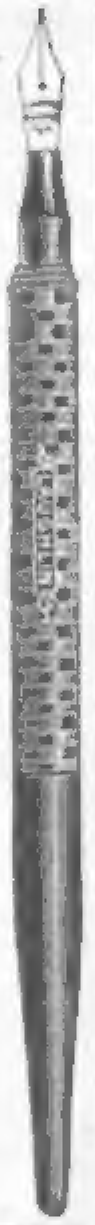

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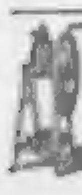

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Literary Folk
As They Come and Go

THERE was a time when Mr. Gilbert Parker's nationality seemed almost to tremble in the balance. He had so many of his intimate friends in the United States and spent so much of his time here that, although one knew that he was Canadian, one got into the habit of thinking of him as American. The impression was confirmed when he married a New York girl. But "Gilbert Parker, M. P., representing Gravesend," indicates that the die is cast and that Mr. Parker is to be considered an Englishman and not even a Canadian.

It might be considered strange that Mr. Parker should turn his attention to politics, even at an election when most of the popular novelists were standing. The chronicler of Pretty Pierre and Valmond of Pontiac seems, at first, scarcely the man to be interested in Parliamentary debates, even now when the English Ministry insists on Imperialism and Militarism being the main topics of discussion. But there is never any telling about novelists. Does not the author of She and King Solomon's Mines find his greatest interest in the problems of farming, in the retirement of a Surrey village?

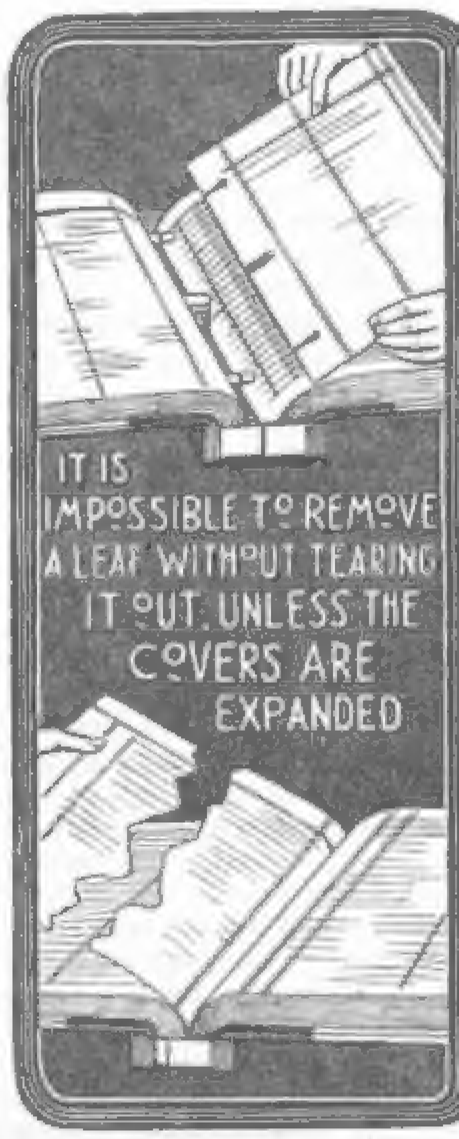
Mr. Parker is a contradiction in other ways. A man who knew only his books might possibly expect to find in the novelist something of the bravado of the Northwest, or the picturesqueness of Quebec Province. He finds instead a neat, well-groomed young man, who talks briskly and well, but who certainly suggests St. James Street rather than French Canada. It was a great surprise to the ordinary Londoner, a few months ago, when there was considerable discussion going on about a model lodging-house, or hotel, which was to be built for self-supporting women, to find that Mr. Parker was in the very front of the movement and had apparently given the subject long, careful and intelligent study. There is no telling what there is in the modern literary man, or at what moment he will turn out to be something quite different from a literary man.

Justin McCarthy's Retirement

In the next Parliament will be missed one of the most attractive figures which has of late years graced the English House of Commons: the member for North Longford, Mr. Justin McCarthy. His health will not allow him to live in London, and so he does not feel justified in asking his constituents to be returned again.

What is Parliament's loss will be the gain of readers everywhere. Mr. McCarthy is now writing a novel of life in Ireland at the time when he was a young man. If it should prove to be in any sense autobiographical it would be all the more welcome. For no more winning personality than Mr. McCarthy's can be imagined. The late Mr. Parnell registered two descriptions of him: "the beau-ideal of an Irish member" and "a nice old gentleman for a tea party." Some thought the second description an unkind one. But no one who knows Mr. McCarthy could think it so. Being a nice old gentleman for all occasions, he is naturally so for a tea party; and the phrase indicates something of the exquisite, almost old-world courtesy which distinguishes him, and the unusual gentleness and kindliness which are his. An Irish member might be thought to find popularity a difficult thing to manage in London, but through all the stress and strain of Irish legislation Mr. McCarthy and his daughter were among the greatest diners-out in that city, and coveted guests at houses of every shade of political coloring. They knew official, social, literary, artistic and theatrical London — every one worth knowing.

Mr. McCarthy retired to Westgate-on-Sea to have an operation for cataract performed, and since that time has lived on there, during a very gradual recovery, tended by his devoted daughter. Most of his work, for a long time, was done by dictation; sometimes to his daughter, who learned typewriting in order to bear her part in his literary work. Life in Westgate-on-Sea is quiet compared with London, and strolls along the chalk cliffs are as lively a pleasure as it affords. But there are many people who, when they can, slip away from London for a "week-end" at Westgate on the chance of hearing the best talk in Westgate, and what was formerly almost the best talk in London, over Mr. McCarthy's dinner-table.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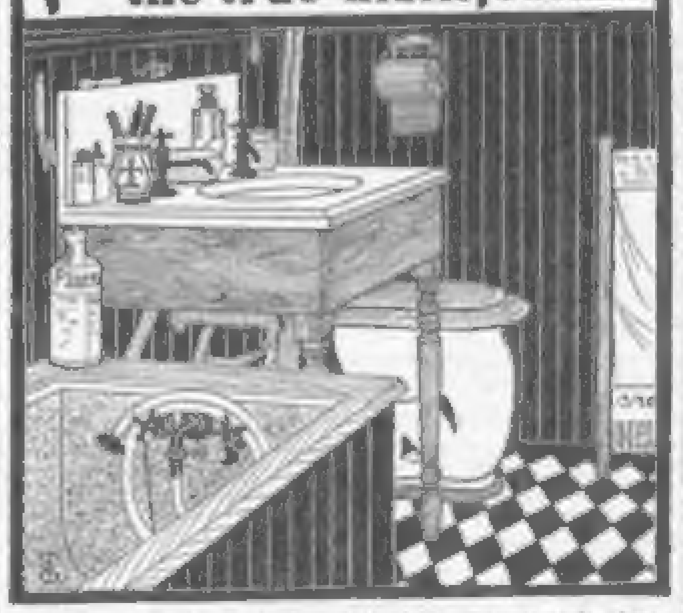

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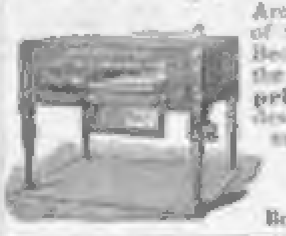

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Furnishing a College Room

(Concluded from Page 8)

bargains will come later; it does not pay to wait for them at the first furnishing.

Absolutely necessary furnishings may be bought at the following prices — the articles all new and in good taste — and the prices quoted are those of good, reliable shops, not those which advertise to "furnish rooms for college boys."

Desk	$15
Couch	12
Window-seat	15
Three Chairs	12
Two Book Boxes	8
Rug	15
Curtains	6
	$83

Thus much for the larger necessities; but, of course, no room can be attractive or really furnished without a few pictures and ornaments of some sort. My first advice is, however, to go without either unless you can have something that you really like.

Gifts that Were Better Not Made

If a friend or relative wants to give you something "for your room" ask him to let you select for yourself, otherwise you may have some awful unsuitability put upon you, some Bodenhausen Madonna, a Delft windmill clock that won't go, or a "smoker's set" on tip-tilted tripodical legs, with immovable gilt ash trays, brass-bound boxes and patent lighter.

A man naturally likes to select his own pictures and ornaments, but there are many little things that add a great deal to the comfort and attractiveness of a college room which it is safe to mention as desirable "tokens of esteem," or "Christmas remembrances," to those who wish to know of such, and who cannot be asked to allow "self-selection." There are a lot of things one does not think of for some time, but which it would be well to have, even early in the year. For instance, a small table is convenient, and if it has a double shelf it is doubly useful. A cabinet of some sort to keep dishes in is always handy, and dishes, too. Every one soon finds out it is often very agreeable to be able to make tea or coffee "on the premises," hence a Vienna coffee-pot and some cups and saucers are excellent things to mention to inquiring friends. Also stone mugs will be useful; and a fire set, a brass coal hod, and some knives and forks and spoons are far better than a silver desk-set or an embroidered head-rest.

A student lamp is on the line between a necessity and a luxury, or any pretty lamp that is not too fancy — only beware of the admirers of onyx. A blazer is a desirable possession, for he who can make a good rabbit has a hold on the affections of his friends. And last, but not least, comes the sofa-pillow; any number will not be amiss so long as they are not too dainty. Care should be taken to express a fondness for dark colors, not too much embroidered and distinctly not beruffled; for ruffles tear easily, and a torn ruffle is an abomination to a self-respecting cushion; so is a gilt cord to a tired head.

The pictures of Harvard rooms accompanying this article are fair samples, from the typical college room to the elaborate study.

The first is a view of a Senior's room, taken just before graduation, with the accumulation of four years in it.

The second is an example of one of the most elaborate study rooms. The heavy oak bookshelves are built into the room after the manner of a "real library." The whole woodwork of the room has been changed to correspond with the shelves, and the fireplace and mantel have been remodeled. The furniture is of oak and leather, the hangings are rare old Persian shawls of deep red with elaborate borders. The china and the few ornaments are of the choicest, and the floor is covered with a heavy Turkish rug. The whole effect of the room is rich and splendid in color and design. Few men, of course, have the taste, the books, the money or the ambition to go into things quite so heavily as has been done in this case.

But elaborate rooms are distinct exceptions to the rule. Seven-eighths of the rooms are still the medleys known as "college rooms." And while it is distinctly a barbarian, or boyish, love of adornment which produces these rooms, it is healthy and sound. One would suspect a college of "decadence" if the more refined type of room prevailed — and judging by appearances the colleges are safe from that cry for many years yet.

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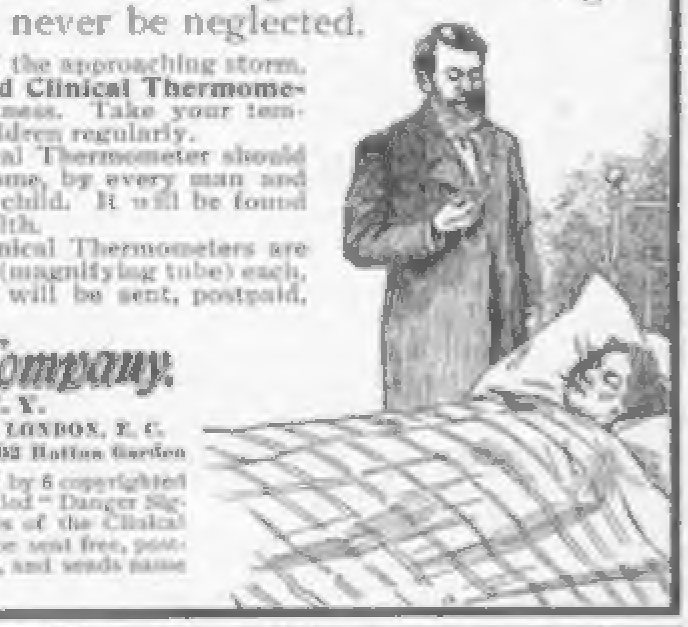

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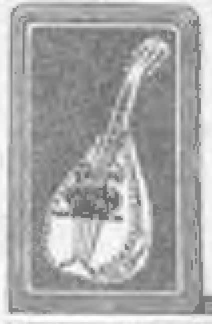

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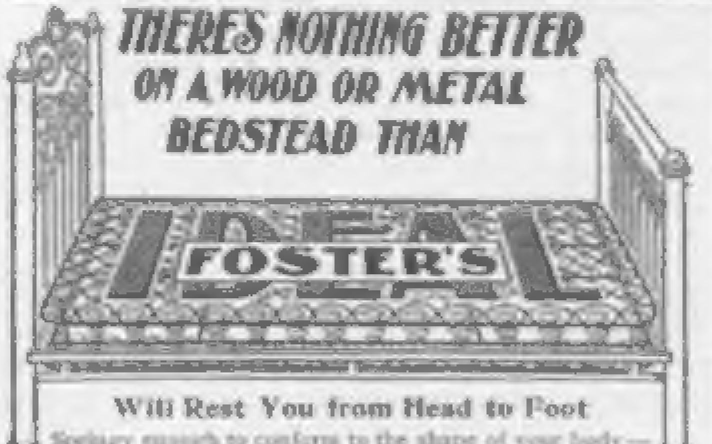

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THE INSTANTANEOUS WATER HEATING CO.
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Her Fiance

(Concluded from Page 5)

In the morning he wrote a letter to Emily in his big, boyish hand explaining the situation. He would willingly have seen her, but she was still in bed, and though convalescent, unable to see any one. They had become engaged, he said, under a misunderstanding; he didn't think they quite realized what a serious matter it was to marry—anybody. It was a good thing he had found out in time. They would talk it over in the summer, but he was sure she would agree with him. Really, to be awfully fond of anybody, and all that, wasn't quite enough—there was a great deal more to it—it was hard to explain, but they'd talk it over in the summer. He supposed it would be a hard slam for father, but father shouldn't have been so certain he knew what was best. He hoped she'd be better soon, and was hers as ever, Al.

He was quite pleased with her reply, and wished the others would be as sensible. He was only twenty-two, and he had never felt anything in his life before, so he devoted himself diligently to feeling this, and was as unconscious as a Newfoundland puppy of the things he tore up during the weeks in which he taught his family that they had never known him. He regretted that Emily's health seemed to demand the Maine woods. He would have liked to talk things over with her—he was more used to talking with her than with any one else feminine, and she would be apt to know more of Suzanne. He could not understand why her mother should blow her nose whenever he inquired after Emily, and he thought his father displayed a frothy kind of temper that did not particularly become him.

For the next few weeks he worked hard, pushing off all the time a delightful vague future. Something lurked behind written papers, something made him rest on his oars and drift, something made long, solitary walks seem short and pleasant, something set him humming to himself and smiling at nothing. There was no hurry. He would wait till after Commencement and find her in the summer. He had never been disappointed in his life. To his surprise, he got on a car one day and stayed in it till it reached Northampton. This he had not planned, and it startled him to find that he was hurrying up the main street at a pace to attract attention. He made his dressing an occasion for much thought and time, and reached her house just at dusk.

He sat alone in the reception-room, and for fifteen minutes knew the most crowded happiness, the sweetest, hottest tumult of his young life. Would she glide in between the curtains? How had she drawn him to her—what had made him come before he knew?

The maid stood before him. Miss Endicott begged to be excused to-night. She was going out of town—abroad—in a few days. She was very busy indeed.

He stared incredulously at her. Abroad? Why—she had sent for him——

"It's rather important," he said in his firm, matter-of-fact way, "and I only want to see her a little while. I can wait. See if she can see me later, perhaps."

He did not know if it was ten minutes or half an hour before Evelyn Lyon appeared.

"Why, Mr. Edwards, how nice!" she chattered. "I knew it was you. Miss Endicott's coming down for just a few minutes if you'll excuse her later. She's going abroad in three days—leaving early, you see, and dreadfully rushed, of course. She wouldn't have sent you away, but she didn't know who you were at first—she thought it was another Mr. Edwards we know—a Williams man—I'm afraid"—archly—"she'd forgotten you just a little!"

This was to punish him for letting his face fall as he saw her, but he did not know it, and scowled a little.

"I should have telegraphed," he said stiffly.

"Well, yes," she admitted, "it's safer. You see, an artist friend of her brother's—he lives in Paris—is in this country and he came right up here to see her. He's coming at eight. Suzanne's crazy over Paris, you know—she used to live there. She's quite excited over going. You didn't know about it?"

There was a swish of skirts, a patter of high heels on bare floor, and Suzanne was in the room. Something ruffled and smoke-colored, with thin, thin sleeves and a transparent neck, turned her eyes soft gray, but a great bunch of heliotrope at her belt showed you that they were really blue-violet if she liked. A faint, soft pink burned in her cheeks; she smiled vaguely at the room. Her hair was coiled low and pulled down over her ears—one would no more have expected her to carry a mandolin than a shepherdess' crook.

"So glad to see you, Mr. er-Edward," she said rapidly, "and so sorry to have kept you waiting. Miss Lyon has explained about my going—yes? And my engagement at eight—*très bien!* I am horribly rushed. I wish you might have come before. Is Emily well? She's coming back next year, *n'est-ce pas?* Too bad she broke down. She's up on Elm Street yet, I suppose? Ah, is she? I didn't know; when did she go? Then you're not up to see her? *Ah, fi donc! Est-ce possible!*"

He felt very much as he did when the trainer poured on cold water when he didn't expect it, and wouldn't stop. Who was this girl? He felt very young, very awkward, very tired, suddenly.

Some one entered the little room. Suzanne looked prettier than most really pretty women, and held out both hands. A tall, dark man bowed low over them and murmured quickly in French:

"*Enchanté de l'honneur——*"

"*Charmée de vous voir——*"

He felt as if he were at a play. This vivid, brilliant creature—who was she? Where was his soft-eyed, quiet lady of pink roses?

She turned with a fascinating little laugh to the two in the background and introduced them to the stranger—"*c'est un de mes vieux amis!*"

For one sweet, hurting second she smiled into the tall boy's eyes—the smile he knew. "*Je vous prie de m'excuser,*" she murmured softly, then recollecting herself, in English: "He comes from my brother. I—I think you know Miss Lyon best up here? Or was it Miss Burt? Either, I am sure, would be glad to do anything—*Au revoir!*"

His hand was empty—she was across the room. She looked back and smiled again.

"*Adieu! à plus tard, peut-être——*"

"Shall we walk around the campus a little?" said Evelyn perfunctorily. It was just like Suzanne to leave this sulky youth on her hands.

Around and around the narrow, winding paths they went—for how long he never knew. Evelyn talked and he grew up very fast, and hoped he wasn't showing how horribly it hurt him. He had never been hit like this before, and he breathed hard and wondered if he'd feel this way long. He felt very sorry for the poor fool of a boy that had thought such idiotic things on the train: he hoped she hadn't any idea. Oh, where was it gone, all that sweet, vague future? How damnably empty it was—what did it matter, anyhow? He'd go and—ah, was that how Jack Hunter felt when the little red-headed DeLong girl threw him over? He used to wake people up at night and beg them to take walks——

"Why, isn't that Suzanne? Hush—don't tell them we're here. Isn't it funny we both came here?" whispered Evelyn.

Under a big tree on the upper Paradise path sat Suzanne, holding a mandolin. At her feet was her brother's friend.

The two underneath them could see their faces quite plainly in the moonlight. The boy realized that he had been hearing the tune for some time—it had driven his thoughts back over the old sweet road, it had filled his heart to the brim. In the still night air the words came plainly:

"Un tel récit est bien vieux;
Cette histoire est bien commune,
Pourtant il n'en est pas une
Qui ne mouille pas les yeux."

"Isn't that a fascinating little tune?" said Evelyn; "she made it up herself."

He put his hand in his pocket; later, a faded brown rose dropped into the undergrowth of the lower Paradise path. Evelyn heard a little, short laugh and thought she must have said something funny. Later, she remembered that she hadn't spoken for some time—she was tired, for they had walked steadily for an hour—and decided that he was a rude, thoughtless boy.

In this opinion she was but partly right. Rude he was, certainly, but he had never been more thoughtful in his life, and had she only known it, she had never walked in Paradise with a less boyish boy.

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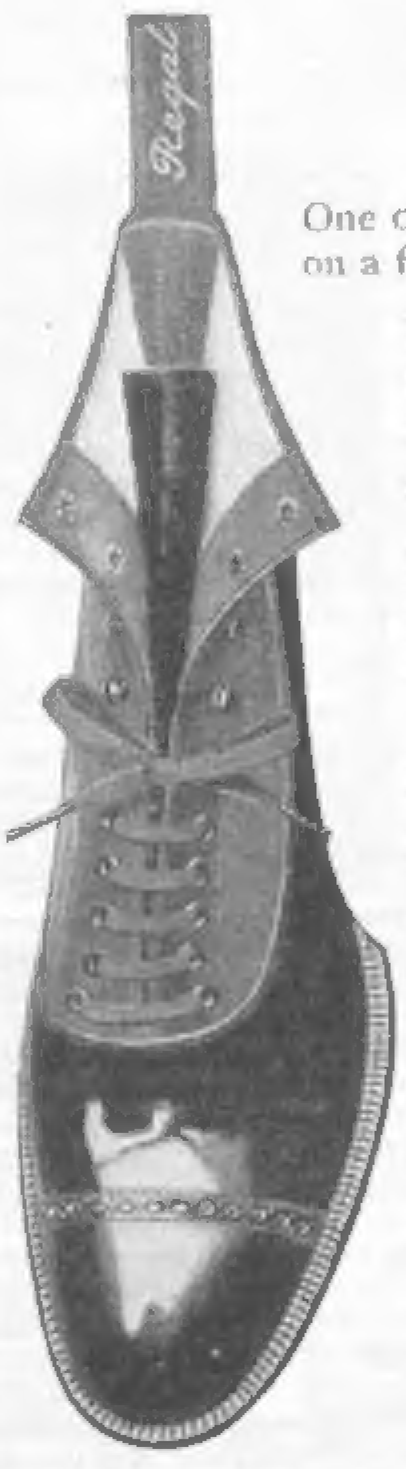

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